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NOV. 1955

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

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★
BIRTHDAY
ISSUE





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A BIRTHDAY MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDANT



General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.
Commandant of the Marine Corps



HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS
COMMANDANT'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON

On November 10, 1955, the United States Marine Corps will have completed 180 years of service. It is a day for remembering -- and a day for rededication. In the long span of years from the modest beginnings to the present, Marines have served the Nation with honor and distinction. This is our heritage -- a heritage of which we are justly proud. But there is time for only a brief backward glance. The destiny of our Nation and of our Corps lies ahead.

A small but always ready combat force prepared for immediate service anywhere, anytime, the Marines have a distinctive role. The need for such a force is fundamental. New weapons and new concepts have not made it less urgent. If anything, the role of such a force has become more significant. The Marine Corps, prepared faithfully to do its job in large wars or small, has filled this need in the past and will do so in the future, so long as we continue to be worthy of the name Marine. This is our rededication on the birthday of our Corps. It is a task for all Marines everywhere -- regular and reserve, officer and enlisted. Thus as we look back with pride let us look forward with confidence and determination.

Let us readress ourselves, too, to the task of maintaining the spirit of comradeship and brotherhood in arms throughout the ranks, which is the tradition of the Corps, for it is this vital force which has made our formations peerless on the field of battle. It is in this spirit that I extend my best wishes to all Marines and their families on this 180th birthday.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr." in a cursive style.

LEMUEL C. SHEPHERD, JR.
General, U. S. Marine Corps
Commandant of the Marine Corps

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ABOARD THE FORRESTAL . . . A sea-going Post of the Corps about the men picked to fill the Marine Detachment of the largest ship ever built, the Navy's new supercarrier—the USS Forrestal.

ALASKAN BEAR HUNT . . . Marines stationed there go after the huge brown beasts with guns, not grins—Kodiak bears are reputedly the largest carnivorous animals in the world.

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

During the 180 years which Sergeant Clarence A. Neal, Leatherneck staff artist, has symbolically spanned in his cover painting, Marines have engraved a great record of tradition, devotion and courage in the book of history. It is no wonder, then, that they lift their tankards in a toast which says: "Here's health to you and to our Corps, which we are proud to serve. . ."

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Edited by MSgt. Harry Pugh

RESERVE INTEGRATION

Dear Editor:

It would be appreciated very much if you could answer the following questions which have created quite a problem for many Staff NCO's:

1. A Staff NCO integrates into the Regular Marine Corps and is reverted to Sergeant . . . would he be required to retake his Technical Test and GMST if he had previously taken these tests and passed them to attain his present rank of Staff Sergeant?

2. In the case of a Staff Sergeant who has passed his Technical Test and GMST (General Military Subjects Test) for Technical Sergeant; would he be required to retake tests for Staff and Technical Sergeant?

SSgt. Danny L. Webster
Inspector-Instructor Staff,
13th Rifle Co., USMCR,
N-MCRTC, 3400 Airport Ave.,
Santa Monica, California

● The following answers were furnished by Promotion Branch, HQMC:

In the event a Reservist accepts an administrative reduction to the grade of sergeant for purposes of integration, he will be considered as having fulfilled the testing prerequisite for promotion to staff sergeant.

Test waivers are not issued to integrated personnel for promotion above the grade of staff sergeant. Marines in this category must fulfill all current requisites for promotion to technical sergeant and master sergeant, including service in grade requirements and passing scores on appropriate promotion tests.—Ed.

MUSTERING OUT PAY

Dear Sir:

I have asked around about mustering out pay, but have not been able to find out the right scoop.

My problem is this: I came into the Marine Corps in August, 1946, was dis-

charged in August, 1950, at which time I was paid \$300 mustering out pay for World War II service. I reenlisted in 1950 and when the Korea war started I was on my way overseas. I would like to know if I'll receive the \$300 mustering out pay for my Korean service.

Sgt. Albert F. Smith
Cold Weather Battalion,
Bridgeport, California

● We can think of no reason why you shouldn't.—Ed.

JAPANESE SWORD

Dear Sir:

First, I would like to say that I enjoy the *Leatherneck* very much. I have read every issue from cover to cover since "boot camp," and I think it's great.



Second, a group of ex-Marines and myself were discussing the article "The Swordmakers" which appeared in the August issue. Since we are going to be commissioned in the Marines soon, we were wondering if it is possible to obtain a sword and swagger stick from the Japan Sword Company by mail.

If so, would you give me full information on how to go about it?

George E. Mercer, N/C, USNR,
USNAAS, Whiting Field,
Milton, Florida.

● Full information on the purchase of Japanese swords and swagger sticks may be obtained from the Japan Sword Company, 12th and "B" Streets, Tokyo, Japan.—Ed.

SCUTTLEBUTT

Dear Sir:

After being transferred from Camp Pendleton to Crane, Indiana, I have been told that all men entering the Marine Corps as Reservists after January 1, 1955, are required to serve a three-year tour of duty. I joined to serve a two-year tour of active duty and one year of active Reserve training. The papers I signed stated that I would be extended only during a national emergency as directed by Congress.

Would you give me the correct word on this subject as I cannot find anyone that seems to fully understand it?

Pfc Robert D. Porter
Marine Barracks, N.A.D.,
Crane, Indiana.

● There is no present or pending law or policy that will change the length of your current tour of active duty. If you signed for a two-year tour of active duty, that is what you will be required to serve (barring the event of war or national emergency).—Ed.

TEMPORARY DISABILITY

Dear Sir:

In one of your previous issues you had a letter about Temporary Disability and I would like some information about this myself.

I was discharged (by reason of disability) after serving six months of a six-year enlistment and supposedly put on the Temporary Disability Retired List. Am I really discharged or can they call me back to active duty when I am found fit? Before I was discharged I had hoped to serve at least 20 years because I had already completed eight years service.

Any information you may furnish will be greatly appreciated.

Sgt. Thomas R. O'Brien (Ret'd),
825 West Cannon St.,
Fort Worth, Texas

● Members of the Marine Corps who have been placed on the Temporary Disability Retired List are periodically examined (about every 18 months) to determine if there is any change in their physical condition. After five years, if they are found to be at least 30 percent permanently disabled, they are transferred to the Permanent Dis-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



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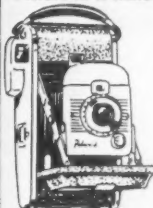
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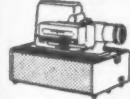
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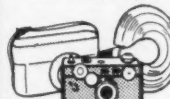
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Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers. To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

Compiled by

Corp. Kathleen E. Simmons

Former Marine Edward B. Omecene, 1527 Hunter St., Pittsburgh 21, Pa., to hear from MSgt. Charlie R. BURTON and Sgts. Maxwell BUTLER, William R. ABLES, James T. BROWN, and Henry C. STEVENSON.

Former Marine Edward Thomas, c/o Joe Goethals, New Liberty, Iowa, to hear from the men of Platoon 234 of March, 1952, concerning a reunion.

* * *

Mr. Don C. Krutson, 1375 Utah S. E., Huron, S. D., to hear from MSgt. WHALEN, who formerly was a recruiter in Huron.

* * *

Corp. Shirley Berryman, "D" Co., Hq. Bn., HQMC, Henderson Hall Arlington 8, Va., to hear from Pfc Sally DEMART, who was last known to be at Camp Lejeune, N. C.

* * *

Former WAVE Janet L. Anderson, 238 Ramona St., Palo Alto, Calif., to hear from former Marine Richard S. BYRNE, of Huntington Park, Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Mrs. A. H. Fangmann, 1189 Rush St., Dubuque, Iowa, to hear from MSgt. James A. MAYHEM, TSgt. G. H. PENNELL, and TSgt. Paul H. SAL-LADA.

* * *

Former Marine Herb Sideman, 2074 Harrison Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., to hear from Sgts. Eugene C. PAKULA and

Carl N. PETERSON, who served with H Co., 3rd Bn., Fifth Marines, First Marine Division, and Sgt. Huffman C. VOLENTINE, last known to be stationed in Washington, D. C.

* * *

Sgt. D. J. Hulbert, Hq. Co., S.D.T., Quantico, Va., to hear from Pfc Carlos MADRID, or anyone who was in Platoon 313 at Parris Island in 1951.

* * *

Former Marine J. P. Cifelli, c/o Learnard Chevrolet, Inc., Belleville 9, N. J., to hear from former Woman Marine Ruth V. KELLY, who was last stationed at Quantico, Va.

* * *

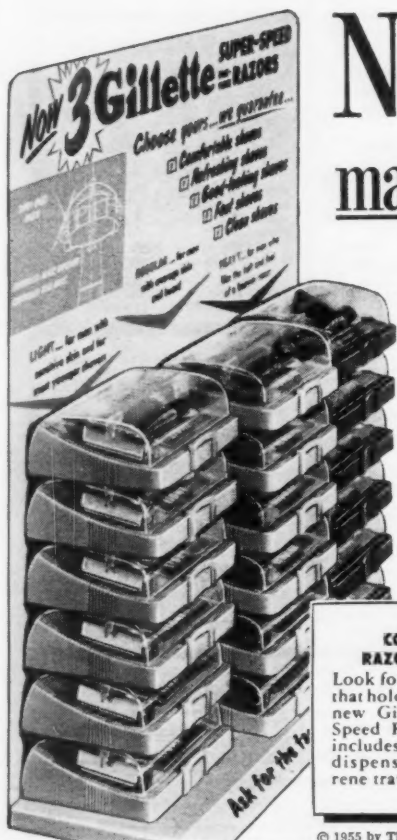
Former Marine Ed Paige, 43 Palaside Ave., Jersey City, N. J., to hear from Andrew W. BOYLE, of the First Marine Division.

* * *

Pvt. Bobby R. Terrell, "O" Co., 2nd I.T.R., 3rd Battalion, MCB, Camp Pendleton, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Gaylen D. HEATH, who was last stationed at Henderson Hall, Washington 25, D. C.

* * *

Former Marines Mr. & Mrs. Roger L. Cummings, 316 N. Mason Ave., Chicago 44, Ill., to hear from former



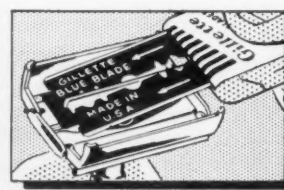
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Woman Marine MSgt. Ann WHITBY, or anyone knowing her whereabouts.

* * *

Former Marine Rodney H. Burkitt, 1115 Pierce St., Santa Clara, Calif., to hear from SSgt. Ronald R. BAXTER, whose last known address was MCAS, El Toro, or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

* * *

Former Marine Robert Betts, 220 Cottage St., Pontiac, Mich., to hear from Sgt. James A. MARTIN, or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

* * *

A/3C Richard W. Varney, Hq. Sq. Sec., 824th A.B.Gp., Carswell AFB, Texas, to hear from Pfc Robert D. VARNEY, last known to be with the Second Marine Division at Camp Lejeune, N. C.

* * *

Miss Mary A. Brookshire, 1731 N. Henderson St., Dallas, Tex., to hear from Marine J. B. WORKMAN, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Miss Florence Fueberg, 5721 Stauford Rd., Los Angeles, Calif., to hear from SSgt. Jack "Smokey" BRANNOCK, of the Third Marine Division, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Mrs. T. L. Moore, 1526 Mohawk St., Los Angeles, Calif., to hear from Corp. Lawrence J. CRUISE, whose last known address was MB, USNS, Navy #961, Box 12, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

Sgt. Theodore Sklaver, H/HS 2, Radio/Radar, 2nd MAW, MCAS, Cherry Point, N. C., to hear from anyone who was in ROTC Class #33, Radio School, San Diego. Also anyone who was in H/HS Comm. Section, Fifth Marines, from February, 1953, to April, 1954.

* * *

Former Marine Eric W. Swearingen, RR #2, Frankfort, Ind., to hear from Pfc Marvin J. BLOOMINGDALE, last known to be en route to Camp Pendleton, Calif.

* * *

Former members of the Third Marine Division are requested to contact John Bugel, Executive Secretary, Third Marine Division Association, P. O. Box 548, Culver City, Calif., for information regarding the Association and the recent reunion held in Washington, D. C. A complete roster of members is available.

* * *

Pfc Merlyn G. Atkinson, 4.2 Mortar Co., Third Marines, Third Marine Division, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Paul ERTZ.



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A MUST FOR MARINES

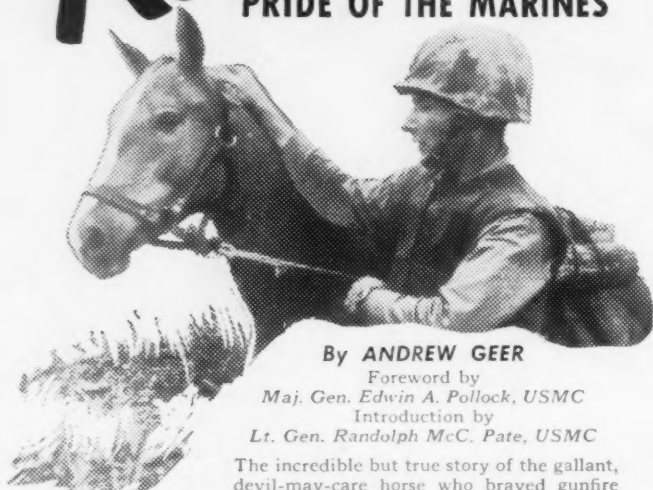
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Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Pollock, USMC

Introduction by

Lt. Gen. Randolph McC. Pate, USMC

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 4]

ability Retired List. The percentage of disability is that which exists at the end of five years—not the percentage which existed at the time of the initial examination. If, at any time, your disability is determined to be of a permanent nature, then you will be permanently retired for physical disability. If found fit for duty, you will be discharged, but you will be eligible for reenlistment. Accordingly, you will not be called back to active duty, but you may reenlist, if found physically fit.—Ed.

IMPORTANT BIRTHDAY

Dear Sir:

I am writing in reference to a statement made by a fellow ex-Marine who said that he had the only son that was born on November 10th. My son was born November 10, 1951. His name is Thomas Cox III, and he was born while I was in the Marine Corps during the Korean conflict. I am enclosing a photo of him that was taken when he was six weeks old.

Thomas Cox, Jr.

567 Montgomery St.,

Jersey City, N. J.

● You've got a fine looking son, Mr. Cox. We regret that we were unable to reproduce his picture.—Ed.

A LETTER FOR JACOBSON

SSgt. Milton Jacobson, USMC

206-B,

Oceanside, California

Dear Sergeant Jacobson:

I am taking occasion to write in view of your letter published in the September issue of *Leatherneck* in order to



give you a bit of dope on where to get an M-1 rifle stock. I am enclosing two addresses of sources which seem to have these for sale at about five dollars. Hope you can get one as I used to

have the same problem with the old 03 and am of a strong belief that Marines should have every encouragement in keeping their equipment and themselves in top shape. Incidentally, I believe a new order is now out, making the rifle again personal instead of organizational equipment as it used to be in the "Old Corps." This is just one of the new orders promulgated by our present Commandant to the distinct benefit of our Corps.

As I am sending a copy of this letter to *Leatherneck* (as it may help other Marines) I will quote the sources:

1. Numrich Arms Company, West Hurley, N. Y.

2. Greeley Arms Company, Rt. 23, Cedar Grove, N. J.

Also, for your information, the M-1 is for sale by the Director of Civilian Marksmanship, Camp Perry, Ohio. This is during the National Matches . . . and there is apparently no trouble about a loyal citizen purchasing one if he has the price (\$98.00). This is not hearsay as I have just returned from Camp Perry and personally know about it.

Very truly yours,

W. H. Oakley, Jr.

Lieut. Col., USMCR

Hertford, North Carolina

● *Thank you for the information, Colonel Oakley. It clears up a question of long standing.—Ed.*

"HARMANIACS"

Dear Sir:

In the August, 1953, issue of *Leatherneck Magazine*, in the "We The Marines" section, you published an article about a trio of harmonica players, known as the "Harmaniacs," who at that time were serving with the Second Marine Aircraft Wing Band at MCAS, Cherry Point, North Carolina.

After their release to inactive duty this past February, the "Harmaniacs" went to New York under contract to RCA Victor Records, and I see by the incoming mail that the boys have just released their first record on the RCA label, and get this . . . they have changed their professional name to "The Leathernecks!"

Being an ex-Marine myself, I was very pleased to see that these three Marine Reservists had pride enough in the Corps to carry a part of it out into civilian life. I sincerely believe that the whole Marine Corps should be extremely proud of "The Leathernecks."

I hereby give you complete permission to publish this letter, if you see fit to do so, for I think that all Marines everywhere should take this example of the three Marine Reservists who are carrying on the true tradition

TURN PAGE



Hard to resist!

Saucy Sandy Harris has a weakness. The pretty dancer doesn't want it to get around, but she's wild about the he-man aroma of Mennen Skin Bracer®. "It's an aroma I find hard to resist," she says.

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

of the Marine Corps, even in civilian life.

Keep up the good work of the *Leatherneck Magazine*, for even as a civilian, it ranks "tops" on my list.

Alton L. Brown
135 Hillside Street,

Asheville, N. C.

● Thanks for your complimentary letter, Mr. Brown. We hope "The Leathernecks" will hit the top in the entertainment field.—Ed.

M-1903 RIFLES

Dear Sir:

In a previous issue of *Leatherneck*, I read an article about the legality of owning an M-1 rifle. I am interested in finding out if there are any of the M-1903 rifles that were authorized for sale in accordance with Marine Corps Supply Bulletin 52-54 left. If so, what is the price?

William D. Wallace
116 Kenefick Ave.

Buffalo, N. Y.



● The Marine Corps has no more M-1903 rifles for sale, Mr. Wallace. Many 03 rifles were leased to Veterans Organizations throughout the country, and all excess 03's were turned over to the Army for appropriate disposition.—Ed.

TRANSFER PROBLEM

Dear Sir:

I am a Woman Marine staff sergeant on recruiting duty and was recently married to a staff sergeant assigned duty at the same station.

It is our desire to know whether there is any regulation governing our transfers. Since my tour of duty here will terminate soon, what reference would

my husband use when requesting a transfer to the duty station to which I may be assigned? Has the Marine Corps ever had a policy whereby a husband and wife could be assigned to the same duty station?

SSgt. Martha L. Anderson
Marine Corps Recruiting Station,
Minneapolis, Minn.

● *There is no policy or regulation whereby married personnel will be assigned duty together at their own request. Although assignments are made according to the needs of the service, paragraph 7016, Marine Corps Manual, states that officers and enlisted personnel are afforded the opportunity (through official correspondence to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, via official channels) to indicate preference of duty station and duty.—Ed.*

SEA DUTY QUALIFICATIONS

Dear Sir:

I receive *Leatherneck* here and also at home in New Jersey, and of course, I always read "Sound Off." I find it very helpful in learning new and sometimes old things that I did not know about the Marine Corps.

If it is at all possible I would like you to help me with this problem. I have, for some time, been trying to find out the qualifications for sea duty and as of yet I cannot get the straight scoop.

I would appreciate it very much if you can furnish this information to me.

Pfc William H. Spanjer, III,
"A" Co., SDT, Marine Corps School,
Quantico, Va.

● *Marine Corps Training Bulletin Number 2-55 sets forth the requirements individuals must possess for assignment to Sea School. Upon completion of this school, Marines are assigned to sea duty.—Ed.*

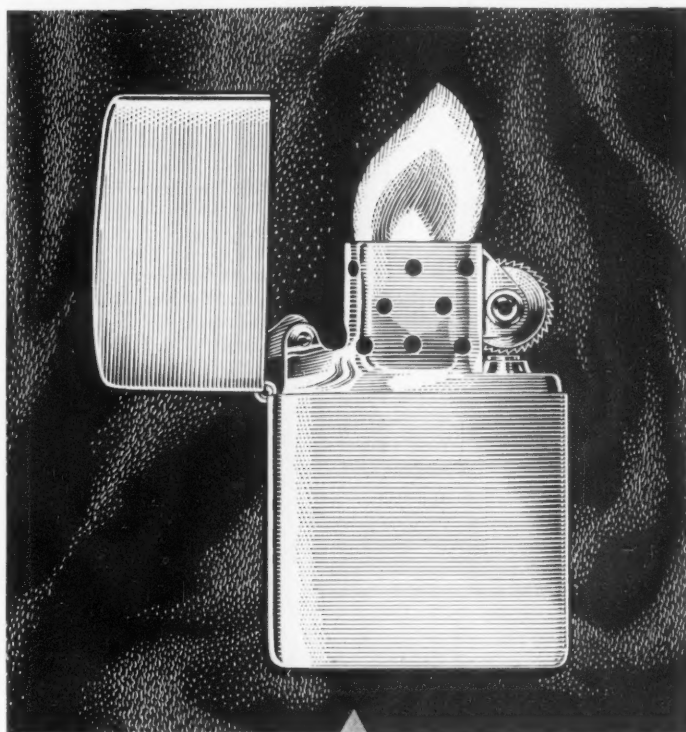
KANDY BAR KID

Dear Sir:

Today I was talking with the Navy recruiters, and as talk does eventually turn to the subject of Korea between the services, I made mention of the name, "The Candy Bar Kid." I am positive I read an article about the "Candy Bar Kid" in the *Leatherneck*. I am also positive I have heard the Kid's name in discussion with other Marines. But I do not have anything definite to go on except these small thoughts in my head.

I got a big Haw, Haw, out of the Navy because I made mention of the Candy Bar Kid. I have learned my lesson. Don't talk about something you're not positive about. Get the facts first.

That is the reason for this letter. I



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carried all over the world

by Servicemen! Beautiful
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that always lights!

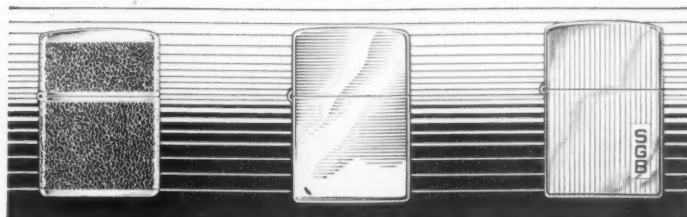
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SOUND OFF (cont.)

need facts, so please help me. Is there such a person as the Candy Bar Kid? If so, who is he? What did he do and when did he do it?

SSgt. Charles S. Crawford
Marine Corps Recruiting Station,
Post Office Building,
Pottsville, Pa.

● Marine Sgt. Lyle Lewis was known as the Kandy Bar Kid of Korea. The story appeared in *Argosy Magazine* in 1952.—Ed.

MOTION PICTURE SCHOOL

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate it very much if you could tell me whether the Marine Corps school in Motion Picture Photography at Camp Pendleton, Calif., is still being conducted. If so, what are the eligibility requirements and the procedure for making application for the school?

Pvt. Avrum Silverman
2nd Anglico, FMF,
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● The only Motion Picture Photography School authorized for Marine personnel (FY56) is located at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. The prerequisites for assignment to that school are listed in *Marine Corps Training Bulletin* 2-55. Students must be of NCO rank.—Ed.

NAVY POLICY

Dear Sir:

ALNAV #2 states in part "a regular Navy man who requests discharge within three months of normal expiration of enlistment and immediately reenlists in the regular Navy is entitled to a mileage allowance and lump-sum payment for unused leave upon discharge, as well as a reenlistment bonus."

My question is: Does the Marine Corps have a similar program?

MSgt. D. J. Zinna
4th MCRRD
9th and Walnut St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

● The law which permits payment of mileage and lump-sum settlement for unused leave to a member of the Regular Navy who is discharged within
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)



"Damp Yankee!"

Leatherneck Magazine

Behind the lines...

ON THIS, the 180th anniversary of the Corps, *Leatherneck* salutes Marines everywhere with stories of heroism and service in peacetime as well as in war.

In Dover, New Jersey, a monument perpetuates the memory of a dozen Marines who perished in 1926 while combating explosions and fires when the Lake Denmark Naval Powder Depot was detonated. Sixteen Navy Crosses were won by the detachment on the night of the holocaust. A six-page article, beginning on page 28, pays tribute to these men whose devotion to duty and self-sacrifice will never be forgotten.

In the wake of Hurricane Diane, flood waters rose to 30 feet in Scranton, Pa. In the Stroudsburg, Pa. area, rising waters left 1200 citizens stranded and homeless in minutes. Marine Reservists from Dickson City joined the evacuation and rescue operations. In Scranton, during the first 36 hours, their nine 2½-ton, 6x6 trucks, a wrecker and staff car had rescued more than 500 persons and evacuated another 1500. Master Sergeant Paul Sarokin, *Leatherneck* staff writer, worked side by side with the Reservists and covered the story for our readers. The article and many photos appear on pages 58 to 63.

On the West Coast, 637 Pendleton Marines answered a call from the Forestry Service and wielded axes, shovels, brush hooks and Pulaskas against a ravaging timber inferno which turned 80,000 acres of trees to embers, ashes and charred twigs. Master Sergeants Roy Heinecke and H. B. Wells were there to get the details and pictures; they're on pages 70 to 73.



H. B. Wells checks the report for a Zuni Indian fire fighter

On October 13, 1775, an unsure Congress authorized the building of two swift sailing vessels—the fore-runner of today's Navy. A committee was appointed to prepare Regulations, and on November 28, they adopted an article which stated that "divine services should be performed twice a day on board and a sermon preached on Sundays." Since Congress implied that there should be an ordained clergyman aboard, this date—November 28, 1775—has been decreed the anniversary of Navy Chaplaincy. In observance of their 180th birthday, a full history of the Navy Chaplains appears on pages 48 to 53.

Since 1947, Bob Church has been a frequent contributor to *Leatherneck*. His *Glory Platoon*, published several years ago in a November issue, is perhaps one of his best remembered stories. Bob's years in the Corps from '43 to '47 left the same deeply-rooted, gung ho sentiment which most Marines feel, but seldom express in written words. *You And The Stream* on pages 14 and 15 reflects the nostalgia which must at some time, creep into the



Bob Church

memory of every Marine and former Marine. We think it's Bob's best to date. Read it; you'll like its sincerity and its wistful reverie.

The oldest public building, still in use, in the Nation's Capital is the Commandant's House at Marine Barracks, 8th and Eye Streets. The colorful history of this building where 18 Commandants lived while serving their tours of duty appears on pages 24 to 27. Archibald Henderson, the fifth Commandant of the Corps, held the post for 39 years; during this time he had come to regard the house as his own property and, on his death, tried to will it to his heirs. . .

Karl A. Schow

Managing Editor

Calling All Marines!

Whether you come for a day, a week, or longer, your welcome is just as warm, and your stay is sure to be memorable. Facing the city's only private park, close to the Empire State Building, Radio City, T.V. Studios, Art Galleries, Theatres.

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Charles W. Schwefel, Owner-Mgr.
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- Gives a brighter "parade" shine!
Comes back again and again with just a quick brush-up!
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RED • BLUE
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KIWI Shoe Polish

YOU and the Stream

by Robert Church



Your war is gone now.
It ended in a radioactive
exclamation mark in the skies
of the Rising Sun.

Years . . . how many years ago?

Yours was the war of the islands;
of the steaming earth,
and the fevered heavens;
of Guadalcanal and Bougainville,
and a speck of coral
no one ever heard of
called Emirau.

Yours was the war of the oceanic waste;
of the primordial Pacific,
measureless, eternal;
of the kingdom of Neptunus Rex,
and the domain of the Golden Dragon.

Yours was the war of the screaming,
smoking beaches,
and the lifeless forms awash,
face-down in a sepulchral surf.

Yours was the war of the men
whose names sound now
like a roll-call of legendary giants:

Bull Halsey, Lou Diamond,
two Smiths and a Cates,
Carlson, Boyington, Foss
and John Doe Rifleman,
Private First Class.

Yours was the war of the sweating,
swearing Seabee; of the
tall Aussie with his cocky grin
and cocked-up hat;
of the buddies who spat in the eye
of the foe who cried
"MARINE, YOU DIE!"
in the restless jungle night.

Years . . . how many years ago?

It's gone now, your war.

And the men of it,
and the machines of it,
are in mothballs, along with
the Mighty Mo.

All that remains of it
is a bitter after-taste
of the times of horror,
and a well-thumbed memory
of the times of joy.

Now . . . a night train pauses at Quantico.
On the platform a Marine laughs
and calls to someone:
"See ya' Monday!"
and wakens a turmoil of forgotten sounds.

Your glance out the window
is a glimpse backward through Time.

There's the underpass where the
jogging platoons of yesterday shouted:
One! Two! Three! Four!
just to hear the echoes
rumble along the walls.

There's Barnett Avenue, and you
can hear the sleepy reveille
of a decade ago.

And your hands remember
the press of sharp pebbles
as you did push-ups
in a cold Virginia dawn
long gone.

Up there's the Post Exchange where
you first heard the soft voices
of WRs.

Marines in lipstick!

You looked at them—at their
pert uniforms and shining hair,
and damned if they weren't the
prettiest sight you'd ever seen!

Back in the night, beyond the lights,
you know lies Pipeline Trail.

And you can hear the men behind you
panting as you struggled up an aching grade
under full pack.

Here your mind and body
studied war;
but the final exams
came later
in the Classroom of Chaos.

Years . . . how many years ago?

Now on the train you close your eyes
and, for a moment, you're in greens again
instead of civvies;
and you're going to Parris Island again,
or maybe Cherry Point.

Your heart leaps up
for one wild instant, but then . . .
the train starts
and your reverie slides away,
and you know you cannot
bring back the past
though you'd give your birthright
for one golden hour of it.

You feel that, like your war,
your Corps is gone, now, too.

Or, rather, your time of the Corps
is gone; the time when
you and the Corps were one.

New faces and new ways
have replaced the old,

so that even the cadence of Boot Camp
is different now
from the salty roar of yesteryear
when the call of each D.I.
was his own, rugged trademark.

And Tent Camp at Lejeune?

Why, you wouldn't recognize it now,
it's so . . . well, so grown up.

There's even been another war
(a "police action" they called it!)
since your time in the Corps.

Years . . . how many years ago?

But, wait.

Has it changed so much, really?

Isn't the uniform still green?

Isn't reveille still too early, and
pay day far away?

Isn't the lowly Boot still lowly?
(but head and shoulders above any other
recruit in the whole, wide world!)

Doesn't the fierce pride of the Corps
still swell the chest
as it did in 1805 and 1941,
and all the years of the Corps?

Then you begin to perceive
that the Corps is like a stream
flowing between the banks of Time,
and viewed by different people
from different points along the bank.

The Chapultepec Marines viewed it
before the Devildogs of Belleau Woods,
and the seven heroes of Tripoli
long before that.

You saw it from your own
place on the bank,
and the men of today are seeing it
just a little further downstream.

It hasn't yet reached the unborn legions
waiting over the horizon;
but it will.

And it's still the same stream,
still the same Corps, that you knew
and loved.

Here and there, it changes shape a bit
to meet the contours of progress.

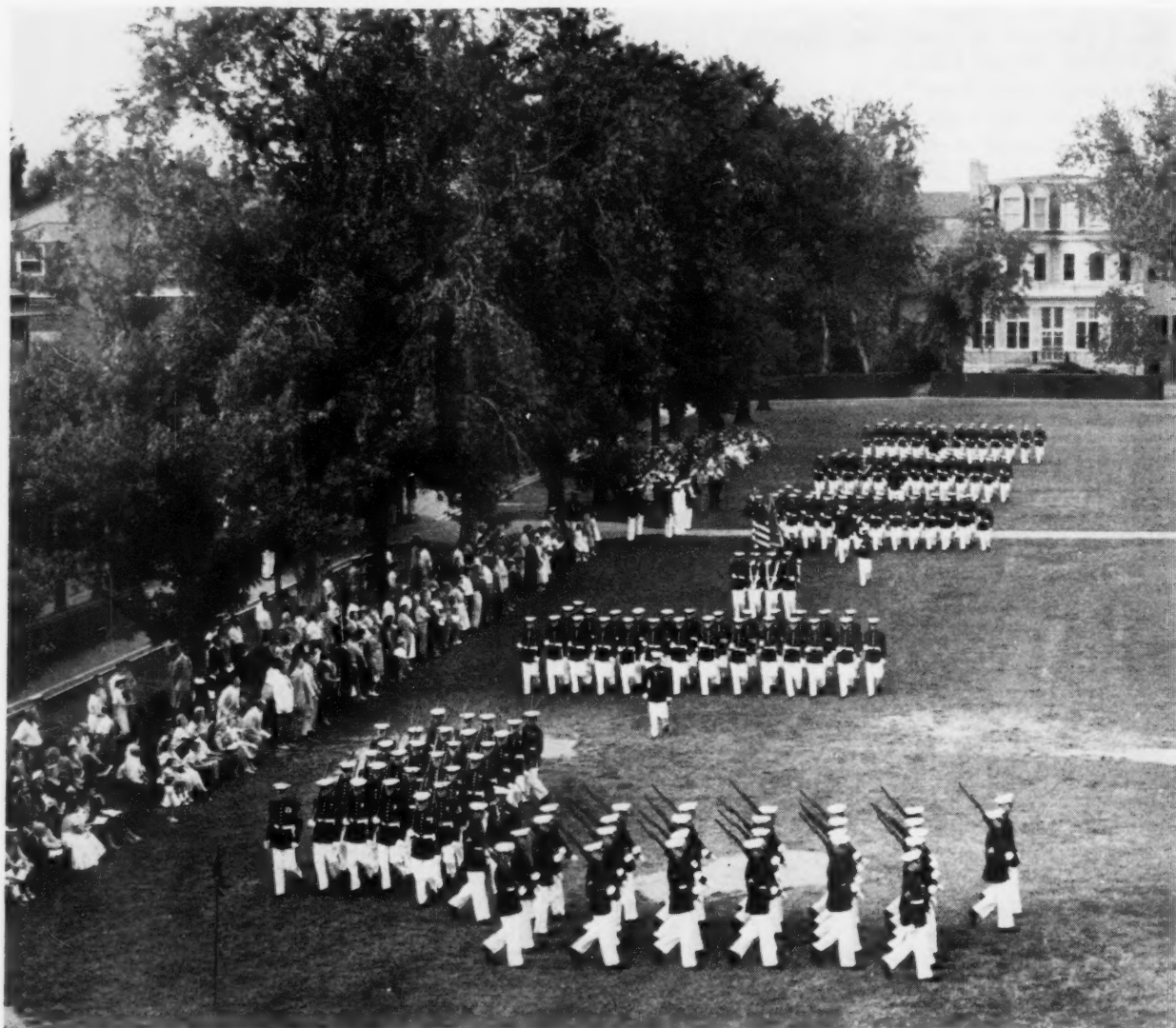
And, here and there, the stream
surges onto rocks that are the wars,
and rises in a tumult
of roaring fury.

But wars cannot halt the
inexorable course of the stream.

It floods over the rocks, and on
into the channels of tomorrow.

And once you have viewed the stream,
from your own point in Time,
a part of yourself flows on with it,
inevitably,
to the sea
that is eternity.

POST OF THE CORPS



Eighth and Eye Marines passed in review at a Sunset Parade. Staff NCOs assume command positions for the last parade of the season

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

8th

Sometimes described as a showplace of the Corps,
the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., is noted for the military
smartness of its personnel and a meticulous routine

NOWHERE IS the military smartness, bearing and deportment traditionally accredited to the Corps over long years, performed to a higher degree than at the hallowed Marine Barracks at Eighth and Eye Streets Southeast, in Washington, D. C. The ceremonial nature of duty there demands it, and the Marines currently aboard that post have responded with pride and alacrity, partly because they've got an illustrious 154 years of the barracks' history to live up to.

The meticulous routine of today, however, has not been the forte of all the Marines who have been stationed there during that time. Now and again things have been hectic. In fact, the compound itself was begun under unusual circumstances.

Eighth and Eye was established as Marine headquarters in 1801, when the Corps moved from Philadelphia to Washington. The previous year, President John Adams approved a \$20,000 appropriation to provide for the garrison in the new capital. His successor, Thomas Jefferson, a personal friend of the second Commandant, Colonel William Ward Burrows, helped to select the building site. The tract turned out to be part of a land grant by Charles I of England to Cecil Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, in 1632. It cost the government an exorbitant sum for that time—\$6247.18.

The promise of a home in the Federal city was especially welcome news to a small detachment of men who had been sent to Washington for guard duty at the Navy Yard. They had been sit-



Main gate guard, Pfc John Morton (L), and measured post sentry, Pfc Joseph Cioffii, rendered Colonel Robert H. Williams, CO, sharp salutes

ting out the Fall of 1800 in a tent encampment on Prospect Hill overlooking the Potomac, but when Jefferson dedicated the barracks, his complimentary remarks took all the sting out of what had seemed to be neglect in the past.

"This barracks is not a gift to the Corps of Marines," he is reported to have said. "You men have earned it."

They also had to build it.

The original headquarters consisted of a two-story range of brick buildings and sheds at the south end of the two-and-a-half-acre quadrangle. The same area is now occupied by the administrative offices of the U. S. Marine Band

and its auditorium, a tailor shop and the guardhouse. A low, one-story building and the famous Center House occupied one side. Barracks, headquarters office buildings, a stable, carriage shed, storeroom and washroom occupied the other side. Within the enclosure was a swimming pool, long since removed, and the hull of an old ship, placed there to remind the Marines they were seagoing. A stone wall, two feet thick and 10 feet high, followed the perimeter of the compound.

In the closing decade of the 19th Century, the post underwent a series of face-liftings which altered its appearance to approximately what it is today. The original barracks was condemned to make way for larger quarters suited to a rapidly growing organization. Appropriations amounting to some \$300,000 were made within the next few years for construction of a new barracks block for enlisted men, a mess hall, gymnasium, auditorium, officers' quarters, a brick wall to replace the old stone one, and an iron grillwork gate.

The last of the really old buildings to be razed was Center House. If build-

TURN PAGE

& Eye



The main thoroughfare at Eighth and Eye is sheltered beneath a picturesque arcade



The quadrangle doubles as parade ground and athletic field. Quarters in the background are for post's bachelor officers

8TH & EYE (cont.)

ings were articulate, this structure could have described some of the exciting episodes in the history of the Nation and the Corps. Center House had once been occupied by barracks commanders, and in its last days was used as a receiving center for recruits. Early American apostles of democracy, including Jefferson, were frequent visitors to the building where they sought the opinions of much-traveled Marine officers. Many a President, and foreign dignitary, came and went through the big stone archway that led in those days into the compound.

After his capture, Aaron Burr, according to legend, was confined in Center House. Following his memorable duel with Alexander Hamilton, Burr had escaped to the wilds of Texas and there had tried to set up a monarchy. While awaiting trial for treason, he is said to have carved his full name into a hand-hewn beam in the basement. When the structure later was dismantled, the beam was either lost or burned, as were other invaluable relics and old documents of the Corps. An iron vase from Tripoli was among the missing trophies.

Today, the tradition of the Center House is carried on in the building along General's row. Although located on the south end of the row, a sign on the building housing bachelor officers' quarters and dining facilities states, "Center House Mess," and dates the establishment from 1801, the same year the area was first occupied by the Marine Corps.

The Commandant's House, at the north end of the quad, completes the present day picture of the post.

Because of the tradition ensconced within its walls, and the faultlessness in dress and drill of the Marines stationed there, the post often is described as a showplace of the Marine Corps. While it has become a "must" for many sightseers touring Washington, in the Marines scheme-of-things, there is more to it than that.

"Our aim," Colonel Robert H. Williams, commanding officer of the post, said, "is to be a model of military appearance and courtesy for the rest of the Marine Corps."

It's a model worth imitating. The sartorial quality of the Eighth and Eye Marines is a product of special clothing issues, fitted tailoring, on-post cleaning and pressing services and conscientious personal care. Perfection on the parade

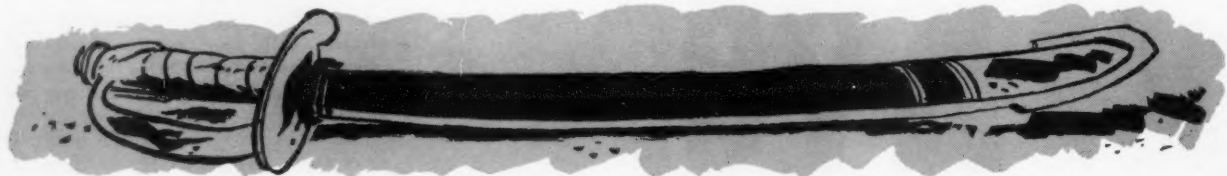
ground results from constant practice.

Although the station's strength is divided into three detachments—barracks, and its three ceremonial platoons and drum and bugle corps; Marine Corps Institute, charged with the educational research, operation and maintenance of the correspondence schools, and the Band—all take part in many of the demonstrations requested of the command.

Usually, the Barracks Detachment will call for help from MCI only at Sunset Parade or when they require more men than their three platoons can muster. The unofficial spirit of competition between the two does not prevent the former from praising the correspondence school's staff. MCI, it has been pointed out, deserves a great deal of credit for handling their primary duties with dispatch while looking every bit as sharp as the Barracks Detachment when in ranks.

All three ceremonial platoons of the Barracks Detachment double as military drill platoons, mostly because of the steady influx of requests for their attendance at military or civilian events. Nowadays the platoons take regular turns on a duty roster.

A ceremonial Marine's tour of duty at the Eighth and Eye barracks re-



cently was limited to one year, with an annual turnover of personnel taking place in February. Replacements—screened at Camp Lejeune from hundreds of candidates—must meet physical requirements of five-feet, 10-inches minimum height and unaided vision in ranks (no eyeglasses). Interviewers from the barracks also check the temperament, attitude and aptitude of applicants—traits which help ease the constant on-parade procedure which is a hallmark of the post.

Men reporting for duty are usually awed by the spit and polish but once they learn the barracks' way, the awkward feeling disappears. It takes an average of four months before a man is salty and sure of himself in formation and becomes at home in dress blues. With a steady diet of parades, honor guards, burial details and guard duty, half his time is spent in blues. Newcomers draw two sets, four pairs of white trousers, extra white gear (belts, gloves, etc.) and an extra pair of dress shoes.

They're also issued two rifles—an M-1 and an '03 Intra-platoon competition keeps all stocks shining while inventive minds continually seek new ways to bring out a higher luster on the wood.

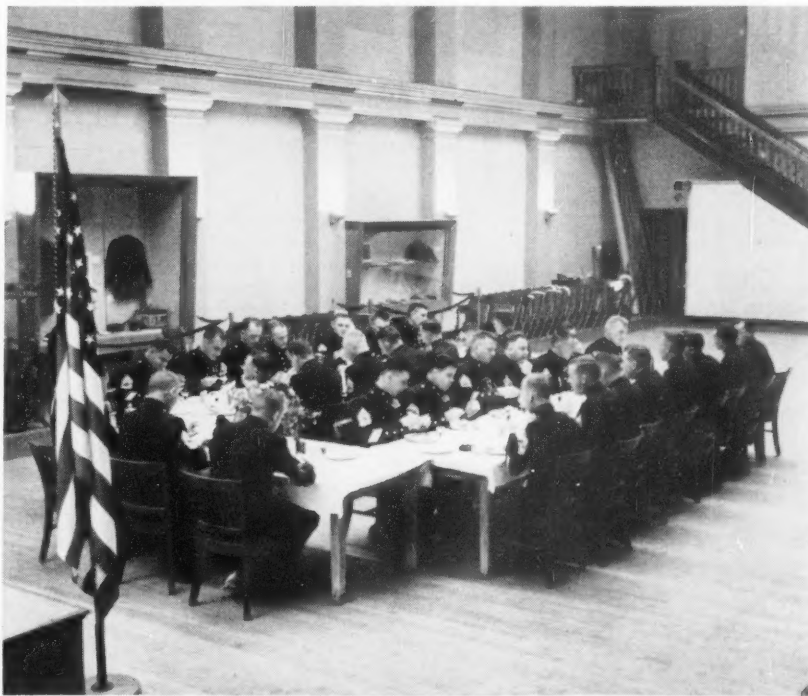
Each ceremonial platoon contains a 24-man military drill platoon, and within that, a 12-man platoon. The smaller unit has room to practice on the Ninth Street sidewalk, but the other has to march to a nearby playground. The grass-covered parade field inside the quad is "sacred" and used only for practice parades—and the real thing, although the four-man color guards sometimes rehearse on it. There are two color guards at Eighth and Eye, and two sets of Marine Corps colors—in case the standards are needed in two places at the same time. They are kept in Col. Williams' office and never removed unless accompanied by the post Sergeant Major, Master Sergeant Harold R. Johnston.

The Corps' age-old custom of providing special detachments has involved the small station in many historical skirmishes. The election riot of 1857 was not the least sensational of these. Notorious "Know-Nothings" imported armed thugs from Baltimore to take over the district polling places and influence voting by intimidation. They provoked such a wild riot that Capital

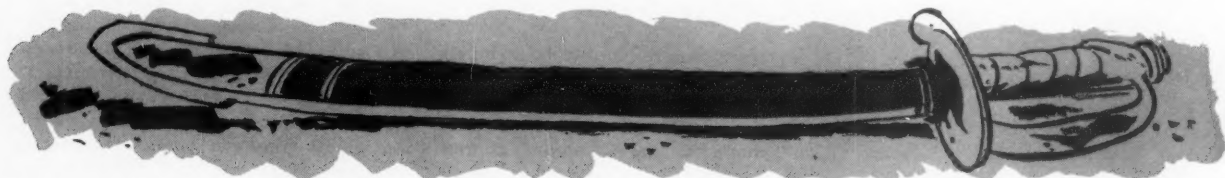
TURN PAGE



Only Woman Marine assigned here is SSgt. Virginia Pickel, publicist for band. Drum Major E. M. DeMar and bandmen check clippings



Eighth and Eye Staff NCOs get together for "Mess Night," held in band auditorium. Formal social affair gives Staffs chance to get acquainted





SSgt. Paul V. Sieben is string instrument repairman and violin maker. He is also a regular member of the orchestra

8TH & EYE (cont.)

authorities asked the President for a party of Marines to act as riot breakers. While Commandant Archibald Henderson negotiated peace with the rebels who were manning a cannon in the street, a platoon of the colonel's Marines rushed the gun, taking the rioters by surprise.

A detachment of 90 Marines from Eighth and Eye aided in quelling the famous John Brown insurrection of 1859. Under the overall command of Army Colonel Robert E. Lee, the Marine detachment, Lieutenant Israel Greene leading, assaulted a barricaded engine house at Harper's Ferry and captured the besieged Brown and his followers.

Eighth and Eye Marines still get their turns of special detachment duty each time the President or Mrs. Eisenhower visit the hideaway at Camp David, Maryland. Fifty-six dungaree-clad Marines, armed with M-1s and ammunition, help the Secret Service guard the country's First Family while it relaxes away from the whirl of Washington. It's a no-liberty detail, although the off-guard sometimes is invited to dip in the President's swimming pool.

Barracks' Marines are asked occasionally to lend color to the Washington social scene and recently have appeared at functions of the Irish, Russian, Chinese and Canadian embassies.

Of late, they've formed also as honor guards at National Airport for the arrival of foreign dignitaries.

Guard duty at Eighth and Eye is rotated among the detachment's ceremonial platoons every third day. Sentries man four normal posts—main gate; a roving patrol around the outside perimeter evenings, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays; a watch at the Ninth Street garage, and another at the MCI and band warehouse at Seventh and "G" Streets. The "measured post" at the main gate during noon hour and in the evening from 1600 to 1700, is awarded to the sharpest Marine in the unit. Armed with an '03 (this weapon is used for all ceremonies), the sentry on that post comes to port arms for persons entering and leaving, and presents arms to officers. When parades and honor guards are scheduled for the barracks, an additional sentry is posted at the gate.

The measured post was reinstated when Captain Robert N. Burhans, Barracks Detachment exec—and guard officer, and Technical Sergeant Robert Bunce, detachment gunnery sergeant, returned from a two-week observation tour with the London Brigade of Guards.

The post is comparable to a small city-within-a-city. Barracks Detachment's special duty platoon carries the post's headquarters section; stewards and drivers for the Commandant and general officers living aboard; exchange

and Special Services personnel, and maintenance and mess hall personnel. In addition to the 30-days mess duty common to most posts, non-rated men at Eighth and Eye also pull police duty a month at a time on a permanent five-man police gang. Housekeeping means polishing a fabulous amount of brightwork.

Chow, as served six times a day by Master Sergeant John Guy, mess sergeant, is above average. The usual courses are supplemented by bread and pastries from the ovens of Master Sergeant Frank Tarbox, post baker, whose Marine Corps Birthday cakes are works of art.

On-post recreation suffered a blow when the 44-man Drum and Bugle Corps, under Drum Major William O. Nickell, set up bunks and lockers on the hardwood floor of the gymnasium. "D&B," post nomenclature for the organization, is a part of the Barracks Detachment, although it often takes to the parade field with the Marine Band. Latest addition to its schedule is playing at Thursday evening colors at the Marine Memorial, across the Potomac in Arlington.

Andrew "Pop" Bennett, tailor shop boss, has seen Marines come and go—often off to war—during his 25 years as a civilian employe aboard the station. General Shepherd, he recalls, was a major when he first started pressing blues. Pop's son is his assistant these days behind the bars of the old brig where the tailor shop now is located. Prices are reasonable.

While a small headquarters section of the Marine Corps Institute handles that detachment's administrative load in the old *Leatherneck* offices at Eighth and Eye, the school itself has moved to the Naval Gun Factory down the street. Its personnel, however, are members of the post and subject to the ground rules. When the MCI troops fall out for drill on Wednesday mornings and Thursday afternoons, they wear dungarees and barracks caps, as prescribed for the rest of the command. Schooling takes place at a District park on the other side of the Anacostia river, across the Eleventh Street bridge.

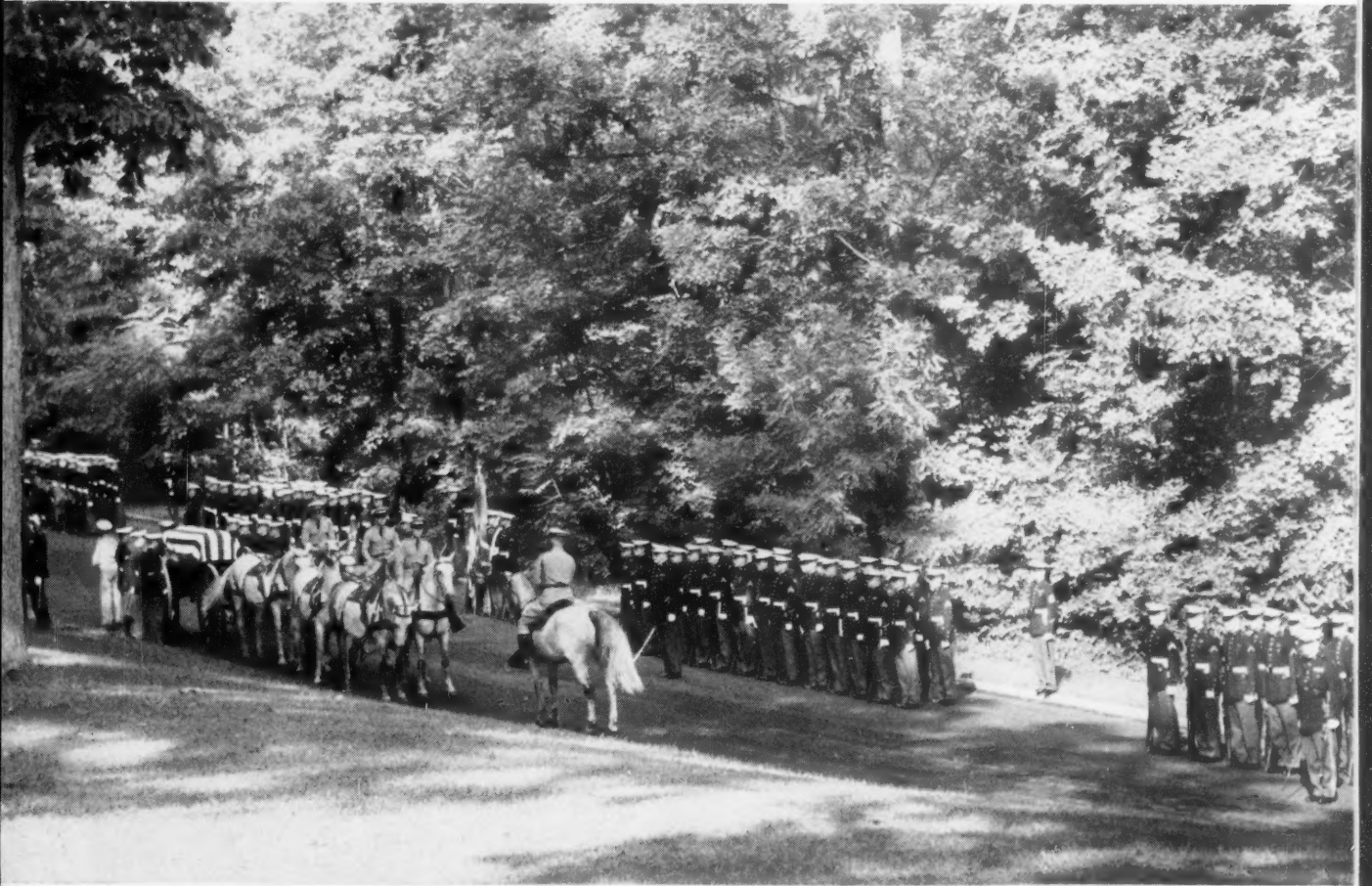
On occasions, the height requirement for Eighth and Eye duty is waived to fill an MCI instructor's billet in a technical field but that's the only exception.

During its existence the Marine Band has become known as "the President's own." It made its debut at the White House before President John Adams on New Year's Eve, 1801. Since then, it has played for every inauguration and every President, and has been called on many times in cases of national bereave- (text continued on page 23)



Eighth and Eye's elite Drum and Bugle Corps adds luster to many Washington social events. Here

they play before gathering of Telephone Pioneers of America at swank Sheraton-Park Hotel ballroom



Providing troops for funeral details at Arlington National Cemetery is traditional duty for Eighth

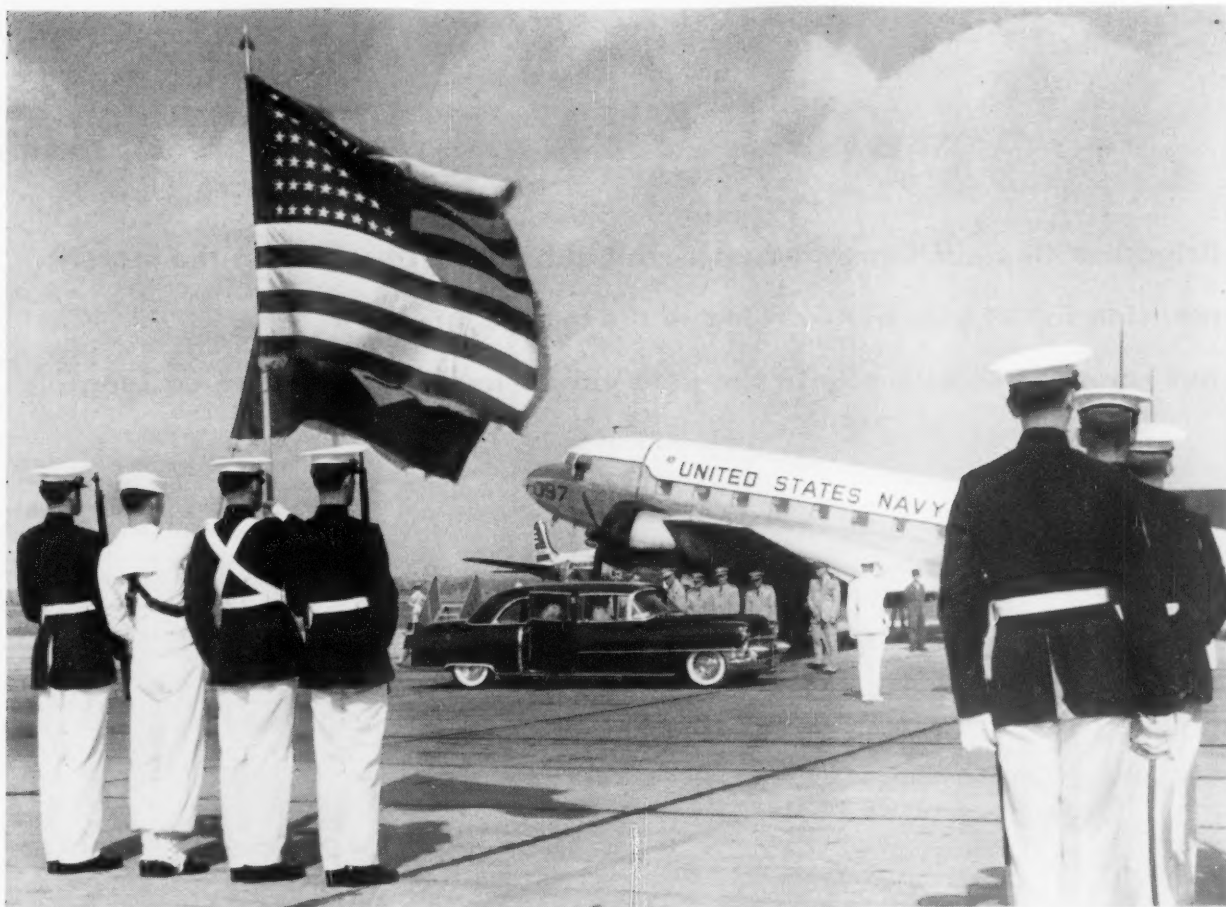
and Eye men. Marine Corps Institute and Barracks Detachment each furnish troops for this assignment

TURN PAGE



Soon after Marine Memorial Statue was unveiled, Marines began Thursday evening colors ceremony.

Here Drum and Bugle Corps swings past statue. The Lincoln and Washington monuments are nearby



Combined Navy-Marine Corps color guard, and Eighth and Eye troops form honor ceremony for

visiting dignitaries. Scene: National Airport during recent arrival of the Dominican Republic's CNO

8TH & EYE (cont.)

ment. It played funeral marches for Zachary Taylor and Abraham Lincoln, and accompanied the body of James A. Garfield to Cleveland. At the funeral of William McKinley, it played hymns that had been favorites of the deceased President. It was again assigned the place of honor among all armed services musical organizations, to lead the enormous procession at the funeral of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Band ranks and rates of pay differ from any found in the Regular service and are created directly by Congressional authority. The leader—Albert Schoepper—holds a rank equivalent to a captain. By Marine Corps standards, Drum Major Edmond M. DeMar is a master sergeant while principal musicians are equal in grade to technical sergeants. Other ranks include second class musicians, sergeants and third class musicians.

The present leader received the baton

upon the retirement of Lieutenant Colonel William F. Santelmann, whose father had held the position when Santelmann began studying music at six years of age.

The band answers all requests for services that are deemed military, official or patriotic and approved by the Commandant. Although the group tours the country annually, at no time can it leave the Capital without express permission from the White House.

When the band serenades the Commandant and his lady on New Year's Day, it's carrying out an old Corps custom—which is only natural. Preserving the traditions and customs of the Marine Corps could be described as part of the post's reason for existence. That, and demonstrating the color and efficiency of a great fighting organization, are tasks the Marines at Eighth and Eye do proudly, and well.

END



HOME OF THE

Brigadier General Commandant Archibald Henderson lived in the stately mansion for 39 years. According to the legend, his spirit has returned occasionally to the pale yellow house he occupied so long



COMMANDANTS

THE IMPOSING pale yellow house which commands the north end of the quadrangle at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C., is more than the traditional residence of the Commandants. It is a historic Capital landmark, the oldest public building still in continuous use in the city, according to verified records which have been discovered in bits and bundles in the last 150 years.

While the house is steeped in legend and history, some patriots would shudder to know that its "continuous use" included a short tour by British redcoats in 1814, when they were putting most of official Washington to the torch. The Commandant's house was spared, probably because the invaders were using it as headquarters.

From the first, the house seemed struck with an aptness for the unusual that often indicates a future greatness. Lieutenant Colonel William Ward Burrows, the Marines' second Commandant, worked harder than anyone on the barracks, officers' quarters and Commandant's house—yet he never got to live in it. Burrows always put the welfare of his men ahead of personal comfort. After he had led his tiny band from Philadelphia to the new Federal city and helped select the site of their home in Washington, he assigned priority to the construction of the barracks and the center house officers' quarters, and tenaciously supervised the job himself. Overtaken by ill health, Col. Burrows resigned his office on February 7, 1804, when the southern wing of the barracks and the officers' billets were ready for occupancy and work on the Commandant's house was well under way.

Lieutenant Colonel Franklin Wharton succeeded Burrows as Commandant but did not relish living in rented quarters any longer than necessary. He pushed the construction of the house simultaneously with that of the northern wing of the barracks. Where Burrows had used Marines as laborers in accordance with the Secretary of the Navy's orders, Wharton expedited work by granting them an "indulgence"—no military duties and an extra gill of rum daily. Both barracks and residence were completed by the end of 1805.



Few trees graced the surroundings of the house during Civil War days

Crude clay bricks were used in the house and came from a pit dug midway between the Marine Barracks and the Navy Yard a few blocks down Eighth street. Odd-shaped and of dubious quality, the bricks were fired in molds of six; because they came out very soft salmon (an under burned brick), the walls were built thick—approximately three feet thick. Although alterations and additions to the house have been made during the past 150 years, the same salmon brick walls are still standing.

Originally, the building was two stories high and had an attic with dormer windows. The main floor was divided into two large formal drawing rooms on the south side, a main hall, small vestibule and two smaller rooms on the north side. The second floor contained the bedrooms while the attic was divided into several small rooms for servants' quarters and storage. The kitchen was in the basement.

The identity of the architect has never been positively determined, yet the stately grace and well proportioned dimensions show the hand of a qualified professional. Benjamin Latrobe, a well known Washington architect has often been credited with blueprinting the Commandant's house. He drew the plans for the Navy Yard and the Navy

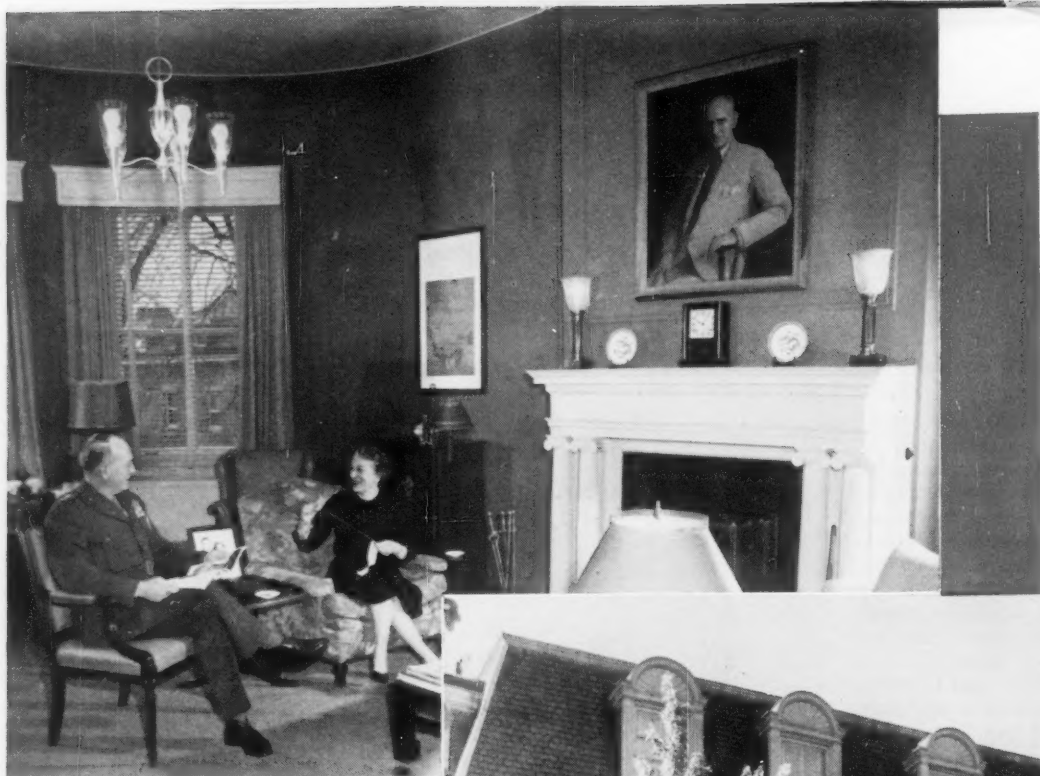
Yard Commandant's house, which undoubtedly led to the confusion. There is no evidence, not even among Latrobe's own papers, to link him in any way with the famous Marine mansion.

Charles Bullfinch, later architect of the Capitol, also has been mentioned as a possibility because he was an early advocate of the circular bay, and designed the house of the commanding officer of the Boston Navy Yard with double circular bays similar to those on the Commandant's house. Again, no papers, letters or diaries, support this theory.

Only one person, Louis de Tousard, was known to have submitted "a very elegant plan of Barracks for the Marine Corps," to the Acting Secretary of the Navy, General Henry Dearborn, who immediately took it to President Thomas Jefferson. Four days later, the President approved a plan, but whether it was Tousard's, is impossible to determine, although the time element was in his favor. He is often considered the most credible of the three candidates.

Whether by accident or design, the British failed to destroy the Commandant's house during their raid on Washington in August, 1814, despite orders from Fleet Admiral Cockburn to "leave the city in ashes." General C. A. Ross, in command of several thousand red-

TURN PAGE



General and Mrs. Shepherd are present residents of the house

COMMANDANTS' HOUSE (cont.)

coats, commandeered the Marine Barracks compound for the use of his army. Undoubtedly eyeing the three-foot-thick walls of the Commandant's house as a veritable fortress, he stabled his horses in the basement and reserved the upper floors for himself and his staff.

Various reasons have been offered for the amnesty accorded the Commandant's house. The British withdrawal was supposed to have been made in such haste that the raiders didn't take time to carry their wounded to the ships with them, much less tarry long enough to burn the premises. Another source related that the valiant stand of the Marines at Bladensburg impressed General Ross, and he left the place untouched as a soldierly gesture of respect. Residents of the area were credited with appealing to the better nature of the British by pointing out that, unlike the comparatively isolated Capitol and White House, the Marine area was in a populated section of town and any fire would destroy much adjoining private property.

Whatever the motive, the British decision to leave the Commandant's house untouched while burning other government buildings, established its claim to being the oldest public building in continuous use.

Still another legend grew from the British attack—one concerned with two



In 1836, a colonial-style veranda was added to the "G" Street side but it was replaced at the turn of the century by the entrance now in use

Marine sergeants and a chest of buried treasure. While the rest of the barracks was engaged in battle at Bladensburg, the sergeants were assigned to plant \$2500 in cash which had been used for "contingent expenses." They accomplished this mission about the time the British banged in the door, and, according to the legend, were killed after

a desperate floor-to-floor defense of the Commandant's house. With them went the location of the buried money, which, if it existed at all, has never been found. Bullet holes and bayonet scars inside the house, though, give credence to the two Marines' brave stand.

When Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Henderson moved into the house as

fifth Commandant, it was the beginning of the longest and one of the most eventful tenures of that office. His reign was perhaps characterized by the manner in which he led almost the entire Corps — except for a skeleton guard—into battle after tacking a note to his office door. The message said, "Gone to Florida to fight the Indians. Will be back when the war is over."

The first alterations to the Commandant's house were made during his 39-year occupancy. In 1836, a colonial-style veranda with massive columns, and iron railing along the wide steps leading from two sides, was added to the north, or "G" street side. A few years later, a two-story annex was built on the northeast corner of the house, enlarging the bedroom and allowing for the first bathroom in the house—and the only one until 1914.

A \$400 cast iron fence separating the house from the parade ground was erected at the same time.

During his stay, Henderson saw the rank of his office raised to colonel; he was breveted to Brigadier General. In 1859, at the age of 76, Commandant Henderson died in the house where he had lived for more than half of his life. He had served as Commandant under 11 presidents, and President Buchanan and members of the cabinet attended his funeral.

embers of her bedroom fireplace. After a few seconds, he rose, bowed ceremoniously and vanished. The following morning she described her visitor to her husband; when the Commandant returned home that evening, he brought with him a portrait of General Henderson. When his wife saw it, she exclaimed, "That is the gray bearded gentleman who was in my room last night!"

Lieutenant General Thomas J. Holcomb, Commandant from 1936 to 1943, remembers the evening of the day he signed the order establishing the Women's Reserve. Hardly had he remarked to his dinner guests that, "Old Archibald would certainly turn over in his grave if he ever found out that females could become commissioned officers in his beloved Marine Corps!" when the portrait of General Henderson which hung over the sideboard crashed to the floor.

The next major changes occurred during the office of Colonel Commandant Charles G. McCawley in 1889, when a board he appointed recommended conversion of the attic to a third story, a new mansard roof, and addition of a second story to the west wing. The work was not completed until after Colonel Charles Heywood had succeeded McCawley as Commandant. The colonial veranda on "G"

Charles L. McCawley, son of the eighth Commandant, and long familiar with the establishment.

When George Barnett moved into the house as Major General Commandant in 1914, the interior woodwork was painted a dark color often described as "Heywood brown," because the ninth Commandant (Colonel Heywood) had been convinced that wood of this color outlasted all other. General Barnett changed the color from brown to white.

In 1915, in keeping with the times, the stable was converted into a garage.

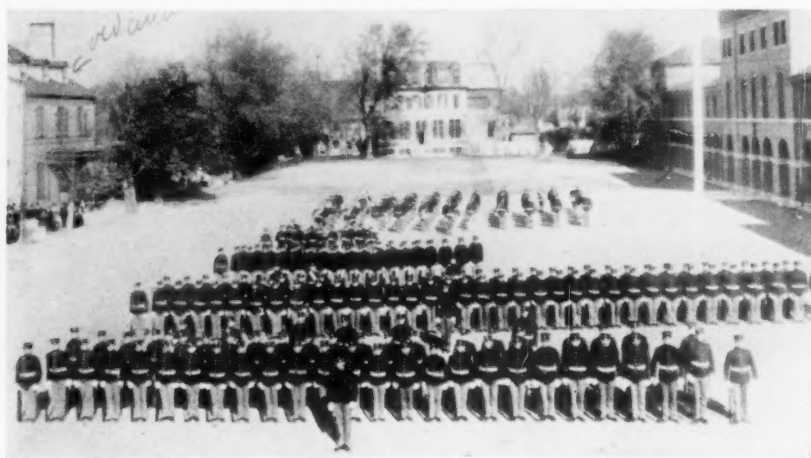
A notable addition to the furnishings of the house was made during General Barnett's residence. Portraits of the first 11 Commandants (with the exception of the fourth Commandant, of whom no likeness has ever been found) were hung in the dining room, main hall and two drawing rooms. The portraits of succeeding Commandants have been added to this collection.

During the tour of Major General Commandant John H. Russell, Jr., the symmetrical appearance of the outside was balanced, and the interior renovated to restore its original atmosphere. Mrs. Russell was responsible for the interior decorating and selected and had installed the fine chandeliers and many period reproductions which grace the rooms.

Among the furnishings of interest seen by current visitors are the Perry prints, a gift to Major General John A. Lejeune shortly after he became Commandant, and the Adams mantle (pre-1800) over the fireplace discovered by Mrs. A. A. Vandegrift, wife of the 18th Commandant. The fireplace had been closed and plastered over, and was found in the course of redecorating. She obtained the mantle from a friend and had it installed over the re-opened fireplace.

General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., 20th Commandant of the Marine Corps, replaced in the house the desk which had belonged to Brigadier General Henderson, fifth Commandant. A collection of crystal which had belonged to Lieutenant Colonel John M. Gamble—the only Marine Corps officer to command a United States man-of-war in action against the enemy—is kept in the desk.

A symbol of countless traditions, and a link with a proud past for leaders who must command the present and plan for the future, the house has served the Commandants well. **END**

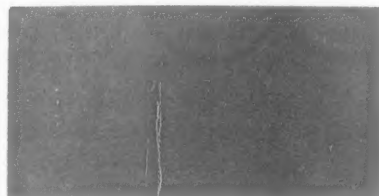


The Commandant's house assumed much of its present appearance in 1905 when the attic section was converted into a full third story

The possibility that his spirit occasionally returns to the home he occupied so long was related by the wife of a much later Commandant. She awoke during her first night in the house to find an elderly gentleman with a white fringe beard and wearing the Marine dress uniform of the 1850s, seated in a chair before the smoldering

street was replaced by the entrance now in use.

Brigadier General Commandant George F. Elliot directed the removal of the open porch on the south side and replaced it with the present enclosed porch. The move did not meet with the approval of some traditionalists, particularly Brigadier General





DOVER DEVIL

by MSgt. Robert W. Tallent
USMCR



DOGS

Illustrated by
MSgt. William Burgin
Leatherneck Staff Artist

FOR PURE GUTS and valor even the mighty battalions of the Fleet Marine Force must bow to the tiny Marine detachment of Dover whose deeds during one hellish night in New Jersey, are yet to be equaled. The boys standing watch tonight in Crane, Indiana, and Hawthorne, Nevada, can breathe a thankful amen to this too; the Dover detachment was blown sky-high.

Twenty-nine years ago this outfit earned its place

TURN PAGE

DOVER DEVILDOGS (cont.)

in history as one of the Corps' most heroic detachments. Of the 65 men in the unit, more than half of them were listed as casualties. The commanding officer and 11 Marines perished in the holocaust—one of the most powerful explosions to ever rock the United States, short of the controlled atomic blasts. Sixteen Navy Crosses were won by members of the detachment the night the Lake Denmark Naval Powder Depot detonated.

Lake Denmark is a small, relatively undistinguished body of water located almost in the center of northern New Jersey. In the 1880s the Navy was searching the Atlantic seaboard for places to stash ammunition for the fleet. The admirals decided that the shores of Lake Denmark would be just the place for a depot. The site they selected was far enough inland to be

enter the scene by taking one too many for the road, sidewalks and cowpaths between the depot and the town of Dover four miles away.

He prompted the Navy Inspector of Ordnance to make the following recommendation:

"The Inspector of Ordnance feels it is his duty to recommend that a Marine Guard of about 20 men, including a sergeant in command and probably two corporals, be detailed to and quartered at the Naval Powder Depot near Dover, N. J. Recent occurrences there in connection with the discharge of an unruly employee who, while intoxicated, entered the Chief Gunner's residence, became abusive and refused to leave when ordered, breaking china, and tearing the Chief Gunner's clothes, and in general behaving in a manner requiring considerable force to subdue him, and later threatening with violence the Chief Gunner in Charge and other employees, show that the hand of

If pulling duty every day on top of a powder keg can be classed as routine, that's the way life was for the Marines at Dover until the mid-twenties, with the exception of one incident. It happened a little more than one month after the end of World War I. In the middle of a sub zero night, a Marine walking post spotted a cheerless blaze in the corner of a powder magazine. Before he could reach an alarm box the magazine erupted. The fire and concussion set off a string of shell houses. Fragments of shells and whole projectiles rocketed through the area as the Marines manned their fire fighting stations in a brave but useless gesture. The temperature was six degrees below zero and the water lines were frozen. One Marine died and three others were badly wounded that night. However, it was just a pallid rehearsal for what was to happen the evening of July 10, 1926.

The last day of duty for the Dover



Photo by R. S. Clements

Sixteen-inch shells bounced around like red hot ping-pong balls during the holocaust. Unexploded

missiles littered the stricken area after the fire, endangering working parties clearing the debris

out of range of any foreign navy which might assault our shores, yet handy enough to simplify ammunition supply to the fleet. The Army had already discovered the pleasant little stretch of rolling hill country outside the town of Dover and had established the Picatinny Arsenal a few years before. The Navy set up shop next door to the Army installation.

If it hadn't been for a drunk staggering around the premises, it is possible that the Lake Denmark Powder Depot might have been blown to smithereens without the intervention of the Marine detachment. Sixteen years before the explosion, a civilian worker on the station caused the Marines to

the Officer-in-Charge of that magazine would be greatly strengthened by military support; and it seems to me that the value and importance of the material stored there warrant better protection than it has now, namely, three watchmen, one on at a time. . . !!"

The Chief Gunner got a detachment of 23 Marines to protect his clothes, crockery and explosives a couple of months later. The first detachment at Lake Denmark was commanded by a nickel-plated first sergeant of the old fraternity whose experience with gunpowder, TNT, drunks and other volatiles made him highly qualified for his job. Trouble on the station halted like a sea school platoon on graduation day.

detachment got under way on the usual schedule. It was a Saturday, a half-holiday for the 500 civilians employed at Lake Denmark and Picatinny. By one o'clock they had cleared the station and the depot drowsed fitfully under a hot muggy sky. The main center of activity on the station was confined around the Marine barracks and even here life went forward at a tepid pace. Guard reliefs fell in and marched off. An occasional swimming party left the barracks to cool off in the waters of the lake. It was too hot even to argue about the forthcoming heavyweight championship fight to be held in Philadelphia between the Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, and the



Photo by R. S. Clements

Practically nothing remained of Marine Barracks except the walls. Two men, brigged for a minor

infraction of the rules, battered their way out of their cell and rescued the injured brig guard

Marines' sterling champion, Gene Tunney.

A casual decision to go for a dip may have saved the lives of Privates Oliver C. Bliss and Paul Moreau that afternoon. The two shoved off from the barracks with their swimming suits; they never saw their shipmates or the barracks after that.

Two other privates in the detachment, Ralph Hall of Robinson, Illinois, and James C. Radford from West Virginia, would probably liked to have had the option of either staying put or going for a swim but they had no choice. They were in the brig for a minor infraction and as a result they became heroes of a sort.

At the station's east gate, Private George J. Bush noticed storm clouds mustering in the late afternoon. He started to make casual preparations for the impending assault. The commanding officer of the station, Navy Cap-

tain Otto C. Dowling, also noticed the approach of the Summer storm. As an advance guard of showers pelted the depot, Capt. Dowling moved out on the porch of his quarters, located near the northern edge of the reservation, to count the seconds between the flashes of lightning and the thunder claps to get an idea of the storm's proximity to the station.

He had determined the apex of the storm at about one mile away, when a freak bolt lashed out at the station with a brilliant flash. Immediately after, a plume of smoke tailed skyward. It issued from Magazine No. 8, a TNT storehouse.

Capt. Dowling spotted the smoke as did several others on the station at the same time. He headed for the scene as the alarm alerted the Marine barracks.

The commanding officer of the Marines, Captain Burwell H. Clarke, a

trim, scrappy veteran from Little Rock, Arkansas, organized a handful of Marines at the barracks and raced for the fire at No. 8. Although the fuse was lit on one of the biggest powder kegs in the country, he unhesitatingly made the decision to try and fight the blaze. Capt. Clarke's valiant party managed to put a hose on the burning storehouse just as the flames struck the powder. The entire team died instantly in the searing explosion.

Capt. Dowling, making his way to the site, was knocked off his feet and temporarily blinded. Private Casmer M. Kensick was cutting out to join the fire party at the magazine when she blew. He saw the skipper go down and rushed to his aid. Capt. Dowling later credited Kensick with the saving of his life.

George Bush, taking shelter from the storm in the east gate sentry box, was knocked some 30 feet by the violence

TURN PAGE



Photo by R. S. Clements

Twelve Marines died trying to put out the fires in the warehouses and magazine areas. The position

of their bodies proved that they died while heading toward the explosion, and were not seeking safety

DOVER DEVILDOGS (cont.)

of the blast. He regained consciousness in a haze of smoke. The gate was ablaze and the sentry booth shattered. He managed to find a ladder which he placed against the high wire fence encircling the station. Over this ladder he assisted six civilians to safety, including four children. He stuck grimly to his fiery post, later assisting the Commandant's wife, Mrs. Dowling, to escape. He finally had to be ordered to evacuate his position.

At the brig, corporal of the guard Axel Frederickson, also acting as warden for Privates Hall and Radford, was thrown across his tiny chamber when the explosion hit. Against the opposite wall, he slid to the deck amid a pile of rubble and splintered glass. Hall and Radford, still solidly locked behind their cell door, staggered to their feet and surveyed the situation. Frederickson lay inert and bleeding outside the lockup. The two Marines frantically set to work on the cell door. They forced an opening by throwing their combined weight against it. Hastily they rolled Frederickson into a blanket then partially dragged and carried the injured corporal to the nearest road. An automobile fleeing the station paused long enough to gather in the battered trio and take them to Dover.

The group just cleared the station as the second blast hit. It was even more severe than the first. It ripped the depot like hell's own satchel charge. Whole buildings and loading platforms suddenly evaporated. The surviving Marines stumbled through the debris, groggily attempting to evacuate Navy families and civilian survivors from the station.

Quartermaster Sergeant Warren L. Granger was the first man to get official notification of the disaster to the world outside the fuming inferno. At the time of the first explosion he was visiting friends about two miles distant from the Ammunition Depot. As soon as he heard the blast he piled into his car. Minutes later he had taken over the Main Cannon Gate at the Picatinny Arsenal, where he remained on duty for 25 hours while shells and debris were falling around the sentry box from which he was receiving and sending messages in connection with the disaster.

Following the second blast there was a steady roar of exploding mines and shells, then 40 minutes later a third blast thundered across the depot. It boomed as a final requiem to the courageous Marine detachment. Thanks to QMSgt. Granger's quick work, relief parties of Marines were already forming at Brooklyn and Quantico.

Six Marines led by Corporal Marvin Lewis, comprised the first relief party to get to the scene. The group had

gone on liberty from the barracks earlier that afternoon. As soon as they had word of the catastrophe, they headed back to the station. They arrived at 7:30 that evening and tried to cut through the Picatinny Arsenal to bear a hand at what was left of the Marine barracks. They were entrapped between the exploding magazines and the lake. Lewis was hit and seriously wounded in the neck and head. The only way to escape was to cross the lake, but four of the men could not swim. A boat on the far side of the lake was spotted and Lewis, despite his wounds, accompanied by Private John A. Pratt, dashed into the water and managed to swim the distance. The two then turned around and rowed back across the lake to rescue their sidekicks.

The Brooklyn Marines arrived at Lake Denmark just before midnight and were welcomed by blasting shells and powder. The expedition organized control points and started patrolling the outer fringes of the blazing depot. With the Brooklyn group were several men who had been transferred, the previous Tuesday, to Brooklyn from Dover. The men volunteered to try and crawl through to the Marine barracks to see if any of their buddies were still alive. Permission was refused. Sixteen-inch shells were rocketing across what remained of the depot like huge red ping-pong balls; \$50,000,000 worth of the Navy's best shooting hardware was

alight. Rescue attempts appeared impossible.

The volunteers went anyway—after they told their noncoms they were slipping away for a quick drink of water. Crawling through a patch of woods and over a small hill, they managed to enter the burning section of the arsenal. Spotting some of the bodies, the Marines tried to drag them out but were driven off when a nearby shell storehouse commenced spewing five-inch shells in a lethal deluge. They rejoined their outfit to spend a frustrating day waiting for the blazing fury to subside.

The next morning, parties started working their way into the devastated establishment. There were infrequent blasts, but compared to the previous two days and nights it was like a backfire at a busy intersection. The grim work of recovering bodies proceeded as 200 Marines from the Fifth Regiment at Quantico took over from the tired, sleepless Brooklyn detachment on July 11.

The Quantico Marines had barely taken command of the station when fresh trouble started. Fire was dis-

covered in a wrecked storehouse near buildings still filled with unexploded shells and TNT. Up to that point the damage had been confined mainly to the Navy's area. The Army arsenal, although sustaining some damage, hadn't lost any of its major powder buildings. If the fire spread into the Picatinny Arsenal, Army officers stated that the Naval holocaust would be like a fireworks display in comparison.

In almost a repeat performance of Capt. Clarke's heroic effort, the Fifth Regiment's Captain A. T. Lewis led half of the Quantico command into the danger area. A hose line was run from a small lake a quarter of a mile away and the tense battle started. The situation wasn't eased any when a 16-inch shell went off a short distance away, but the fight continued uninterrupted. This time it was the Marines who managed to win out over the flames. Tons of explosives were saved by their forthright action and additional danger to the Picatinny Arsenal was averted.

Marine Corps administrative processes caught up with the situation three days after the blast and on July 13th, the Dover detachment was officially

disbanded. The deactivation was short-lived, however. The unit was reorganized on August 10, 1926—and is still in business. Both the President and the Secretary of the Navy paid tribute to the men at Dover. Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, after an inspection tour of the scene, commented, "The position of the body of every man found proved that he had died responding to the fire call that sounded when the lightning struck the TNT magazine. The position in which their bodies were found indicated they were going to the explosion to put out the fire, not seeking safety."

President Coolidge said, in a formal statement:

"The destruction of the Naval ammunition depot at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, is a most deplorable catastrophe. I extend my sincere sympathy and that of the country to the relatives of those who died and to those who have been injured. The details received by me emphasize clearly that devotion to duty and heroism are not confined to the battlefield. The officers and men killed and wounded were serving their country in a hazardous post and deserve all the honor that can be paid.

"All who so promptly and with great self-sacrifice responded to the calls for relief are to be commended and deserve the grateful thanks of us all."

The Lake Denmark explosion killed 23 people. The Navy lost three officers and one enlisted; the Army, one officer; two civilians perished and the Marines lost 12 including Capt. Clarke. There were four other unidentified dead.

A Naval Court of Inquiry recommended that two ammunition depots be established, one on either coast. Thus were born the huge ammunition depots at Hawthorne, Nevada, and Crane, Indiana, both of which still boast Marine detachments.

Sixteen Navy Crosses, 12 of them posthumous, were awarded to the members of the brave little detachment. The final tribute was paid by the Corps on the 12th anniversary of the big explosion. A sunny afternoon, uncomfortably reminiscent of that brutal day a dozen years before, saw a snappy Marine detachment in dress blues draw up in front of a flag-draped monument. Before some 200 residents of Dover the marble monument was unveiled. On three sides of the monument are inscribed the names of those who died in the blast. On the fourth side the inscription, in bold black letters, reads:

**"ERECTED BY THE OFFICERS
AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS
IN MEMORY OF THEIR COM-
RADES AND ASSOCIATES WHO
LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE EX-
PLOSIONS AND FIRES ON JULY
10, 1926."**

END
33

Official USMC Photo





TODAY'S BIG, battle-ready Marine Corps began in Philadelphia, 180 years ago, in tiny Tun Tavern. The tavern disappeared a long while back but a pulsating part of the big picture is present in that city in two units of the Organized Marine Corps Reserve—the 1st 155-mm. Howitzer Battalion, and the 2d Depot Supply Battalion and its attached Women Marine Supply Platoon. In a sense, the members of these units are heirs to that indomitable esprit which characterized those green-clad patriarchs who tromped the cobblestone streets of colonial Philadelphia behind a few drums and lilting fifes in the Corps' first recruiting drive.

The Philly Reservists realize that this heritage is not theirs alone. It is the proud legacy of every Regular and Reserve outfit in the latest T/O. Which may explain why the Philadelphians often describe their respective battalions as "typical" of the entire volunteer Citizen-Marine montage. When they are not being modest, they also know that their units are above average in many departments.

The One-five-fives, for example, can trace the family tree back to May, 1930, when the

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
Sgt. Woodrow W. Neel
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

philadelphia reservists

1st Battalion, Twenty-first Reserve Marines, was organized in Philly. At that time, there were older units in the Reserve, but they were mainly infantry; the Philadelphia cannoneers have been thoroughbred artillerymen from the beginning. Reserve policy in those days overlooked the operation of an artillery unit and the rules governing the conduct of an infantry battalion didn't always fit the gunners. Numerous controversies grew from this situation but none ever reached a crisis.

In the beginning, there was no pay for drills—and no equipment for artillery training until the Fall of 1931 when the battalion received four French 75-mm. guns, caissons, tractors and fire control instruments. The next year's Summer training period was spent at home in the Philadelphia Navy Yard due to a curtailed economic situation throughout the Corps, but thereafter the battalion traveled to the ranges at Quantico and Fort Bragg for Summer firing. The unit's designation was changed in '35 to the 7th Battalion (Artillery) Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. As War II drew closer to America, the unit was called to active duty during November, 1940, becoming the 3d Battalion, Eleventh Marines.

When the First Marine Division formed, the battalion's artillerymen

were reassigned within the regiment and became the nucleus of the Eleventh Marines. Shortly afterward, the First Divvy sailed for the South Pacific, where the cannoneers taught their guns to speak a lethal language that whipped the enemy in countless debates from Guadalcanal to Okinawa.

After V-J Day, the artillery battalion was re-formed in Philadelphia as the 1st 155-mm. Howitzers, with a smattering of salts from the old 7th aboard to teach the new hands. Climax of this tutoring came in 1949 when the battalion was selected as the outstanding unit in the entire Marine Corps Reserve program. On July 20, 1950, the One-five-fives were called up for the Korean war and ordered to Camp Lejeune where the personnel were dispersed throughout the Second Marine Division, and the battalion ceased to exist.

In November, 1951, it was reorganized again. As the Reserve phase-out program went into effect, pre-Korea members of the battalion began drifting back to the unit and the job of rebuilding got under way. Sergeant Robert E. Baker belonged to the unit before Korea, and returned to the rolls after his release from active duty. Baker has a good attendance score, despite the fact that he commutes to

weekly drills from Wilmington, Delaware. Major John A. Phillip, the battalion exec, first joined the organization on November 7, 1940, and, except for extended active duty stints during the last two conflicts, has been with the battalion ever since.

Master Sergeant Edwin S. Dunkerly, a claims representative for the Veteran's Administration, is an old hand at the sergeant majoring trade. He held that post in the 6th Infantry Battalion—a Philadelphia-based unit before the Korean mobilization—and carried the same title on EAD. He became battalion sergeant major the same day he came off active duty in January, 1954. The paperwork involved in running the front office requires more time than afforded by the weekly two-hour drill session. The workload would be impossible, he claims, if it were not for the continual assistance of Master Sergeant Milton H. Danishek, I&I sergeant major, and his staff. Between drill nights, Danishek and Dunkerly keep close phone contact on the battalion's administrative issues.

At present the unit is below authorized strength, a condition which Lieutenant Colonel Floyd M. Umbarger, Jr., the battalion commander, and Lieutenant Colonel George R. Helmer, the Inspector-Instructor, agree is perplex-

TURN PAGE



Members of the 1st 155-mm. Howitzer Battalion mustered at the training center before embarking

on a field problem. The Philadelphia cannoneers can trace their unit's history back to May, 1930



Able Battery secured quickly after a dry run. Night reconnaissance, selection and occupation of positions adds spice to howitzer training



Battery missions on a night RSOP were called into a Fire Direction Control Center. Philly's first gunners were minus artillery equipment

RESERVISTS (cont.)

ing, with members always departing for a whack at extended active duty.

Weekly Tuesday night drills at the yard are sometimes interspersed with field jaunts when the guns are hauled to the nearby Naval Ammunition Depot at Fort Mifflin for an RSOP—reconnaissance, selection and occupation of positions.

On a recent RSOP, the battalion fired its mission while under heavy attack by armies of man-eating mosquitoes which inhabit the reclaimed marshes near Fort Mifflin. While the artillerymen had no way of telling how good their aim was on the dry run, the mosquitoes inflicted countless hits on the Marines. Col. Umbarger, a manager of a national insurance company, described the RSOPs as an exercise for both the gunners and the motor transport men in the battalion.

Weekly training is divided between the basic Marine subjects and the ins-and-outs of cannonading. Actual work with the guns is supplemented by lectures covering the organization of a Marine artillery battalion and a gun section. Newcomers learn to start off on their left foot in a perpetual recruit cadre.

Because the howitzer battalion and its supply battalion cousin share the training facilities of Building 101 in the Marine Barracks area of the base, cooperation among the units and their I&I staffs is a four-way deal, like the petals of a lucky clover. The supply battalion has a sick bay; the howitzer outfit doesn't, but its members receive physical examinations from the other unit's doctors. (Two doctors and a dentist are carried on the 2d's rolls in an appropriate duty status while HM1 George F. Vernon pulls full duty as a member of the I&I staff.)

Philadelphia is a parade-happy community where military processions are marshaled for the slightest whim or reason. Whenever the Reservists are invited to participate, the two battalions usually fall in together to present a healthier showing. Their efforts in the city's last March of Dimes parade earned them a pat on the back from the

The 1st 155-mm. Howitzer Battalion and the 2d Depot Supply Battalion joined forces in last year's annual Toys For Tots drive. The combined effort put them in first place in the nation

Commandant of the Marine Corps.

They also join forces for the annual Toys For Tots campaign. Last year, the Reservists spent many grueling hours in the weeks before Christmas, collecting playthings to be distributed to needy youngsters, but the more than 200,000 toys they amassed cheered untold small fry hearts on December 25. The fabulous total also put the Philadelphia Reservists in first place in the nation-wide drive.

The 2d Depot Supply Battalion, a recent arrival on the Reserve scene in Philadelphia, was activated on February 6, 1952, as successor to the 6th Infantry Battalion. While its primary mission is to train Marines, and orient them in the various aspects of the supply system, a definite emphasis is fixed on what Lieutenant Colonel William P. J. Drakeley, battalion commander since the unit was established, calls, "a shoot-and-salute concept of training."

Col. Drakeley, a general agent for an insurance company, stoutly advocates two convictions when training his men—a high degree of fitness and personal leadership. At the past two Summer camps, he demonstrated both by inaugurating a Triathlon consisting of pistol shooting, a 240-meter swim and a two-mile run at Camp Lejeune in 1954. He beefed the contest up to Quadrathlon status this year at Parris Island by adding a bayonet and obstacle course.

The events have given the colonel a hammer to pound home his doctrines.

Both years he issued a challenge to his entire command—and won!

Whole-hearted cooperation between the unit and its I&I staff—headed by Major Alfred H. Peterson—is prevalent in the 2d Depot Supply Battalion, as it is in the 1st 155-mm. Howitzer Battalion, and in Reserve units across the land. It's necessary when working toward a common goal—to shape up a good outfit.

Thursday night drill for the supplymen is usually routine. After a snappy muster on the floodlighted parade ground, the Reservists head for their respective training areas while the boots fall in with the recruit platoon to learn close order drill and the nomenclature of the M-1. When the battalion musters at the beginning and end of a training period, the Women Marine Supply Platoon, commanded by Captain Florence E. Lovelace, falls in alongside. During the time between musters, the 24 members of the distaff unit are off by themselves learning the Marine Corps way of doing things.

Repair of Marine Corps equipment is always a continuing part of a supply depot's function. Those members of the battalion with automotive repair MOSs gather in a room lined with cut-away engines and braking systems while Master Sergeant James J. Hackett, a member of the I&I staff, holds school. Simultaneously, another I&I staff instructor, Master Sergeant Clifford P. Stanton, usually is explaining radio repair to another group of trainees.

To maintain the unit's proficiency in

military subjects, a night's schooling on the "old stand-bys" like weapons, packs, etc., modifies the supply training routine.

The recruiting problem common to the two Philadelphia battalions stems in part from the Navy Yard's location at the foot of Broad Street. When the post-War II building boom began developing the city's outskirts and suburbs, a sizable portion of the population moved into the new homes. The yard is as far away from most of the new areas as it can be without inching into the Delaware River and too many prospects have shown a reluctance to buck the city's congested traffic to attend training.

With a bit of psychology scrounged from Mohammed, the One-five-fives figured if candidates wouldn't come to training, they'd take training to them. Three months ago, they activated a satellite battery at the Naval Aviation Supply Depot at 700 Robbins Avenue, near a spreading-like-wildfire section known as the Greater Northeast. While the satellite—officially dubbed Baker Battery—has barely begun its uphill campaign to reach T/O strength, the slight gain already recorded has prompted the supply battalion to lay the groundwork for a satellite disbursing platoon at the same location.

A satellite unit is more than a psychological maneuver. It's like a vertical envelopment. And that, any member of the 1st 155-mm. Howitzer Battalion and the 2d Depot Supply Battalion will tell you, is good tactics. **END**



Schooling on the pack helps the 2d Depot Supply Battalion maintain proficiency in military subjects



A typing experiment tested the dexterity of the 2d Depot's attached Women Marine Supply Platoon



Confederate

IN its 180 years the U. S. Marine Corps has achieved an illustrious record of military accomplishment that is well known.

What is perhaps less known is that in one era of its history, the States had two Marine Corps—and only an ironic quirk of fate averted a dramatic face-to-face clash between these two organizations.

On the same day that Jefferson Davis became President of the Confederate States of America, at Montgomery, Alabama (February 18, 1861), the Confederate Congress created a Navy Department. President Davis swiftly appointed Stephen Russell Mallory of Florida, a former Chairman of the U.S. Senate Naval Committee, as his Secretary of the Navy.

But Secretary of the Navy Mallory had no Navy—and no Marine Corps. And there was no facility in the entire South capable of even building one complete warship for him.

One month later, the Confederate

Congress authorized a Navy, and a Marine Corps to consist of:

1 Major
1 Quartermaster
1 Paymaster
1 Adjutant
6 Captains
6 First Lieutenants
6 Second Lieutenants
1 Sergeant Major
1 Quartermaster Sergeant
24 Sergeants
24 Corporals
10 Musicians
600 Privates

The original T/O called for six companies, each to consist of one captain, first lieutenant, second lieutenant, four sergeants, four corporals and 100 privates.

Two months later the Confederate States Marine Corps was boosted to:

RANK	MONTHLY RATE OF PAY
1 Colonel (CMC)	\$195
1 LtCol	170
1 Major	150
1 QM (Major)	162
1 Adjutant (Major)	162

1 PM (Capt)	\$162
10 Captains	130
10 1stLts	90
20 2ndLts	80
1 Sgt Major	21
1 QM Sgt	21
40 Sergeants	21
40 Corporals	17
10 Drummers	16
10 Fifers	16
840 Privates	15

These men received a daily ration, computed as of March 1, 1861, of 25 cents per man. In addition, the Commandant, field and staff officers were allowed \$24 per month extra for forage for three horses and \$9 per month for "additional service pay." Enlistments were for four years, then later changed to three.

Commandant of the Confederate States Marine Corps was an ex-Army Colonel, Lloyd J. Beall. Lieutenant Colonel of the Corps was Henry B. Tyler.

The nucleus of the newly-created Confederate States Marine Corps in-

Marines

by Frank H. Ramsey

cluded this group of officers who resigned from the USMC and were commissioned in the CSMC, in approximately the same ranks:

Capt. and Brevet Major George H. Terrett; Va.
Capt. Robert Tansill; Va.
Capt. Algeron S. Taylor; Va.
Capt. John D. Simms; Va.
1stLt Israel Green; Va.
1stLt John R. Tattnall; Ga.
1stLt Julius E. Meire; Md.
1stLt George P. Turner; Va.
1stLt Thomas S. Wilson; Md.
1stLt Andrew J. Hays; Ala.
1stLt Adam N. Baker; Fla.
2ndLt George Holmes; Fla.
2ndLt Calvin L. Sayre; Ala.
2ndLt Henry L. Ingraham; S. C.
2ndLt Beckett N. Howell; Miss.

The battle between the CSMC and USMC almost occurred at a place called Hilton Head Island, practically within sight of today's Marine Corps Recruit Depot at Parris Island, S. C.

In late 1861, a naval battle took place for the possession of Port Royal, one of the best natural harbors on the Southeastern coast. Control of Port Royal could give the Union naval forces a safe anchorage to ride out storms. But of even greater importance, Port Royal Harbor was an excellent base from which to raid shipping to and from the Southern states.

A large Union fleet, consisting of war vessels and transports, was assembled at Annapolis, Md., to begin the invasion. But en route, the fleet ran into a heavy storm which scattered the ships and brought disaster to one of the vessels carrying U.S. Marines. These Marines were transferred to another ship and as soon as the storm abated, the fleet reassembled.

Port Royal Harbor's defenses at that time consisted of two forts: Walker and Beauregard. Each was located on a separate island about two and a half miles apart, at the harbor's entrance. One was called Hilton Head and the other, Bay Point.

Because of their light guns, with limited range, these fortifications could not withstand heavy concentrated bombardment, a fact apparently well

known to the Union forces. Consequently, after a five-hour intensive cannonading from Union ships, the forts were destroyed and the Confederate defenders withdrew.

Then U.S. Marines made an amphibious landing, under Admiral Samuel Du Pont, who was aboard the flagship of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

"Landing my Marines and a company of seamen," Admiral Du Pont reported to Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, "I took possession of the deserted ground and held forts on Hilton Head Island till the arrival of General Sherman to whom I had the honor to transfer its occupation."

It was here that the CSMC and USMC almost met.

The Confederate States Marines were aboard the *Savannah*, described as a paddle-wheel-driven river boat which became the flagship of the defending fleet. The *Savannah* with daring, but without sufficient firepower, challenged the larger Union vessels. But before being greatly damaged, the *Savannah* took refuge in Skull Creek, a waterway on the north shore of Hilton Head Island. There at Seabrook Landing, the *Savannah* tied up, and according to an eye-witness account by Flag officer Josiah Tattnall:

"... dispatched our Marines under the command of Captain George Holmes . . . an experienced officer, across the island to render assistance to the fatigued garrison of the battery. Captain Page was next in

command to the flag officer, superintendent of debarkation. One hour later, Flag officer Tattnall, Capt. Page and Midshipman Barron Carter of Augusta, the flag officer's aide, followed with all of the available seamen of the *Savannah*, and *Sampson*, plus some of the Marines of the latter vessel. The men who were under command of Lieutenant Phillip Porcher of S. C., were ordered to make all possible speed with the naval ammunition to the battery which at the time seemed to be hard pressed."

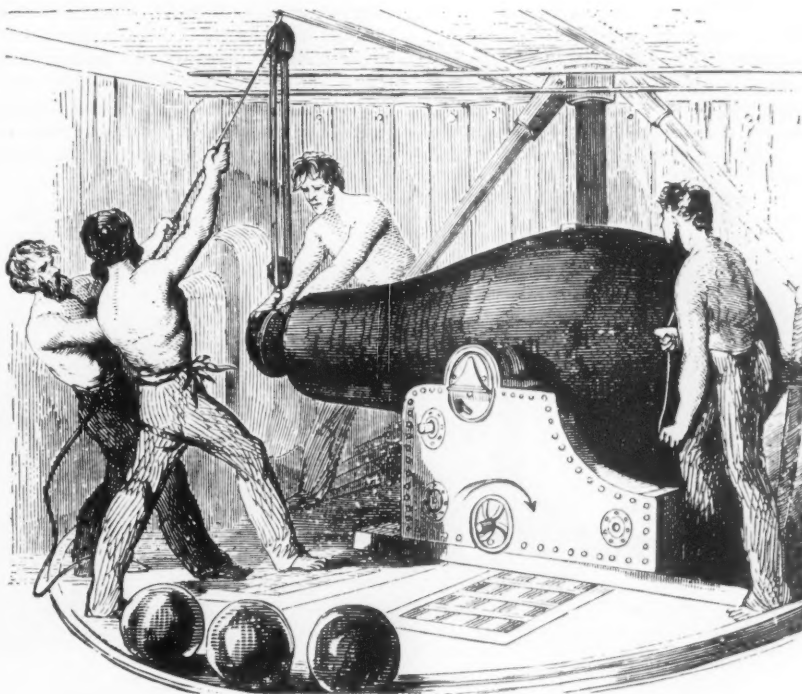
After proceeding to within a half-mile of the battery, the lieutenant was informed that the garrison was in enemy hands. This report was confirmed by an Army officer, who suggested that the detachment return to its ship. On returning to Seabrook Landing, the men received orders to board the *Sampson*. Flag officer Tattnall then left the island for Savannah, Ga., with the officers and men from the captured garrison.

Thus a showdown between the two Marine Corps was averted.

The U. S. Marines were present in larger numbers than the CS Marines. But according to Colonel Beall, Commandant of the CSMC:

"The Confederate Corps was composed of enlisted men many of whom had seen service before in the USMC, and elsewhere. The Corps was thoroughly trained and disciplined, and in all encounters with the enemy, the officers and men were conspicuous for their courage . . ."

END



IN KOREA, early in 1954, the First Marine Division's left flank rested on the Kimpo peninsula just north of Seoul. West of Kimpo and across the Han River estuary lay the island of Kangwha where the Second Partisan Infantry Regiment was in residence. Beyond Kangwha stretched the Yellow Sea and divers off-shore islands. The formal relationship of the Partisans to the United Nations was vague at best, though Kangwha was conceded to be a private bailiwick for the Partisans. Accordingly, most people reckoned that the Eighth Army's direct responsibility ended at the western edge of Kimpo.

Army boundaries did not unduly excite the First Marine Division at the time. They already had enough on their plate to worry about without borrowing any more trouble. The division rattled around a big piece of empty country that far exceeded anything the field manuals ever contemplated in the chapter devoted to "defense on a wide front."

But in March, when President Rhee disbanded the Partisans and incorporated those worthies into the Republic of Korea Army, the problem of the "Glory of the River"—as Kangwha used to be known in the old days—suddenly became a matter of acute concern to all hands. Kangwha would now be ungarrisoned. A gap would exist on the west flank of the Allied line in Korea. Something had to be done—and quickly.

The Eighth Army promptly surfaced with a directive and the Corps shot it along to Major General (now Lieutenant General and Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps) R. McC. Pate, commanding the First Marine Division: the Marines would forthwith assume the responsibility for Kangwha, as well as certain adjacent bits and

pieces of property. This addition to the Marine holdings meant that the Marine line now stretched from the Sami'chon on the east to Kangwha on the west—a long 44 miles.

It was only poetic justice that the Marine division should be given the responsibility for Kangwha, since it was there that Marines of an earlier day had fought in 1871. But centuries before the first Marine set foot on Kangwha's shores, the island and its capital city of the same name had been prominent in Korean history.

It was in the "Year of the Bear," in the "Cycle of the Ten Beasts"—as these things used to be reckoned—that the Mongol cavalry first swept across the northern frontier and rolled like wild-fire throughout the length and breadth of Korea. This would make it about the year 1231, according to our way of marking time, and things looked very dim, indeed. The situation resembled the one existing in Korea in the Summer of 1950, except that in this earlier crisis there was no one to come to the aid of the Koreans. The Kin Dynasty in China, to whom the Koreans had looked for protection for 200 years, had already been smashed by Genghis Khan. And so it came about that panic and despair and black fear everywhere ruled in Korea. The local defense forces evaporated and the Mongol *blitzkrieg* scoured the land.

The king and the entire Korean court took foot in hand, as the expression has it, and fled the capital at Kaesong to find a safe haven on the island of Kangwha. This move proved to be a neat bit of high strategy. The pursuing Mongols, unversed in even the most rudimentary amphibious operations, found themselves completely foxed by the few hundreds of yards of water separating the island from the mainland. Unable to bag their royal quarry,

the land-bound enemy sat in vexation on the mainland and took their spite out on the local citizens.

The Korean court remained snug on the island sanctuary of Kangwha until the year of 1270. By this time the old king had died and his successor was imprudent enough to listen to the Mongol propaganda. He heard and believed the siren song of co-existence and came ashore, so to speak, from his refuge on Kangwha. A melancholy move. The balance of his brief career was spent as a satellite puppet.

Again, in 1636, most of the Korean ruling family retired to Kangwha while the Manchu invaders—lineal descendants of Korea's former protectors, the Kins—had the king holed up in a fortress south of Seoul. As in the case of the Mongols before them, these new invaders were baffled by the problem of the water barrier at Kangwha. But in the course of another campaign, undertaken the following year, the Chinese at last found the answer. They obtained the services of some renegade Korean boatmen and so were able to cross over and invade Kangwha.

Only then, when he heard the news of the Kangwha invasion, did the Korean king's courage fail him. He gave up the valiant defense he had been conducting on the mainland against heavy odds. The report that the slender Kangwha garrison had been overrun and that "the queen, the crown prince, and all the ladies of the royal family, as well as the wives of many of the principal nobles" were in enemy hands, was too much to bear. The king bowed his head and sued for peace. Just for the record it might be noted that the ladies suffered no harm at the hands of their captors, though such treatment was completely contrary to the usual SOP prevailing in such matters at the time.

GLORY OF THE

by R. McM. Tompkins

To understand the next cycle of events, remember that as late as the end of the 18th Century the Western world had very little knowledge of Korea and its people. Almost the only definitive account of this mysterious land had been written by Hendrick Hamel, a Dutch sailor. Hamel, while in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, was shipwrecked on the island of Cheju off the Korean coast in 1653. He spent 13 years with the Koreans on Cheju before escaping to Japan. From Japan, Hamel finally made his way back to Europe where he wrote the story of his adventures.

Even when the 19th Century was well into its middle years, the only Europeans who had managed to penetrate the interior of Korea were a handful of French Roman Catholic missionaries. These valiant souls went about their business with a serenity of spirit and a courage that was impressive. By the mid-1860s, under the leadership of Bishop Riedel, the native Christians in Korea numbered not far short of 20,000.

But in 1866, TAI Won Kun—regent for the boy king of Korea—brought an abrupt end to the work of the missionaries. TAI was a staunch adherent of a policy of strict isolationism; he was easily persuaded that the continued existence of the Western priests and the things they were teaching represented a definite threat to Korean national interests. TAI issued an edict outlawing Catholicism in Korea. To give point to his order and let all concerned know he meant business, he directed that one of the converts and one of the French missionaries be summarily executed. A little later on, TAI decided to stop dabbling around and proclaimed that all Catholics in Korea were to be put to death. The local police undertook this project with effi-

ciency and dispatch, but Bishop Riedel, aided by his faithful flock, managed to escape the dragnet and with great difficulty finally managed to get to Tientsin where he reported the massacre.



Private Walter Bronson, aboard the USS Alaska, maintained a detailed account of the ship's voyage from Boston to New York to Korea in 1870

ciency and dispatch, but Bishop Riedel, aided by his faithful flock, managed to escape the dragnet and with great difficulty finally managed to get to Tientsin where he reported the massacre.

When Bishop Riedel's news reached Peking, the French colony there seethed and bubbled with indignation at TAI's actions. The French Charge d'Affaires, M. de Bellonet, took the initiative and on his own responsibility declared what, for want of a better name, must be termed an unofficial and private war against Korea. M. de Bellonet directed Admiral Roze, with seven ships of the French fleet and a thousand troops

embarked, to proceed without delay to Korea and teach the impudent natives a lesson.

After various backings and fillings and false starts the French expedition eventually arrived in Korean waters on the 13th of October, 1866, and prepared to carry out orders. The opening gambit came on the 16th when Admiral Roze launched an attack on the city of Kangwha itself.

The French had relatively little difficulty in overrunning the Kangwha defenders and capturing the city, despite a battlemented wall almost 15 feet high which completely surrounded the place. From here on out, however, the in-

TURN PAGE

RIVER



These sketches were made by Private Bronson shortly before the Marines made their first landing in Korea

GLORY OF THE RIVER (cont.)

vaders were to have their hands full.

The Koreans, boiling mad at the sight of the French in possession of their cherished city of Kangwha, sent out a call for all hands to repel boarders. Whether it was by use of press gangs or for reasons of pure patriotism matters very little, but the response to the call was overwhelming. Bands of Korean irregulars attached themselves like leeches to the French flanks, nibbling and cutting at every opportunity.

In an effort to get a little elbow room, on October 27th, Admiral Roze dispatched a column to take the fortified monastery of Chodung Sa about 10 miles south of the city of Kangwha. The admiral evidently lacked the services of a good Intelligence officer, or he might have known that Chodung Sa was garrisoned with an elite combat group of 800 tiger hunters—men who wore as necklaces the claws of the tigers they had personally tracked down and killed. Men like these who spent their lives matching their wits with the fierce Korean tigers were not likely to be dismayed by a few white devils. Admiral Roze's forces were severely manhandled at Chodung Sa and the survivors were lucky to stumble back to Kangwha.

Disheartened by this reverse, the landing force was ordered to re-embark the following day. But before quitting the city of Kangwha the French set fires and reduced the capital to a pile of smoking ashes. The actual withdrawal was carried out with such unseemly dispatch that the Koreans regarded it as a disgraceful retreat and proceeded to enshrine the event in their folk-lore.

There was also the matter of the bell. The French had dragged a huge bronze bell out of one of the Kangwha temples with a view to carting it off as a trophy of war. So speedily did Admiral Roze's people make for the ships that halfway along the road they were forced to abandon their souvenir. The bell was immediately pounced upon and retrieved by the Koreans who regarded it from then on as a special trophy of their victory over the French. Later, when Kangwha was rebuilt, this same bell was hung in the center of the city and used to summon the citizens when some special danger threatened.

It was not until 1871 that the United States government officially took a hand in Korean affairs. In the Spring of that year Rear Admiral John Rodgers received orders to escort Mr. Low—American Minister at Peking—to Korea and assist him as necessary to negotiate

a treaty for the protection of sailors shipwrecked in those waters.

The admiral flew his flag from the *Colorado* and was accompanied by the *Alaska*, *Benicia*, *Monocacy*, and *Palos*. As noted by a contemporary writer, "the vessels were either of an antiquated type or of too heavy a draught, their timbers too rotten or not strong enough for shotted broadsides, and their armament defective in breech-loading fire-arms, while the facilities for landing a force were inadequate. . . . All the naval world in Chinese waters wondered why so wide-awake and practical a people as the Americans should be content with such old-fashioned ships, unworthy of the gallant crews who manned them."

The American squadron arrived at their anchorage in the Yom River estuary late in May, 1871. Soundings were taken and preparations were made to survey the upper reaches of the Yom. At the same time preliminary negotiations were opened with the Koreans with a view to getting a clearance on the survey project, as well as broaching the subject of a treaty. And it was in this preliminary phase that the stage was set for the expedition's eventual failure to accomplish its mission.

The Koreans, in accordance with the prevailing Oriental custom, sent to the initial conferences with the Americans only minor officials who did not have the power of agreeing or disagreeing with any proposition that might be offered. This procedure was quite in accord with the vital business of "face," since the principals—the officials who could take executive action—would enter the picture only after the underlings had broken the ice by appearing at the opening sessions.

It might be noted that Admiral Rodgers and Mr. Low were also conscious of the dignity of their respective offices. Learning that the Korean envoys were officers of only the third and fifth rank, the top Americans directed that the conversations be conducted by the secretary, Mr. Drew. When Mr. Drew announced to the Koreans that the Americans intended to survey the Han River estuary, the Koreans made no comment for they did not have the power to approve or disapprove—indeed, they had been directed not to even open their mouths to say one word. Upon the Koreans' noncommittal attitude being reported to Admiral Rodgers, the latter, under the erroneous impression that silence necessarily signifies assent, directed his people to get on with the surveys.

Exactly at noon on the next day, June 2nd, the expedition of four steam-launches, accompanied by the *Monocacy* and *Palos*, started up the river. Things were quiet enough to begin with, though Koreans could be seen

manning their forts on both sides of the river. As the American vessels came abreast of the first of the big Kangwha forts, the curtain went up with a bang. The Koreans let loose with a terrific volley from muskets, cannons, and jingalst—the last weapon being a huge scattergun not unlike a Chesapeake Bay duck hunter's blunderbuss and one that was much favored by certain sets in Asia at the time.

Commander H. C. Blake, in command of the survey party in the *Palos* and a seasoned warrior who had had two ships shot out from under him by the Confederates, later declared that he could remember nothing in the late war as sharp as the reception accorded him by the Koreans on this day. Although the launches were covered by sheets of water from falling shot, not one of the vessels was damaged by this remarkable bombardment and only one man was wounded. Gunfire laid on by the *Palos* and *Monocacy* silenced the forts momentarily and the two sloops wasted no time in shepherding the survey party back down the river.

It was now quite clear to the admiral and to the American Minister that an insult had been offered to our flag in the Koreans' "unprovoked attack on our vessels." A council of war was held and decided that if, within 10 days "no apology or satisfactory explanation be offered for the hostile action of the Korean government," suitable retaliatory action would be taken. The ensuing 10 days were spent in getting ready to undertake the suitable action.

Commander Blake was put in charge of the chastising expedition, which consisted of the *Monocacy*, *Palos*, four steam-launches, and 20 ships' boats. The landing force embarked in the ships' boats numbered 651 men, of whom 105 were Marines under the command of Captain McLane Tilton. Accompanying artillery was in the form of seven elderly howitzers. The Marines had the honor of leading the way.

Shortly after Commander Blake started up the river with his force on the morning of the 10th of June, a letter was received on the *Colorado* from one of the Korean court ministers. The letter was translated by Mr. Drew, but since "it contained nothing which in American eyes seemed like an apology," Blake's party was ordered to continue up river.

Just before one o'clock that afternoon, the *Monocacy* stood in toward the Kangwha forts and opened with every gun that she could bear. Under cover of this protecting fire the landing party pulled for the shore and two minutes landed on some innocent-looking mud flats—and promptly sank in to their knees. The sticky mud took the infantry's shoes, gaiters, and, in

some cases, trouser legs. The artillerymen struggled to keep their pieces from sinking out of sight entirely.

Once clear of the mud the infantry formed up for the attack and approached the first fort. The defenders, however, had already quietly departed; title to the property had passed to the Americans by default. Arrangements were made to bivouac ashore for the night, but before settling down, four companies of sailors were dispatched to the beach to rescue the howitzers from the mud.

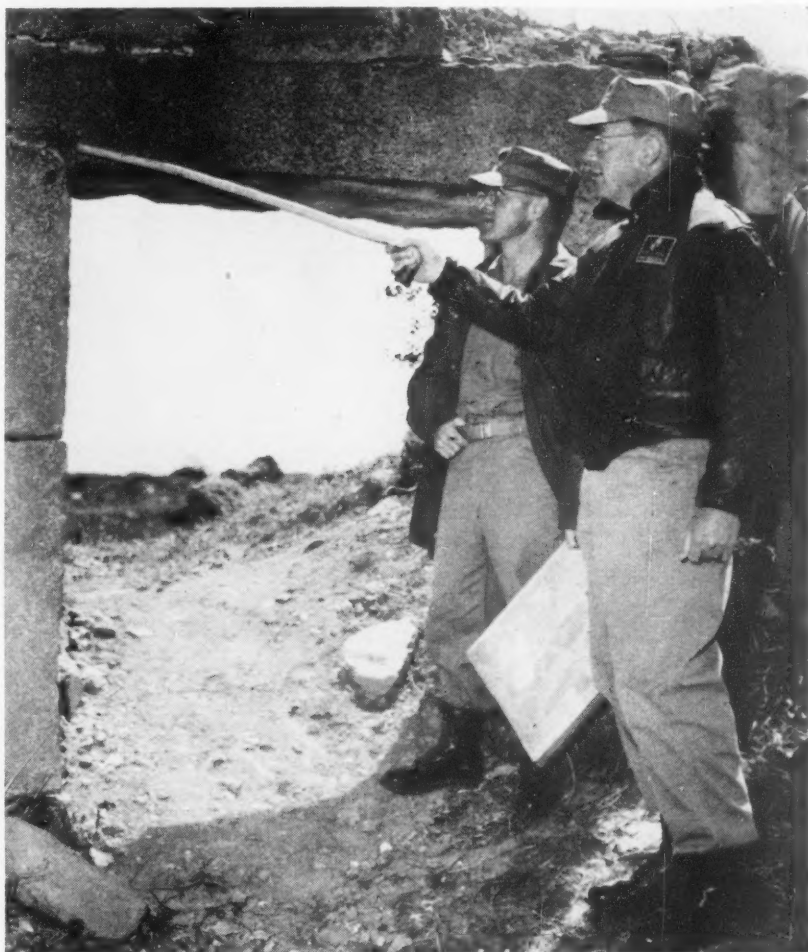
The following morning the landing party got underway by seven o'clock and a few hours later had taken the next fort without opposition. They named it "Fort Monocacy." So far so good, but it was becoming increasingly clear that things would not always be so easy. The Koreans were gathering on the flanks in growing numbers and trying to get around in the rear. Fire from the American howitzers broke up one "human sea" attack and caused

the rest of the roving Korean militia to keep a more prudent distance.

The final objective—called the Citadel—was a strong stone fort sitting on the top of a conical hill about 150 feet high. A huge yellow cotton Korean flag floated over the fort and flapped lazily in the hot afternoon sun. The Citadel was the key to the whole line of fortifications and was armed with 143 guns of various types and calibers. The garrison here was of good quality and had a strong sense of responsibility. Numbered among the defenders were some of the same tiger hunters who had given the French such a bad time five years before at Chodung Sa.

Monocacy now worked in close to the shore and began pumping 10-inch shells into the Citadel. While this was going on the landing forces prepared themselves for the final assault, with the Marines in the van. When the naval gunfire lifted, the attack went in—the officers leading—and all hands screaming like

(continued on page 94)



Lieut. Gen. Randolph McC. Pate, (R) while commanding First Division, examined the massive stonework of a fort in the old Kangwha garrison

by
GORDON BESS







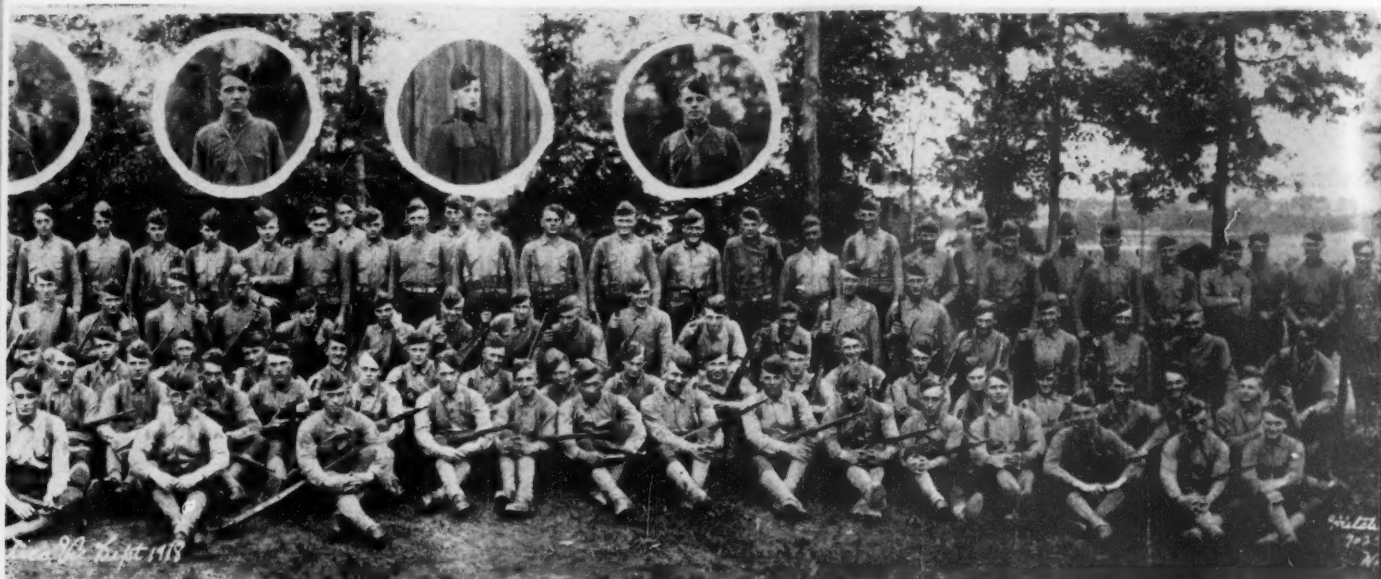
CORPS ALBUM

HERE ARE three more of the Old Corps photos which we will print as a regular feature. *Leatherneck* will pay \$15.00 for old photos of this type accepted for publication. Please include date, outfit or any other available identification. Mail your Old Corps photos to CORPS ALBUM EDITOR, *Leatherneck Magazine*, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. All photos will be returned.



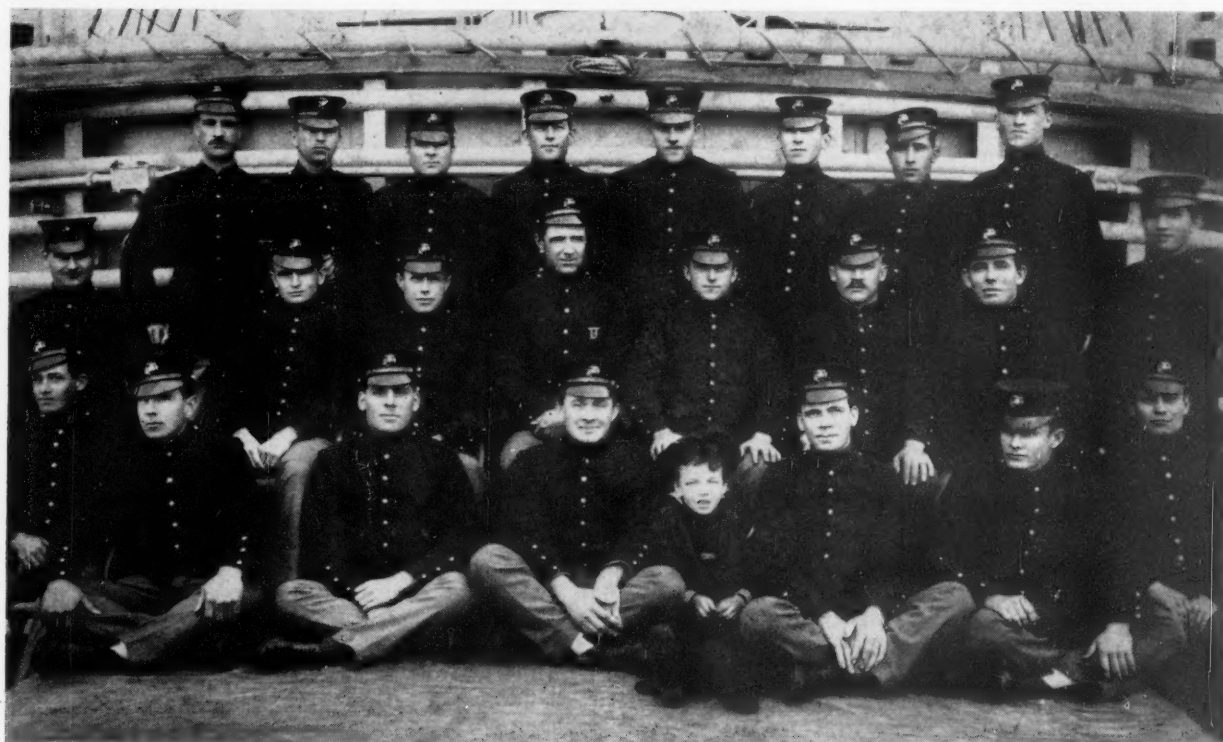
Submitted by
WO. W. L. [Name], USMC (Ret.)

← This Fourth Marines parade broke up in 1927 when the men had to recover a stolen barge from a band of Chinese thieves



Guard duty at Le Havre, not combat, awaited the men of the Machine Gun Co. 13th Regiment,

Submitted by Mr. E. Owen Cockey
when they arrived in France in August, 1918. The unit became part of General Butler's 5th Brigade



The Marines were alerted for action in 1906 when trouble flared up in China. These men aboard

Submitted by Mr. Roy R. Fredrickson
the USS Supply stood by in Yokohama for a call to arms. The boy in the sailor suit is unidentified

SINCE NOVEMBER 28, 1775

by TSgt. Allen G. Mainard
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photo Credit
Official USN
and USMC Photos

NAVY



Rear Admiral E. B. Harp, Jr.,
the present Chief of Chaplains

*"But he who fights against relentless foe
When silence reigns and cheer
of eager van
Greets not his ear, but steadfast
and alone
Drives back the host of sin,
he is a man"*

Chaplain Henry Van Dyke
USNRF 1918

THE LIGHT had left the smoky Korean sky but the padre's Bible was still open in his hand. It had been a hard day. His Marines had spearheaded an assault and several of his parishioners had been killed. All had received the last rites of the church. The wounded had been evacuated and the shaken boy regained his confidence after a few

words of encouragement and returned to his platoon.

Reviewing the day's battle, the chaplain recalled an account written by one of his predecessors during World War I. He, too, had served with the Marines.

"He crawled, walked, ran among the fighting men during these uncertain days, finding the wounded and marking the position of a dead Marine by forcing the bayonet of a rifle into the ground so that the butt of the rifle stood upright. He cut away clothes from wounds, even cutting the shredded flesh that held a shattered leg or an arm to the body, sounding out words of encouragement. He heard the whine of the bullet as he dragged a wounded man into a shell hole, dazed and confused by the flashes and explosions everywhere.

"And then with the night and a lull in the fighting, the chaplain with a shovel, led off a gang of volunteers to bury those who still lay on the ground. . .

"And he of all men had to be cheery, had to perk up and say pleasant words and . . . that in spite of the horribly demoralizing influence of the handling of the bodies of men with whom he had associated and chatted intimately only a few hours before."

There were many battles before that. Navy chaplains have been around a long time.

The Fall of 1775 was a harried and confused period for the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia. The American Revolution was in its infant stage and the harassed law-makers were caught up in a maelstrom of climactic and historic events. Yet, on October 13, a timid Congress by a margin of one vote, authorized the building of two swift sailing vessels—the forerunners of today's United States Navy.

They also appointed a committee to prepare Naval Regulations, and, on November 28, adopted the second article which read in part:

"The Commanders of the ships of the thirteen United Colonies are to take care that divine service be performed twice a day on board and a sermon preached on Sundays, unless bad weather or other extraordinary accidents prevent."

Although specific mention was not made of a chaplain, the article implies that Congress intended that there should be an ordained clergyman on board. On August 30, 1954, with this as reference, the Secretary of the Navy officially decreed November 28, 1775, as the anniversary of the Navy Chaplaincy.

It has been a courageous and trying 180 years. Although the early chaplains were underpaid, poorly uniformed and discriminated against, gradually a feeling of respect emerged for the dedicated men who accompanied our naval forces wherever they sailed in their globe-encircling duties. The chaplains were there, not only aboard ship, but on foreign shore stations and with Marine units in combat. Since the Summer of 1912 when the Marines landed in Nicaragua, Navy chaplains have accompanied them into battle and ministered to their spiritual and physical needs. Chaplains have been wounded or killed in practically every Marine Corps campaign since Chaplain J. F. Fleming went ashore with the Marine landing party from the *USS California* at Managua on August 4, 1912.

The early years were the hardest. The annual Navy Register for the years 1821 to 1840 show that an average of only nine chaplains were continually on active duty. One of their formative moves was to agitate fiercely for the cessation of flogging. It was difficult to preach of love and then have the crew watch one of their number flogged immediately after the service. Their efforts resulted in some of the major reforms in the Naval Service.

CHAPLAINS



Only three chaplains are known to have served in the Continental Navy but they left their mark. The first, the Reverend Benjamin Balch, a Harvard graduate and Congregational minister, set a precedent for today's chaplains by his courage in battle. When the Minutemen fired into the British on Lexington green, the good man was in their ranks. When the Americans defeated the British in the Battle of Bunker Hill, Benjamin Balch was their chaplain. When the *Alliance* captured two British ships off Halifax the log recorded:

"The peril the ship was in brought out the desperate courage of every man aboard the Alliance, the 'cloth' being no exception. The Reverend Benjamin, armed cap-a-pie, was seen in the midst of the fray and thereafter is said to have become known on the ship as the 'fighting parson'."

When Chaplain Balch left the *Alliance*, Captain John Barry appointed James Geagan, a Navy surgeon, to serve as chaplain. In the early days of America's history many clergymen also practiced medicine. While it is possible that Geagan was ordained, the probability is that he was not. Since the captain was a devout Catholic, it has been assumed by some that Geagan was an Irish Catholic priest. Chaplain Geagan served the spiritual needs of the crew until he was able to resume his regular duties as surgeon.

The third chaplain, Edward Brooks, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner while serving on the *Hancock*. After a year in a British prison he was exchanged for a captured British chaplain.

For 13 years, 1785-98, there was no American Navy. The Constitution, adopted in 1789, gave Congress the authority to provide and maintain a navy but the Navy Department was not formed until 1798 and no ships were acquired during the period. The

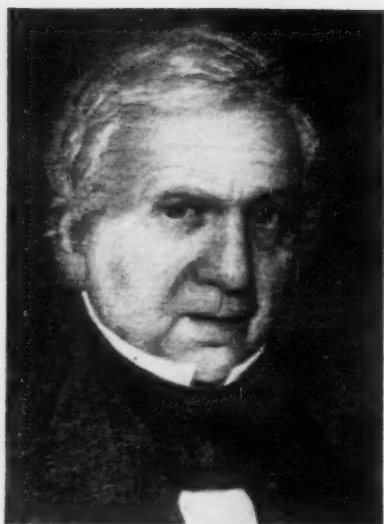
Navy was born out of a troubled international situation. As early as 1785, American ships had been seized by Algerian pirates and their crews held for ransom. Finally, in March, 1794, an aroused Congress passed an "Act to Provide Naval Armament." It called for the building of six frigates but the keels of only three were immediately laid. Construction was halted for three years when a treaty was signed with the Bey of Algiers. Continued trouble with the pirates of Tunis and the French led to the completion of the ships. On September 7, 1797, the *Constitution* was launched. A month later the *Constitution* slid down the ways. By 1799, the United States had 11 ships in her navy and two more were added in 1800 shortly before the quasi-war with France ended.

Chaplains held a peculiar position in those days. No apparent care was taken to secure ordained ministers. In fact, it was extremely difficult to find

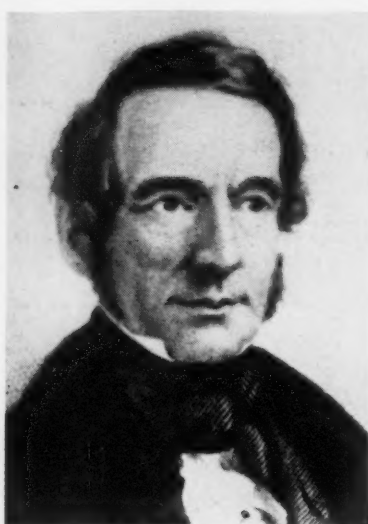
a minister who would go to sea under existing conditions. Chaplains were the lowest paid officers in the Navy, receiving \$20 a month and two rations per day. The surgeons ranked above them and received \$25 plus four rations. It wasn't until 1794 that a raise was considered. The captains were usually more interested in the chaplain's scholastic background rather than his religious qualifications since the chaplain's main job was to instruct midshipmen in the "Arts and Theory of Navigation." He also sat at the captain's table and most times acted as his secretary—if the captain liked him. A chaplaincy was something of a political plum. Early requests for commissions as chaplains seldom showed any religious qualification. In fact, many requested positions "as clerk, purser or chaplain."

The first commissioned chaplain in the U. S. Navy was no stranger to naval service or combat. As a young-

TURN PAGE



Reverend William Balch was the first U. S. Navy chaplain



Walter Colton was California's governor while still a chaplain



John B. Frazier was appointed first Chief of Chaplains in 1917

CHAPLAINS (cont.)

ster he had fought at his father's side aboard ship during the Revolutionary War. He was William Balch, son of the "Fighting Parson." During the quasi-war with France, seven men served as chaplains in the U. S. Navy although not all were commissioned.

The fortunes of the Navy Chaplain Corps were at their lowest ebb from 1801 to 1810. During the Winter of 1806-'07, only one chaplain remained on active duty and he repeatedly petitioned the Secretary of the Navy to change his title from "Chaplain" to "Naval Mathematician." He was Robert Thompson whose midshipmen's school at Washington, D. C., eventually led to the formation of the Naval Academy.

During the war with the Barbary pirates, Thompson was the only chaplain to sail with the Mediterranean Squadron. Assigned to the *President*, he accepted an invitation to dine with Captain Daniel McNeill, the eccentric skipper of the *Boston*. During dinner, the unpredictable McNeill upped anchor and sailed for Tunis. The outcome of the incident, in which the only Navy chaplain in the Mediterranean was either deliberately or inadvertently "shanghaied," is not recorded. It is assumed that Chaplain Thompson managed to get back to the *President* before the ship returned to the United States in 1802. If he was shanghaied, it was probably more for his teaching ability than for his religious convictions.

By 1818, it was becoming the rule rather than the exception to appoint ordained men as chaplains, thus dimin-

ishing the appointment of political favorites or just "literate" men to be chaplains. Age apparently received little consideration. In 1818, 18-year-old Philander Chase, Jr., received a commission. He was the youngest chaplain ever commissioned.

That he was commissioned " . . . was done at the insistence of Commodore McDonough, who had for some time past known his pious and manly character, and being well assured of his competent learning, had made application for him. . . "

McDonough was captain of the *Guerriere* and Chase served under him on cruises to Russia and the Mediterranean.

The first known Roman Catholic priest to serve in the Navy was Father Adam Marshall, S.J. He was carried on the rolls of the *North Carolina* as a "schoolmaster" in 1824. The first priest to receive a commission was Father Charles H. Parks in 1888.

During the years 1821-'30 inclusive, a total of 30 chaplains served in the Navy for varying periods of time. Twelve of these had been appointed prior to 1821. Since the Navy Depart-



Fourth Marines' divine services were well attended in 1923 in Santo Domingo. Chaplain C. V. Ellis used the regimental theater for a chapel

ment adhered to the policy of limiting the number of chaplains on active duty to nine, most of them were able to serve only a few years. Such a turnover reflected the dissatisfaction of many chaplains over such matters as pay. It also revealed a definite weakness in the Navy Department's method of selection. Physical fitness and age were practically disregarded. Burgess Allison was 70 years old when he received his commission.

But good men were being selected. At the close of 1840 there were 13 chaplains on duty. Among them was Walter Colton who had been persuaded to enter the Navy by President Andrew Jackson. Not only did he rise above his contemporaries in ability and accomplishments, but he ranks among the greatest of the Navy chaplains.

Colton was a prominent editor as well as a clergyman. He served as historiographer and chaplain on several ships and accompanied Commodore R. F. Stockton to California in 1845. Since the United States was responsible for the civil administration of the state, some provision had to be made for the establishment and maintenance of civil authority. Stockton appointed Chaplain Colton "Alcalde" of Monterey—a district which extended 300 miles along the California coast. The office was a Mexican institution which combined the duties of sheriff, prosecutor, coroner and governor. Colton held the office for three years, being regularly elected two months after his appointment. He was the first Protestant clergyman to settle in California.

It was during this period that the first regulation requiring ordination for

chaplains entering the Navy was made. The regulation also stated that no chaplain was to be over 30 years of age when appointed. Despite the regulation, most of the chaplains commissioned between 1841 and 1860 were in their forties.

Pay during these years was reaching the critical stage for the chaplains, inasmuch as they were still the lowest paid officers in the Navy. They were still receiving only \$660 a year. In 1835 their pay was increased to \$800 a year but the raise kept them behind the surgeons who were given \$1000. Some chaplains, who were maintaining a family at home while they were at sea, were unable to pay their mess bill in the officers' mess and were forced to eat with the crew.

Discrimination on the part of the ships' captains and Navy Yard commanders also detracted from the chaplains' prestige. An unnamed chaplain in the New York Navy Yard once involved himself with Commodore Chauncey, a legendary commandant of the yard.

The chaplain read a church notice, which he innocently added, was by order of the Bishop of the Diocese.

"By whose order, did you say?" suddenly interrupted the commodore, springing up.

"By order of the Bishop of the Diocese," meekly replied the chaplain.

"Well," thundered the commodore, "the notice will not be obeyed. I'll let you know that I am the Bishop of this Diocese."

But the chaplains were fighting back. Slowly they helped establish precedents and policies which are followed to this

day. Chaplain Edward McLaughlin, stationed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, requested that he be notified whenever there were patients in the hospital who were seriously ill. He had learned that two men had died; one had requested a chaplain but McLaughlin had not been notified. The doctor replied that "compliance was impossible." The doughty McLaughlin promptly laid the case before the Secretary of the Navy. The Secretary made it quite clear to the doctor "that it is desirable, where there is an attending chaplain, he should be admitted unless the sick requires another."

Gradually the chaplains were forcing their way clear of their earlier roles as teachers and secretaries. As more ordained ministers entered the service they were able to concentrate their efforts toward the spiritual aid needed by the men. The Civil War bound the chaplains together. They began to refer to their group as a Corps. The provision for relative rank and the right to wear the sign of their ministry, the cross, helped create an *esprit de corps*. Stricter regulations were made regarding the age and health of new appointees. The old tradition of flying the church pennant above the flag during Divine Services was officially recognized. Radical changes, such as permitting voluntary attendance instead of enforcing attendance to Divine Service aboard ship had been made.

And, during the Civil War, the Navy's first chaplain was killed in action. He was John Lenhart, who went down with the *Cumberland* when she was sunk by the *CSS Virginia*, better known as the *Merrimac*.

TURN PAGE



"In the midst of death, there is life." Navy chaplains accompanying the Marines in combat in the Pacific brought all the rites of the church



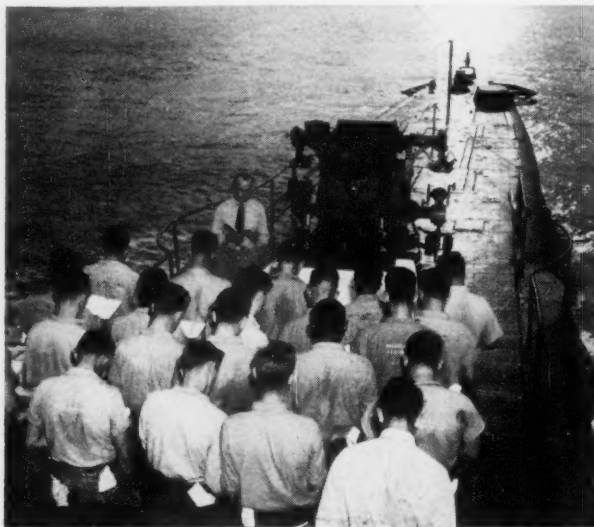


Circuit-riding chaplains made sure men in Korea saw a representative of their faith at least every

three days. Chaplain Robert Ruleman led Marines in worship while they were in range of the enemy



Chaplain John Craven, a former Marine, served in five of the Corps' Pacific campaigns and Korea



No group is too small to be visited by the Navy chaplains. Sub's deck served Chaplain J. Agnew

CHAPLAINS (cont.)

The greatest changes took place from 1901 through 1916, shortly before the United States entered the war. Annoying discriminations which had existed at the beginning of the century and had adversely affected the Corps were removed by acts of Congress or decrees of the Navy Department. Along with a long awaited pay increase, a new policy for selection and promotion of chaplains was made which greatly elevated the dignity of the chaplains and improved their efficiency. The YMCA had begun its service to naval personnel on leave or liberty and there were even a few Reserve chaplains standing by for any emergency service.

Probably at no time in its history was the Navy better prepared than in 1917 when America entered the war. The Chaplain Corps, with 40 men on active duty, had never before been so large or so well regulated.

The Corps reached its full maturity during World War I. The most important gain was the establishment of the Chaplains' Division within the Bureau of Navigation. The responsibility of assigning chaplains was given to this division. On November 5, 1917, 142 years after the anniversary date of the Corps, Chaplain John B. Frazier was appointed the first Chief of Chaplains. His appointment was met with approval in naval circles even though five chaplains on duty at the time were his seniors. He proved to be an outstanding choice. The fact that he was a close friend of Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, helped iron out many rough spots.

Chaplain Frazier selected each new chaplain personally. He would often take the Protestant applicants to the old City Mission in Washington, D.C., and give them instructions to preach a sermon. Without the applicant's knowledge, he would mingle with the motley congregation and later deliver his opinion of the sermon.

If an applicant failed to meet his requirements he was promptly rejected.

One day an ambitious young wife ushered her husband into Chaplain Frazier's office. While the young minister was closeted in the inner office for the interview with the chief, his wife was nervously anticipating the outcome in the anteroom. Finally, the separating door opened and the two men emerged.

Before either could speak to her, the wife bubbled forth, "Oh, Chaplain Frazier, I do hope you have taken Henry into the Navy. He is so fond of water."

"If that is the case," the chaplain is said to have retorted, "you'd better go home, dig a well and let Henry jump into it."

The chaplain's unbending attitude to-

ward applicants was not surprising. It required a man of strong will and character to be a chaplain. One newly-commissioned chaplain, before Frazier's time, went aboard his ship in New York harbor, took one look at the crew—and the next boat back. His name is not known, but he probably served the shortest cruise as a chaplain in the U. S. Navy.

The most pressing problem facing Chaplain Frazier was chaplain procurement. Between the declaration of war and his appointment, only 26 chaplains were added to the Navy. For the two war years of 1917-'18, a total of 162 chaplains entered the Navy. The procurement program had the cooperation of the Catholic and Protestant churches. Some of the chaplains selected in those years were still on active duty in WW II.

In 1917 the first Jewish chaplain to be commissioned in the United States Navy and the only one to serve in World War I was appointed. He was Rabbi David Goldberg. His appointment to the regular service showed that the Navy had recognized an obligation to meet the

spiritual needs of personnel of the Jewish faith. However, his appointment from one of the minority religious groups of the United States posed new problems of administration for the Chaplain Corps. Did such an appointment establish a precedent for other minority groups? Since the Jewish personnel were so widely distributed throughout the Navy, how could Chaplain Goldberg best minister to the members of his faith?

The same problems faced Richard J. Davis, the first Christian Scientist appointee, the following year. Like Chaplain Goldberg he brought the highest testimonials as to character, personality and ability. The Secretary of the Navy rejected the proposal of making a representative of one of the religious minorities an itinerant chaplain. Such chaplains, he ruled, would have to accept the usual duty given to other appointees. While it meant that minority group chaplains would not be able to contact as many of their faith as they might wish, they (continued on page 78)



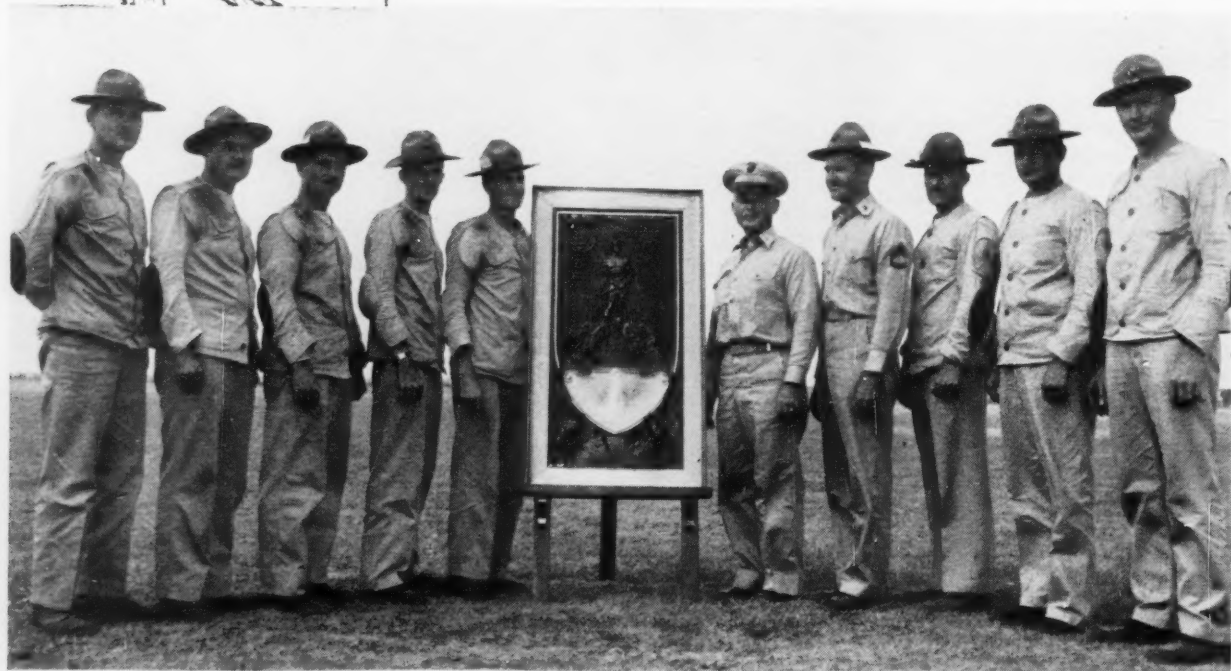
Marines in Korea built this chapel to serve all faiths during a lull in the campaign. Stacked weapons were grim reminders of the fighting

WELL IN AT *PERRY*

by Bill Frank

Photos by
Louis Lowery
Leatherneck Photographic Director

MARINES FROM outposts on Okinawa and Japan, from the rifle ranges of Parris Island and San Diego, from air wings and supply centers, and from other Marine and naval bases, again proved themselves to be the finest rifle-



Marine Corps' Eastern Division Team captured National Trophy Rifle Team Match. Left to right: Sgt. D. R. Stuart; MSgt. E. L. Hayes; Capt. H. J.

Witkowski; Sgt. F. Wigmore; Capt. M. L. Darling; LtCol. W. R. Walsh; TSgt. J. A. Davenport; SSgt. S. Kamrau; MSgt. C. Castanedo, Capt. G. Armitage

men in the Nation at the 1955 National Rifle and Pistol Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio.

Collectively and individually, Marines led by Lieutenant Colonel Walter R. Walsh, of the Second Marine Division, outshot thousands of the country's best marksmen from the Army, Air Force, Navy and Coast Guard, and from civilian clubs across the land.

Although the matches ran for three grueling weeks, the National Trophy competition, which was held the last four days, comprises the "World Series" of the shooting fraternity.

The Corps swept two of the three National Trophy rifle matches, walking off with the coveted Daniel Boone Trophy, awarded for individual supremacy with the M-1, and the Dogs of War Trophy, the Nation's No. One shooting prize for the No. One rifle team.

It was the third successive year and the 18th time in 35 matches that the Marine Corps won the National Trophy Rifle Team match.

With the Commandant, General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., lending moral support from the ready line, the six riflemen of the Marine Corps' Eastern Division team, under the steady coaching of Technical Sergeant Jesse A. Davenport of Parris Island, fired a 1388, 16 big points ahead of the third-place Third Army team of Ft. McPherson, Ga., to win the team title.

TURN PAGE



Gen. L. C. Shepherd, Jr., CMC, congratulated SSgt. V. Mitchell, Parris Island, S. C., who fired 239 in the National Trophy Match



Colt Trophy, awarded for winning the .45 Caliber National Rifle Association Team Championship, was presented to Lieutenant Colonel W. R. Walsh by

Admiral Morton A. Mumma (Retired), Director of NRA. Other members, left to right: 1st Lieut. R. E. Martin; TSgt. F. Filkins and 1st Lieut. W. McMillan



Lieut. Folsom, Third Division, won D. Boone Trophy with 242



PERRY (cont.)

Right behind the Eastern Division standard bearers was the Marine Corps Grey team with 1376.

Members of the victorious Marine Eastern Division and their individual scores were: Captain Henry J. Witkowski, of MCS, Quantico (234); Master Sergeant Edwin L. Hayes, of Parris

Island (229); Sergeant Frank A. Wigmore, of Parris Island, (233); Captain George L. Armitage, of MCSC, Albany, Ga., (228); Master Sergeant Charles G. Castaneda, of NATTS, Jacksonville, Fla. (233); Staff Sergeant Siegfried H. Kamrau, Camp Lejeune (231).

Added to the drama of that hot, dusty day was the fact that the Marine Corps' Blue team, considered to be the Corps' best, was disqualified after the third stage for having an ineligible member.

Beside the historic Dogs of War Trophy, Marine Staff Sergeant "V" "D" Mitchell, of the Third Marine Division and a member of the Western Division squad, fired a 239 to make him the

highest individual in the National Trophy team match. For this, he was awarded the Pershing Trophy.

Marine Reservists followed close behind their Regular colleagues to capture the famous Rattlesnake Trophy in the National Trophy team match as the top shooting Reserve squad.

Members of the crack Reserve team were: Captain Albert R. Schindler, of Port Clinton, O.; First Lieutenant James M. Smith, of Ipswich, Mass.; Major Albert W. Moore, of Detroit, Mich.; Private First Class Donald R. Oliver, of San Diego, Calif., Corporal David L. Rukstalis, of Compton, Calif.; and Captain Raymond W. Ickes, of Berkeley, Calif.



The Blue Team won Enlisted Men's and Rumbold Trophies. L to r: Capt. R. Lowe, MSgt. R. Rentz,

SSgt. W. Rose, Major G. Kross, CWO R. Chaney, SSgt. M. Pietroforte, Lts. C. Folsom, N. Fournier

In the National Trophy Individual Rifle Match, Marine First Lieutenant Charles A. Folsom of the Third Marine Division, fired a 242 to top more than 800 marksmen and win the famed Daniel Boone Trophy.

It was a clean sweep for Marine marksmen as Technical Sergeant Martin H. Peak, of Camp Lejeune, N. C., was second and Staff Sergeant Michael Pietroforte, of MCS, Quantico, Va., came in third.

In National Trophy pistol individual and team matches, it was a little different. Marine Major Alfred W. Jagoda, of Parris Island, tied the match record in the National Trophy Individual Pistol match at 287 but could only place third, three points behind the winner, Army Major Ben. C. Curtis.

In the National Trophy Team Pistol Match, Marine Corps teams tied and broke the match record but could only place second and third behind the U. S. Army's Blue squad.

The Marine Blue pistol squad, captained by Major Jagoda, fired a 1117 to break the match record, 20 points behind the winning team. Third was the Marine Corps Grey team No. One which tied the match record with a 1116.

Previous to the National Trophy finals, more than 2,500 marksmen, representing the armed forces and civilian clubs, competed for National Rifle Association trophies, cups and awards.

Marines captured 10 first place

awards, 10 seconds, 10 thirds and seven divisional or special awards. In three of these matches, Marine riflemen made it 1-2-3 for the Corps.

The President's Match fell to the Marines as Sergeant Emmett D. Duncan, of Camp Pendleton, scored a perfect 150. The young non-com's score with 16Vs set a new world's record for this match.

Sharing honors with Sgt. Duncan, was Lieutenant Folsom, who won the service rifle division of the President's Match. Both Lieut. Folsom and Sgt. Duncan will receive letters of congratulation from President Eisenhower.

Led by Sergeant Albert E. Estes, of P. I., Marine Corps riflemen swept the first four places in the competition for the Marine Corps Cup, a hotly contested battle that had 900 riflemen, including the best of the armed services, attempting to outscore the Marines.

Showing complete supremacy, another Marine Corps Blue rifle team swept both ends of a shooting double-header. In the morning, they led the Marine Corps' sweep of the first four places in the Rumbold Trophy match. In the afternoon, they proved it was no fluke by winning the Enlisted Men's Trophy Team match.

Members of the Marine Corps Blue team were: First Lieutenant Charles A. Folsom, of the Third Marine Division, Staff Sergeant William C. Rose, of Camp Lejeune; Master Sergeant Roscoe W. Rentz, of Camp Pendleton; Staff Sergeant Michael Pietroforte, of

MCS Quantico, Captain Robert W. Lowe, Fleet Marine Force, Atlantic, Norfolk, Va.; and First Lieutenant Norman D. Fournier, of Parris Island.

Marine riflemen kept the historic Rumanian Trophy by capturing first and second place in this highly competitive team match. The trophy was first presented for marksmanship by Queen Marie of Rumania in 1917. Last year a Marine Reserve team won.

Members of the winning Rumanian Trophy team were: Technical Sergeant William J. Dynes, Jr., of the Third Marine Division; Master Sergeant Frank O. Freeman, of Camp Pendleton; Technical Sergeant Martin H. Peak, of Camp Lejeune; and Technical Sergeant "L" "J" Creech, also of Camp Pendleton.

The top four places in the Service Rifle Rapid Fire match went to Marines, with Technical Sergeant Donald C. Pope, of Parris Island, the winner.

Marine Captain Nathan A. Lipscomb, of the Third Marine Division, won the Crowell Trophy, and teammate Captain Joseph E. Riggs, Jr., of the Second Marine Division, captured the Leech Cup to round out Marine Corps rifle competition victories.

Technical Sergeant William F. Dunnam, of the First Marine Division, won the Farr Trophy for being tops with the service rifle in the Wimbledon Cup Match.

In NRA pistol matches, the Marine Corps Grey team, led by captain, coach and firing (continued on page 92)



Major General J. C. Burger, Director, Marine Corps Reserve, Lieut. Col. E. Swanson, Reserve team captain, and General L. C. Shepherd, Jr.,

CMC, congratulated Rattlesnake Trophy winners. Marines were also top Reservists in NRA Service Rifle Championship and the Match Rifle contests

In Reserve



OPERATION

THE SERGEANT MAJOR eased his tired, massive form into a weary old office chair, dragged out a thin black cigar, and slowly fired it up.

"Damn," he said solemnly, talking almost inaudibly through a cloud of smoke, "they sure never told us Reserve duty could be like this."

Sergeant Major Steve Hudzina of the Sixth Truck Company, USMCR, Dickson City, Pennsylvania, bleary-eyed and exhausted from lack of sleep, was talking. He was summing up the dramatic, unprecedented role which his men and vehicles had just performed in the most devastating flood in U.S. history.

In the first 36 hours of the disaster, Hudzina, his I&I staffers and Reservists, had rescued more than 500 persons and evacuated another 1500 to the safety of higher ground. His unit's nine 2½-ton 6x6 trucks, wrecker, and staff car, churning through five-foot-deep water, appeared to be everywhere at once. They sought those in distress, and seemingly found them everywhere.

Marines, working for two days and nights without sleep, also directed helicopters (from all branches of the Armed Forces); brought the homeless to and from emergency feeding centers set up in churches and schools; patrolled streets to prevent looting; delivered drinking water—and even delivered a baby during the disaster.

When the Marines themselves were trapped by rising waters, they spent the night in the black void, perched on rooftops along with their evacuees. Their mere presence, however, helped reassure panic-stricken residents throughout the night.

Despite heroic rescue operations by Marines, the four-alarm cloudburst took a terrifying toll. Flood waters, climbing 30 feet in 15 minutes, trapped many victims in their homes and left an estimated 100 dead. Property damage soared into the millions of dollars.

In the Stroudsburg area, one of the hardest hit localities in the nation,

more than 1200 were homeless in minutes. The area was under virtual martial law. No one was permitted in or out of the flood areas without a pass issued by Civil Defense authorities. A curfew was clamped on the town, forbidding anyone on the streets after 9:30 p.m. Water was unsafe for drinking until it had been boiled for 20 minutes. All non-essential businesses were ordered to lock their doors; the city was knocked out, as effectively as though it had been hit with an atomic bomb, and practically sealed off from the rest of the nation.

At about 10 p.m., Thursday, August 18 (the night of the flood), radio reports gave the first indication of the possibility of flood. Captain Eugene A. Cusick, Jr., commanding officer of the Reserve unit, offered his trucks and

Marines to help those in the threatened areas. Working with the Inspector-Instructor, Captain Fredric Olson, and his assistant, First Lieutenant Earl Pike, they notified the Mayor and Chief of Police of Scranton, State Police and Civil Defense officials, that the Marine Reservists and their trucks would be available if needed. Immediately radio and TV stations were requested to relay word to the Reservists to volunteer for flood duty with their unit. Soon afterwards these stations were operating on emergency power.

Within 15 minutes after the first radio and TV calls were flashed, enough men had reported to the Dickson City Marine Reserve unit on N. Main Street to man all the trucks. Some men arrived in civilian clothes, since they were unable to reach their own homes



Photo by Tony Sandone, Scrantonian-Tribune

When disastrous floods struck the Scranton, Pa., area last August, Dickson City Marines worked around the clock rescuing 500 victims

FLOOD

by MSgt. Paul Sarokin

Leatherneck Staff Writer

to get uniforms. Marine recruiters from Scranton pitched in, donating their vehicle. A civilian mechanic, Alfred Richardson, upon learning of the critical need to keep vehicles rolling, volunteered. He remained on duty continuously during the entire emergency. Sergeant David Phillips, home on furlough from the Orient and en route to his new duty station at Camp Lejeune, N. C., volunteered. He also worked during the entire emergency.

Dickson City's nine trucks swiftly swung into action like a task force. Capt. Cusick and Lieut. Pike each manned a truck and took off along with their men to answer distress calls which had begun to pour in.

Among the first calls for help was one from the Dickson City Police Department. Their only police car was

submerged in flood waters. Marines pulled it out.

Truckmaster of the Reserve unit, Staff Sergeant Theodore E. Tice, routed the gas station owner out of bed and asked him to open up the station. Tice had to refuel his trucks. He couldn't risk running out of gas in the flood.

Like many of the other Marine Reservists in his area, Staff Sergeant Richard S. Werner, an electrical plant worker in nearby Old Forge, Penna., first heard about the flood situation when his radio crackled out an urgent appeal for all Marine Reservists to volunteer for flood duty.

"I reported in about midnight on Thursday (August 18)," Werner related, "and as fast as I could get there. MSgt. Hudzina and I left a few minutes

later, each of us driving a separate 2½-ton 6x6 truck. We decided it might be wiser to operate as a team.

"We proceeded toward Scranton via Providence Road, arriving at the City Hall about 30 minutes later, then checked in at police headquarters. Patrolman Frank McHugh was assigned to my truck. He directed me toward the South Scranton area near S. Washington and River Street. There we were reinforced by three civilian volunteers and began our rescue operations.

"I drove cautiously down S. Washington and through the gushing water on River Street. The water at this time was approximately two feet deep and had an exceptionally rapid current, making driving difficult.

"I saw some people stranded in the

TURN PAGE



Marines got help from civilians who volunteered to make the rounds, searching for flood victims.

Photo by Tony Sandone, Scrantonian-Tribune
Many Reservists, unable to reach their own homes, reported for flood duty in their civilian clothing

OPERATION FLOOD (cont.)

first block of S. Washington Ave., and backed my truck as close to the steps or porches as possible. About 25 people, including women and children, climbed aboard. I returned to the starting point, unloaded them, then took off again.

"By now the turbulence of the water on River Street and the depth of the water on S. Washington had increased. I continued into the second block of the flood area, crossing Hickory St., where the water was even deeper,

pole, making it necessary for me to stop.

"It was impossible for MSgt. Hudzina to throw me a cable because of the force and depth of the water. I shouted that I'd try to make it back on my own. The only alternative was to proceed down Hickory following the current. This made it necessary to make a left turn which was difficult. About a quarter of the way down I stopped the truck to explain my situation to the panic-stricken passengers aboard. I tried to calm them down, but I don't think I succeeded.

"We were unable to go on because

kept the headlights on, and sounded the horn.

"We remained at a standstill in the truck until 3:15 a.m., trying to figure some way to get the passengers into the school some 35 feet from our truck. Meanwhile, the water had risen to about four feet, and was coming in over our tailgate, alarming the passengers. When it got waist high in the truck, Patrolman McHugh volunteered to test the depth of the water to see if he could wade through it. He found it to be chest-high. But the bottom was soft and he could feel himself sinking deeper. He climbed back into



Sgt. Richard Thomas, 6th Truck Co., USMCR, Dickson City, Pa., checked vehicle for survivors



Entry in flood area was forbidden except by pass. Pvt. John Fanning examined truck driver's permit

(Photos on this and following pages by the author)

and evacuated more people.

"My second load included infants, six children and four teen-agers, six women and two men. While preparing to return them to safe ground, MSgt. Hudzina, who was driving alongside with the other truck, informed me that the water on Hickory St. had risen and the current there was even swifter than before, making it extremely difficult to drive through. He also told me that if I should become stalled in this area he would try to throw me the cable from his winch.

"I proceeded down S. Washington back toward the starting point, and was at the intersection at Hickory Street when the water hit the right side of my truck with full force. This caused us to slip sideways toward the left, starting to tip the truck. I tried to back up, but instead of backing in a straight line, the force of the water pushed my truck toward a telephone

of reports which came in that the bridge over the Lackawanna River had been wiped out. After the passengers had calmed down a little, Patrolman McHugh and I tried to get the attention of men manning an amphibious vehicle which was trying to proceed into the current in our direction. We tried to remove the occupants of our truck to the safety of the other vehicle, but due to the forceful current it was unable to approach us. We decided then that the only thing left to do was to pick the calmest portion of the water and move right through it, until help could arrive or, at least, the waters would recede.

"We finally made it to Eli Whitney No. 6 School. I got up as close to the iron fence as possible in line with a telephone pole as a precautionary measure to prevent the truck slipping its brakes and moving uncontrolled with the current. I stopped the engine,

the truck and we decided that a line to the school might be the best method of guiding the people safely to the school. But we didn't have any line or chain aboard. The winch was under water and it would have been impossible to disengage the cable from it.

"About this time, one of the teen-agers who was familiar with the school, and an expert swimmer (so he said), volunteered to swim to the school and obtain a line. We granted him permission. He swam to the school, broke two windows open trying to get inside, when all of a sudden the door was opened from the inside by some people who had been stranded there earlier. He found the chains from the playground swings and swam back with them. By securing these chains to the back of the truck, and then on the radiator inside the school, we formed a bridge to the school.

"Just then a wooden wall section of

a building came floating by and struck the back of the truck, miraculously swinging toward the school and wedging against the back of the truck to form a makeshift bridge. Patrolman McHugh and I went out on it and tested it for support. It appeared safe, but we had to move fast because it was likely to float away any second. We evacuated the passengers one at a time, allowing not more than three people on it at once. As I helped them from the truck, the patrolman escorted them to the school. Four teen-agers went first to help take care of the infants who followed immediately behind

the flood waters evacuating people, when he came upon three crippled persons, apparently abandoned in their car. Their driver had left them while he went off seeking help. As Steve arrived the water had already reached the windows of their car, and they were helplessly watching it rise higher. Hudzina quickly lifted them out of their stranded vehicle and into the safety of his own truck. Then he took off in search of others who needed help, "driving by telephone poles," to get the feel of the road.

During these dramatic rescues, Pfc Andy Shabach, a student at E. Strouds-

goods, and couldn't be coaxed to move.

Other Marines were helping to escort a blind man from his flooded home but he halted and refused to leave. Only the persistent pleadings of his pastor, hastily summoned, proved effective.

Private Robert E. Miller, a high school student, was among a group of rescue workers who found \$3200 in fifty- and one-hundred dollar bills. They turned it over to Civil Defense officials. Later Miller's group recovered 12 bodies from the water.

The decision to report for rescue duty cost one Marine his job. When asked by his employer to report for



Sgt. Leonard Zupon, with walkie-talkie, radioed report after checking sentry, Pvt. Wm. Granahan



Pvt. Anthony Agentowicz, Reservist, helped keep the curious away from washed-out railroad tracks

them. The infants were passed to me from the truck and into the arms of the patrolman who took them to the school. The remaining children, women and men were escorted safely one by one.

"Later I checked the truck. The ignition and lights were off, the parking brake set, and the truck in gear. Then I proceeded over to the school via the floating bridge—the last person to leave.

"When I arrived in the school everyone had made his way to the second floor, the first deck being submerged in at least a foot of water. I checked the depth of the water and it was now over the hood of my truck. We remained at the school all night and until noon the next day. When the water began to recede I took off to obtain food for the people stranded in the school."

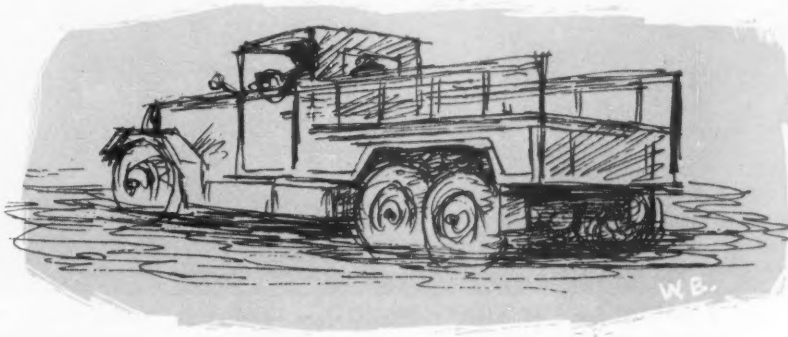
Meanwhile, MSgt. Hudzina, separated from his partner, was having his own troubles. He was churning through

burg Teachers' College, was having a hectic time, too. He had to coax a panic-stricken old man and his aged wife from their waterlogged home. The old folks had become terrified at the sight of the rising water and the thought of losing all their worldly

work he replied that he was a Marine Reservist and the call for flood duty came first.

Another Marine Reservist felt the duty call even stronger. Although his father was drowned in the disaster, he reported for guard duty, that same

TURN PAGE





Sgt. J. Shafer points to neighbor's demolished home in Stroudsburg area. Capt. J. Murray, center, and Corp. R. Michael check damage.

OPERATION FLOOD (cont.)

night, together with the rest of the troops.

As the waters began to recede and the city started to dig out, Marines discovered cars a half-mile from where they were originally parked. Some were completely wrecked; others were never found. Homes were left in the center of highways, and some had completely disappeared. Railroad cars were overturned, and a new four-lane highway in Barrett township was completely demolished.

During the height of the storm, one Marine who owned a pre-war model car, spotted a gleamy 1955 Oldsmobile, Holiday, abandoned, with its parking lights still on. Water was gradually creeping over its hood. When the water level dropped the following day, the car was still in its same location, its lights still burning.

Among those who volunteered to help the Marines during the disaster was little Johnny Shumaker, age 10, weight 65 pounds. Johnny reported the morning following the flood, and returned each day during the emergency to offer his services. He helped clean truck radiators and ran errands for the Reservists. "His devotion to duty," said Capt. Olson, "certainly is deserving of an award."

As the cities were digging out and



After the flood receded, residents were without drinking water. Sole supply came from a dairy

which issued water in milk cans. Marines kept citizens supplied until city water was found safe

the emergency neared its end, Scranton and Stroudsburg officials were generous in their tribute to the Marines who helped them in their hour of peril. Mayor James T. Hanlon, of Scranton, called them heroes and miracle workers and urged suitable awards. He even addressed the following letter to the Commandant of the Marine Corps:

"The citizens of Scranton join me in expressing to you our sincere admiration and gratitude for the heroic work accomplished by the Sixth Truck Company, United States Marine Corps Reserve, Dickson City, during the recent flood emergency.

"The members of this wonderful organization performed veritable miracles in rescuing and evacuating citizens and trucking sorely needed food and medical supplies to isolated parts of the city.

"It seemed that whenever the need for them arose, they appeared and with calm competence averted innumerable danger crises.

"The Marines manned rescue trucks from the very first hour the flood threat became evident.

They rescued approximately 400 citizens in Scranton and, we understand, another 100 in the borough of Moscow. They continued rescue work through the raging flood until their vehicles were made completely inoperative by the swelling waters.

"Their heroic dedication to their mission of mercy, voluntarily undertaken, and so very capably performed, inspired the awe and respect of every Scrantonian.

"We sincerely feel that the action of this gallant unit did much to blunt the sharp edge of disaster that struck our city. We feel that you, Sir, can be justifiably proud in having such superb troops under your command. . ."

James T. Hanlon

Praise was also swift from Reverend W. Harold Sloan, who turned his Myrtle Street Methodist Church over to the Red Cross for an emergency feeding center. He said: "At six in the morning, when I got there, Marines were around to help me open my church. And I saw them at midnight as I was leaving. What these Marines did is appreciated by this community, and we won't forget it, either."

Mr. Hazen K. Hendershot, Red Cross volunteer, and Virginia State YMCA worker, who also worked in the church, commented: "This is my sixth and worst major disaster. I don't know what we would have done without the Marines. They were ready to do anything that was asked of them, and seemed to be everywhere at once."

The familiar drone of the huge, drab-colored 6x6 trucks, with the Sixth Truck Company, USMCR, sign on their sides proved a welcome and reassuring sound to stricken residents of the Scranton area, who desperately needed help and got it.

These deeds were not without their recognition.

Small fry and youngsters around town now smile and wave at all Marine Corps vehicles they see. They accord Marines the kind of glistening-eyed admiration hitherto reserved for the likes of Davy Crockett, or popular movie heroes.

One Marine made this sincere observation: "If I'd been in the spot some of these people were, I sure would have needed help. So I don't see where we had any choice."

Neither did the officers of the Sixth Truck Company, USMCR, who faced the unprecedented decision of committing their troops into a major civilian disaster—before official approval could be obtained. **END**



Sgt. Richard E. Thomas, 6th Truck Co., USMCR, helped guard demolished home to prevent looting



SSgts. S. Klementowich and T. Ferguson got continuous help from Johnny Shumaker, age 10



WHO'S

ELEVEN YEARS! Eleven long years, eleven *bloody* years! That was the word those British Marines used, at that party they threw for us off the China coast, near Shanghai. Eleven years and only a staff sergeant. . . .

Timothy White muttered to himself as he made his way down the long parade ground to the Headquarters building. He groaned and moaned, and raised hell right through the asphalt, until he had himself convinced. One more week, just one more week, and he was getting out!

Fouled up, fouled out, fouled all the way around! Eleven years. And for what? And look where they got me now, in a *Headquarters* lash-up! To hell with it all, I'm gettin' out! And they hadda wait until I was on leave to transfer me. Colonel or no colonel, I'm gettin' out! Huh! I knew him when he was a major with only sixteen years in. *Me*, an infantryman, in headquarters! I'm gettin' out and if the sergeant major tries just once to ship me over I'm gonna tell him. . . .

Timothy walked along briskly, as he always did, head up, chest out, knees snapping and heels digging, while he drank up the burning sunshine as it filtered through the clouds that were rolling in.

It wasn't too bad at that. If the old man just hadn't kept trying to pull his time on me. Just because he spent thirty-one years in the Corps doesn't mean that I. . . . And what does he think *I* am, a boot? Ha! Trying to snow me about Guam, China, and the Philippines. Can I help it if he. . . .

Tim wished he were back in the F.M.F. No, he didn't either, he was getting out.

That's the trouble with the Corps these days, it's changed; look at the boots, mollycoddled like a bunch of. . . Ha, when I went through P.I. it damn sure wasn't like this. That D.I. ricocheted me off every bulkhead on the base. Ha! Open your mouth and they'd. . . .

In a *headquarters* outfit! Us'ta be the Corps wouldn't humiliate a man like that. When the old man finds out,

GETTING OUT?

by John E. Haney

I'll *never* be able to live it down! And a major's aide, humph, why in the Old Corps. . . . He should have a second lieutenant for an aide. Yeah, with about two dozen braided ropes hanging all over him like he's supposed to. And the major—Marcus! Huh, I knew him when he was a boot captain with only ten years in the Corps. And the way he went walking around, up and down the lines, with mortars dropping all over like. . . .

He glanced over to his left, across the parade field to watch a platoon of Sea School Marines execute some tricky drill.

Huh! Even Sea School isn't the same. Why, when I went through, a man was proud to wear a set of dress blues. Just look at those eight balls.

Hell with 'em. Why should I care? I'm gettin' out in a week so it doesn't faze me a bit. They're sloppy, anyway. Third man in the second rank has his rifle canted inboard. Looks like it from here, anyway.

"Just a minute there, lads!" he growled at two Pfc's who had been approaching him.

"Yeah, Sarge?" one of them asked.

"Whadda ya mean, 'yeah?' Look at yourselves, both got a button undone! Outa uniform, wors'en boots. Better snap to, there. Take a look at those Sea School boys, think *they'd* run around with buttons undone? Let's get with it!"

"Sure thing, Sarge," the bewildered Pfc's answered, and were suddenly looking at Tim's back as he walked away.

That's what I say, us'ta be an outfit a man could take some pride in. Hell, now I don't even *know* anybody. I'm gettin' out. I'll go back to school, sure that's what I'll do. It isn't too late. Got a G.I. Bill, Korean Bill, hell, got enough bills to become a professor! Eleven years! Should'a wised up sooner.

"Why, hello, Tim!"

He stopped and waited for a pretty Woman Marine to catch up to him.

"Hello, Mary," he smiled at her. "How have you been?"

"Just fine, Tim. How was your leave?"

"First rate," he answered. "If you're

off duty tonight, I'll tell you more about it."

"Wonderful, Tim." She smiled at him. "How about right after Liberty Call?"

"I'll be there," he said, as she turned off through one of the archways and headed toward the P.X. He checked the set of his hat and continued down the parade field.

Headquarters! What do they think I am? A Remington Raider? A pencil pusher? Huh! Better to die a field music on mess duty! Eleven years, and for what? Who cared? Who remembered?

He brought up his hand in a snappy, regulation salute as he passed an inspection party of high ranking Naval and Marine officers.

"Just a second there, Sergeant," one of the officers said.

Tim halted, the man who had spoken was a Rear Admiral. "Yes, Sir?"

"Don't I remember you from somewhere, Sergeant?" the admiral asked.

Tim remembered now, it was Admiral Hooker. "Yes, Sir," he said, "I used to be your orderly, aboard ship in 1947."

"Yes, of course," the admiral said, shaking hands with Tim, and then speaking to one of the Marine officers, "White, here, and myself weathered many a rough sea together. Best orderly I ever had, and I've had a few. Among other things, he never let on how many seasick pills it sometimes took to keep me afloat."

He exchanged a few more words with the admiral and went on his way.

Eleven years! And for what? The best years of my life. . . . Wait'll I see that sergeant major. Ha! Me, in a headquarters lash-up!

He walked into the Headquarters building, caught a drink of water at the scuttlebutt to brace him, and headed for the sergeant major's office. Two quick raps on the door did it.

"Come in," the sergeant major said.

"Sergeant Major," Tim started, "I wanted to see you about. . . ."

"Oh, it's you, White," the sergeant major said. "Come on in. Now don't go blowing your stack all over my office. It was the major's idea, he

wanted someone to go into the field with him on these inspections who knew his stuff, so. . . ."

"In the field?" Tim asked, somewhat awed.

"Naturally," the sergeant major grunted. "What did you think? That you were going to Clerk-Typist school? Anyway, it doesn't matter now. With only a week to go you can't very well be forced into. . . ."

"Whadda ya mean, *forced*?" Tim asked suspiciously. "I've never had to be forced into any job in the Marine Corps."

"Huh? Yeah, well, no. But I mean with you getting out in a week and having to get processed and all. . . ."

"What!" Tim yelped. "Who said anything about gettin' out?"

"WHO?" the sergeant major roared. "Who? Why you've been moaning and groaning around here for a solid week. You've been. . . ."

"I'll request mast!" Tim demanded. "I'll take it clear to the colonel! No wonder the Corps is losing so many NCOs; old buzzards like you won't let 'em ship over!"

"Ship over?" the sergeant major fumed. "Listen, White, you. . . ."

"Whadda ya think I'm gonna do? Get out and go to school or something? Want me to be a Joe-College and smoke a pipe and get blowed up in some chemistry class? Think I'm gonna throw eleven years service down the drain? Eleven years! Think I'm dying on the vine, like you and my old man? Think I can't make another twenty years or so? You're jealous, that's all. *Naturally* the major wants me to go into the field with him. Just look at me, perfect physical condition! I'll most likely end up teaching scouts and snipers how to. . . ."

"Okay, OKAY!" the sergeant major surrendered. "Now, look, White," he pleaded in a weak voice, "No one, me least of all, is trying to run you out, so cool off. I just thought that a bull-headed salt like you wouldn't go for the idea of working out of a Headquarters outfit and. . . ."

"Hell, Sergeant Major!" Tim said, in wide-eyed amazement. "What's wrong with Headquarters?"

END

RED MIKE

by TSgt. Paul C. Curtis

Leatherneck Staff Writer



"SOMETIMES YOU hate him; sometimes you love him; but I would rather fight with Red Mike than anyone."

This statement, made by a Marine who fought beside Edson at Tulagi and on Guadalcanal, exemplifies the thoughts of thousands of fighting men who followed Merritt A. Edson in battle through the steamy jungle trails of Nicaragua in 1928 and beyond the bloody beaches of the Second World War.

Edson was born in Rutland, Vermont, in 1897. Later, his family moved to Chester, Vermont, where he spent his youth.

As a private with the 1st Vermont Volunteer Regiment, General Edson got his first taste of military life on the Mexican Border in 1914. After attending the University of Vermont, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps on October 9, 1917, starting a 30-year career that culminated with his retirement as a major general on August 1, 1947.

"Red Mike" Edson was a Marine's Marine, cast in the mold of the Old Corps. He insisted on perfection and relentlessly drove his officers and men, as well as himself, to achieve it.

There was little about the countenance of General Edson to indicate the fighting ability he possessed. He was quiet, soft-spoken, kind and consider-

ate. His long list of personal decorations, however, emphasize his colorful, courageous leadership. They include the Medal of Honor, Navy Cross with a Gold Star in lieu of a second, the Silver Star Medal, two Legion of Merit Awards and the Distinguished Service Order of the British Empire.

As a lieutenant, General Edson served in France from September, 1918, until December, 1919. For the last six months of his duty there, he commanded Company "D" of the 15th Separate Marine Battalion which had been organized for the purpose of assisting in the control of the Schleswig-Holstein plebiscites in Germany, a duty never performed because of the failure of the United States to ratify the Versailles Treaty.

For the next two years he was stationed at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., and in December, 1921, he was assigned to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., as a student aviator. He received his wings in July, 1922, and served for a time as an aviator and squadron commander but later reverted to a line status.

In February, 1928, "Red Mike" was ashore fighting the insurrectionists in Nicaragua. It was "Edson and his 40 thieves" on the jungle trails of the little republic and the lightly armed, fast moving patrol he led was possibly the forerunner of his famed Raiders of World War II.

As a captain, Edson led his men for more than 10 months in the Nicaraguan interior, actively patrolling against the outlaws on rivers and trails far beyond the reach of supporting troops. General Edson won his first Navy Cross for his "coolness, intrepidity and dash" while leading a Marine patrol of 45 men against an irregular force of more than 400. Years later, a Gold Star in lieu of his second Navy Cross was awarded for "extraordinary heroism" at Tulagi.

The general was an outstanding expert on small arms, explosives, tactics and the employment of men. He served as an instructor at the Basic School in Philadelphia from September, 1929, until June, 1931, and, for four years, was the Ordnance and War Plans Officer at the Marine Corps Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia.

He was also a distinguished rifle and pistol marksman and long associated with Marine Corps rifle and pistol competition. His shooting activities dated back to 1921, when he was a firing member of the winning Marine Corps National Rifle Team. He was an assistant coach with the 1927, 1930 and 1931 Marine Corps National Rifle and Pistol teams and captained the Marine Corps teams which won the National Trophy in 1935 and '36. After a two-year tour of duty as Operations Officer with the Fourth Marine Regiment in Shanghai, he was assigned to Head-

quarters, Marine Corps as Officer in Charge of Rifle Practice for the entire Corps.

In 1939, General Edson was elected a director of the National Rifle Association and served that organization as a member of the Association's Executive Committee, Vice President in 1948, and as President in 1949. At the time of his death, he was Executive Director of the NRA, a position he had held since July 1, 1951. He was also Vice President of the International Shooting Union for North America and Secretary of the U. S. Olympic Rifle Shooting Committee.

It was with the 1st Marine Raider Battalion that "Red Mike" gained the ultimate of success as a fighting leader of men; it was with them that he picked up his famous nickname (used as a code during combat operations) and it is among his beloved former Raiders that he will be best remembered.

General Edson conceived the Marine Raiders as a hard-hitting, highly mobile force of steel-hard killers who asked no quarter nor gave none. Like the lightly armed and fast moving patrols he led on Nicaragua, he chose only the light caliber weapons to arm his men and backed up his operations with concentrated fire power.

For men of the 1st Raider Battalion, "Red Mike" insisted on carefully screened volunteers with stamina and nerve. He promised them nothing but rough duty with plenty of action. Eager recruits, mostly from Parris Island, and salty old timers from the Fifth Marines responded to his call—and Edson led them to fame. First at Tulagi and Savo and later on the Canal.

The action at Bloody Ridge on September 13-14, 1942, has gone down in Marine Corps history as an epic struggle which is generally credited with saving the entire Guadalcanal offensive. For his actions during the two hectic days and one night of that battle, General Edson was awarded the Nation's highest military decoration, the Medal of Honor. His citation reads in part:

"Facing a formidable Jap attack which had crashed through our front lines, he successfully withdrew his forward units to a reserve line with minimum casualties.

"When the enemy, in a subsequent series of violent assaults engaged our force, Colonel Edson, although continuously exposed to hostile fire throughout the night, personally directed defense of the reserve position against a fanatical foe of greatly superior numbers.

"By his astute leadership and gallant devotion to duty, he enabled his men, despite severe losses, to cling tenaciously to their position on the vital ridge,



Official U. S. Marine Corps Photo

Brig. Gen. W. H. Rupertus, decorated "Red Mike" with the Nation's top military award, Medal of Honor, for extraordinary heroism in combat

thereby retaining command, not only of the Guadalcanal airfield, but also of the First Division's entire offensive installations in the surrounding area."

On August 1, 1943, Merritt Edson was named Chief of Staff of the Second Marine Division. For "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding service as Chief of Staff" during the battle of Tarawa, he was awarded the Legion of Merit and recommended for promotion to Brigadier General. He was promoted to that rank shortly after the Tarawa operation.

As Assistant Division Commander of the Second Marine Division, General Edson participated in the Saipan and Tinian operations during June, July and August of 1944. For these operations he was awarded the Silver Star Medal, his fourth combat decoration.

From September, 1944, until July, 1945, the general served as Chief of Staff, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific. For helping to plan the operations at Iwo and Okinawa during that period, he was given a Gold Star in lieu of his second Legion of Merit.

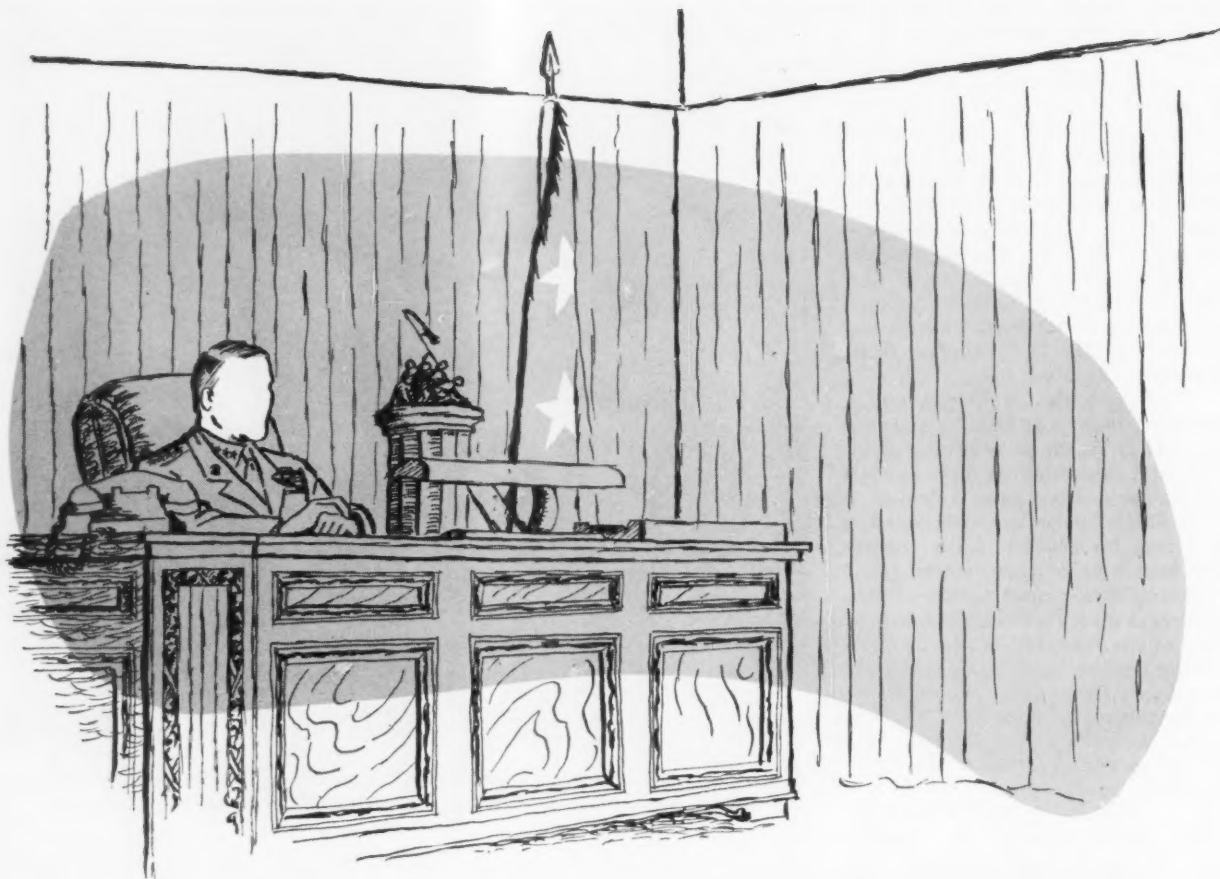
After 44 months of continuous duty in the Pacific Theatre, the longest continuous overseas assignment for any Marine officer during World War II,

General Edson was ordered to Washington and assigned to duty in the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations. He was the senior Marine officer on the staff of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz.

"Red Mike" retired from the Marine Corps on August 1, 1947, to accept the position of Director of Public Safety for his native Vermont. In this position he became the first head of the newly established Vermont State Police and was a moving force in its organization.

After resigning from his post as Vermont's Director of Public Safety he was appointed Executive Director of the National Rifle Association. He was a member of the Citizens Advisory Committee on Manpower Utilization in the Armed Forces in 1952-53 and more recently he served on the special committee appointed by the Secretary of Defense to study and make recommendations on the problems relating to the treatment of American prisoners of war.

"Red Mike" Edson, Medal of Honor winner and legendary hero, died at his home in Washington, D. C., on August 14, 1955. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors. His death brought to an end a long and distinguished career of active military and civil service. **END**



If I Were Commandant



Checks for \$25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. Leatherneck will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Jot down your suggestions in less than 200 words and mail them to Leatherneck, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have been reading your If I were Commandant letters since their initial printing and many have contained interesting suggestions.

Having just finished reading the

Personnel Records and Accounting Manual, I find it to be one of the most precise manuals I have encountered. The reading of the Personnel Records and Accounting Manual prompts me to write the If I were

Commandant department.

If I were Commandant, I would establish an allowance of Marine Corps Manuals for certain Marine personnel serving in the rank of E-7, similar to the present system of allow-

ances of manuals for certain Marine officers, as set forth in Marine Corps Memorandum 15-55.

As Commandant, I would issue on a receipt basis one copy of Volumes I, II, III, and the Personnel Records and Accounting Manual (PRAM) to all Sergeants Major; First Sergeants and Master Sergeants with MOS 0141; one copy of Volume II to Master Sergeants in Occupational Field 30; and one copy of Volume III to Master Sergeants in Occupational Field 34. Upon a written request from E-7 personnel I would issue certain paragraphs of the manuals which pertain to the Primary Occupational Field of the Master Sergeant submitting the request. I would issue only one complete set of the manuals to units of battalion and company size level as organization property, instead of their present allowances. This would make up the expense of issuing manuals to E-7 personnel. It would be the responsibility of individuals receiving copies of the manuals to effect all necessary changes, thereby promoting an efficient working system at all times. I believe by setting up this allowance of manuals, it would entice E-7 personnel of the Marine Corps to be more conscious of the manuals and their contents.

MSgt. Alphonse F. Marano, Jr.

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would allow naval corpsmen attached to the Marine Corps to wear *all* of the Marine Corps uniforms.

I am a naval corpsman now attached to a Marine unit and I understand that under present regulations, the only Marine uniform issued to corpsmen are Marine utilities.

I have served with various Marine units and I consider myself more of a Marine than a sailor and I have always been proud to wear the uniform of the Corps, but now they are taking the right away from us corpsmen.

Naval corpsmen have always upheld the tradition of the Marine Corps by being faithful to their duty of caring for wounded Marines wherever they might be. Many corpsmen have lost their lives by going out under fire to care for their wounded Marine buddies and they will continue to do so as long as there is a Marine Corps.

I don't consider that it is fair that they take away our privilege and honor of wearing the uniform of the Corps. In fact, I think we should be

allowed to wear the Marine Dress Blue uniform with appropriate insignia as well. I, for one, would wear it proudly.

R. E. Van Ausdall HM2

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would reevaluate the system of two weeks active duty training presently available to Organized Marine Corps Reservists who are unable to attend annual field training with their units. This system allows a man with previous service to take two weeks "on-the-job" training in the same MOS billet he occupies in his unit. More often than not, this is not the man's primary



MOS. They are attached to an organization to participate in its activities. In theory, this sounds good, but faced realistically, it seldom results in effective training. The average FMF unit cannot or doesn't take the time or effort to give worthwhile training to an attached Reservist, who usually has no formal training in that field. At best it is a haphazard method of training and usually leaves a man with the impression his two weeks were not well spent.

One of the most acute problems in Organized Reserve units today is the shortage of school-trained enlisted instructors. To alleviate this problem and provide an ideal replacement for the "on-the-job" type of training, I suggest that the Marine Corps establish Instructor Orientation Courses for Reservists at its larger training sites such as Camp Lejeune and Camp Pendleton. The courses would not require extensive facilities and can be expertly staffed by Reservists on 90-day training duty. Each organized unit could request a quota that would include men unable to attend camp,

also others who were able to attend an additional two weeks of training. Many of our Reserve veterans attending college on a yearly basis could then fit this into their Summer schedule.

No other type of training could be of greater help to a Reserve unit commander since it is nearly impossible to conduct this type of work in home armories. As few as two or three men per unit would be a great assist to training standards. With realistic and thorough training as our first objective, this could be a firm step in the right direction.

Capt. Charles G. Cooper

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would take into serious consideration the subject of adopting a more permanent and, above all, a more distinct type headgear for use in place of our present fatigue cap. Marines throughout the world tend to make themselves distinguishable from other branches of the service. We should capitalize on such pride in every way; in the past it has been the camouflage helmet covers, emblems on our fatigue jackets, and the leggings.

A great majority of Marines want a type of headgear that is "Marine Corps all the way," not something borrowed or cast off from another service. If there be doubts about the identifying value of such a small item, then let us merely think of the headgear worn by the Aussies, Scots, or Brigade of Guards, all distinctive without a doubt and they all have immense pride in their headgear too.

I sincerely believe that such an item would fall right in step with our bringing back the swagger stick and the officer and NCO Swords.

SSgt. Robert L. Cowan, Jr.

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant of the Marine Corps I would make it mandatory that at least 25 percent of the Marine infantryman's training be conducted at night.

This night training, I believe, would eliminate some of the natural confusion that occurs during night operations, both in the attack and defense.

Furthermore, I would have this night training commence early in the Marine's career. This, I believe, would cause the Marine to accept night training as an important part of his lessons in warfare.

TSgt. James H. Gentry
END
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OPERATION FIRE

by MSgt. Roy E. Heinecke
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Marines of the Second Infantry Training Regiment from Camp Pendleton fought a four-day battle with shovels, brush hooks and hoes in the flaming forests of Southern California

BATTLE STREAMERS bearing the names of colorful campaigns may never fly atop the colors of the Second Infantry Training Regiment of Camp Pendleton, but more than 600 men of the regiment—trainees with only a few weeks in the Marine Corps—battled through a few blazing campaigns of their own this Fall. At San Marcos Pass, Santa Ynez Valley, Refugio Canyon and a dozen other spots along the flaming southern California forest, the enemy stormed up the scrub-tangled slopes to find Marines waiting with axes, shovels, brush hooks and hoes.

This enemy, unpredictable and incredibly forceful, has been responsible for the devastation of millions of acres of the nation's virgin forest. Thousands have been left homeless in its wake and destruction costs have run into the millions of dollars. During the Summer months each forest preserve is a tinder box and this year when the spark was struck the Forestry Service called on the Marines of Pendleton.

The Friday routine within the Second Infantry Training Regiment is usually uneventful. Platoons and companies of trainees look forward to their weekend liberty as they march back to camp. Platoon and company officers, NCO instructors and the demonstration troops—all a part of the Second ITR—share the same thoughts as the trainees. On Friday, September 9th, personnel not in the field were preparing for the routine weekly inspection. In the administration office Sergeant Major Harold D. Tabbutt was anticipating a long weekend in Hollywood. For the past several months he had been active in a young boys' group called Devil Pups, Incorporated, and to show their appreciation for his untiring devotion to their cause they had prepared a party for him at a swank filmland nitery.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert A. McCabe, Commanding Officer of the 3rd Battalion, Second ITR, planned to spend a quiet weekend with his wife and youngster at their home in San Clemente. If the tide was right he'd be catching corbina in the surf, just minutes from his front door.

About 150 miles to the north and just a few miles from the resort town of Santa Barbara some 750 fire fighters were battling a blaze in the Los Padres National Forest. Strong winds, combined with a high temperature and low humidity—ideal fire weather—were driving the fire out of control. As the fire increased it became apparent that more help would be needed.

At 1030, the liberty, party and fishing plans of the personnel of the Second ITR were deep-sixed when the unit was informed that it would go on a stand-by fire fighting basis.



Lieut. Col. Robert McCabe (right) and his Marine staff met with Roy Blood, Forestry Service Liaison Officer, to map fire-fighting strategy



The Marines lined up to draw "weapons" with which to fight the big blaze. Brush-hooks, axes and hoes replaced rifles and machine guns

One hour after the stand-by order the call came for extra help, and by 1330 a Marine convoy carrying 637 men, few if any experienced in fire fighting, was barreling north on highway route #101. Although the Forestry Service had requested 500 Marines, the Second ITR had so many volunteers

that Col. McCabe permitted the extra 137 men to climb aboard the buses and trucks. Many of the trainees, instructors and demonstration troops had just returned from a four-day maneuver in the field. Despite the fact that many had had little sleep in the past four nights, all wanted to make the trip.

TURN PAGE

OPERATION FIRE (cont.)

After a record run through Los Angeles through the peak of the homeward bound traffic of thousands of office and factory workers, the Marines arrived in the early evening at Goleta, six miles north of Santa Barbara. Red Cross and Salvation Army workers had prepared a meal for the newly-arrived fire fighters and after a short stop the Marines loaded aboard their buses for another 30-mile run, up into the mountains to Lake Cachuma recreation camp, a picnic ground which would become the base of operations for the Marine contingent.

By 2000 the Marines were bedded down. Many of the troopers, now considered old campaigners in the foothills of Camp Pendleton, scorned the use of shelter halves and spread their blankets under the stars. The word had been passed that they would move up on the fire line promptly at 0600 the following morning.

Although the Marines who would handle the axes, shovels and hoes, were getting a night's sleep, there were other details to be worked out; the

Marines had to be integrated into the fight in a smooth, efficient manner. Plans for utilizing the Marines in the best possible way had to be drawn up before the 0600 deadline. There would be little sleep for Col. McCabe and his staff, Captain J. Z. Taylor, Executive

Officer; First Lieutenants Gordon R. Cooke and Albert D. Allan, S-4 and S-3 respectively, and Sergeant Major Tabbutt as they huddled over a picnic table loaded with area maps. Mr. Roy H. Blood, Forest Service Liaison officer, briefed the military men on the



Privates R. Kudlickl, M. Rowan and T. Phillips kept small blazes from spreading and adding to the fire that burned out 80,000 acres



The Marines fought dangerously close to the flames during their four days of battle. Several times they were completely surrounded by fire

situation. Standing by were the company commanders, platoon leaders and NCO instructors who would have charge of the details in the field.

The Marine galley was ready to feed the dungaree-clad personnel at 0500. Although this was a routine assignment for Lieut. Cook and his Headquarters Commandant's staff of Master Sergeant Jerero C. Lucero, Technical Sergeant Maurice H. Freitas and Mess Chief Staff Sergeant Winford R. Cribbs, the task of setting up the portable stoves seemed to be an incredible operation to the Forestry personnel and civilian fire fighters.

Promptly at 0600 the first shift of 200 Marines loaded aboard trucks and buses bound for predetermined sections of the fire line; the perimeter now extended some 70 miles through canyons, over mountains and across several small stretches of flat land. As their trucks and buses proceeded along Highway Route #150, the main thoroughfare reserved for fire fighting equipment, the Marines drew a warm welcome from the civilian units who had been fighting the fire for the past four days. Fire engine companies from distant Pasadena, others from the Los Angeles County Fire Department, veteran fire fighters from the Forestry Service and

other civilian agencies cheered the Marines as they drove by. Even the stoical Zuni Indians from New Mexico, noted for their fire fighting, smiled and shyly waved to the Marines.

First Lieutenant Wells Field, Company Commander of the 1st Provisional

day evening the Marines' dungarees were torn and ragged and red-rimmed eyes peeped out of soot-blackened faces. The supervisor of the Cachuma Lake recreation park opened the bathing area to Marines and the tired smoke-streaked fire fighters slipped their

chuma, was informed that a platoon of Marines was trapped on a hillside surrounded by fire. Even then, the Marines refused to take their position seriously; Second Lieutenant William L. Todd, Jr., radioed that his 50 men and the accompanying four foresters



A helicopter pilot got a bird's eye view of the fire that burned \$8,000,000 in timber



Trapped by fast-moving flames, these Marines escaped but returned later to reclaim a jeep they had left behind

Company, and his men drew their assignment to the flank of the fire. On their arrival at their destination, a Forest Ranger issued fire fighting equipment and, after a 10-minute lecture on the use of the axe, shovel, brush hook and Pulaska (a two-bladed axe used for both clearing brush and dropping trees) the Marines started up the side of the mountain. The men, strung out at five-pace intervals, began clearing a 10-foot-wide fire break as the ominous smoke rolled over their heads.

Five hours later the break was completed and, except for small spot fires started by wind-borne embers which were quickly extinguished, the line was never breached. Throughout the weary days which followed, not once did the fire fighters have to return to this area.

The long daylight hours of Saturday were the Marines' baptism of fire; the night and the morning which followed were their introduction to inferno combat. High winds again combined with a soaring temperature and low humidity to fan the blazes. The Pendleton Marines, now rivaling the famed Indian fire fighters for their ability to stay on the line, were pressed into heavier service. Shifts lengthened into 14 and 16 hours as new fires appeared in remote and almost inaccessible areas. By Sun-



Mexican Nationals, brought in to help save the Los Padres National Forest, relieved the weary Marines on the rugged mountain slopes

clothes off tired bodies and numbed muscles and waded into the icy waters. From that day each shift, armed with Red Cross-issued soap and towels, made the trip down to the lake-side beach after their spell on the line.

Monday afternoon, shortly after 1400, Col. McCabe, shuttling between the fire line and his CP at Lake Ca-

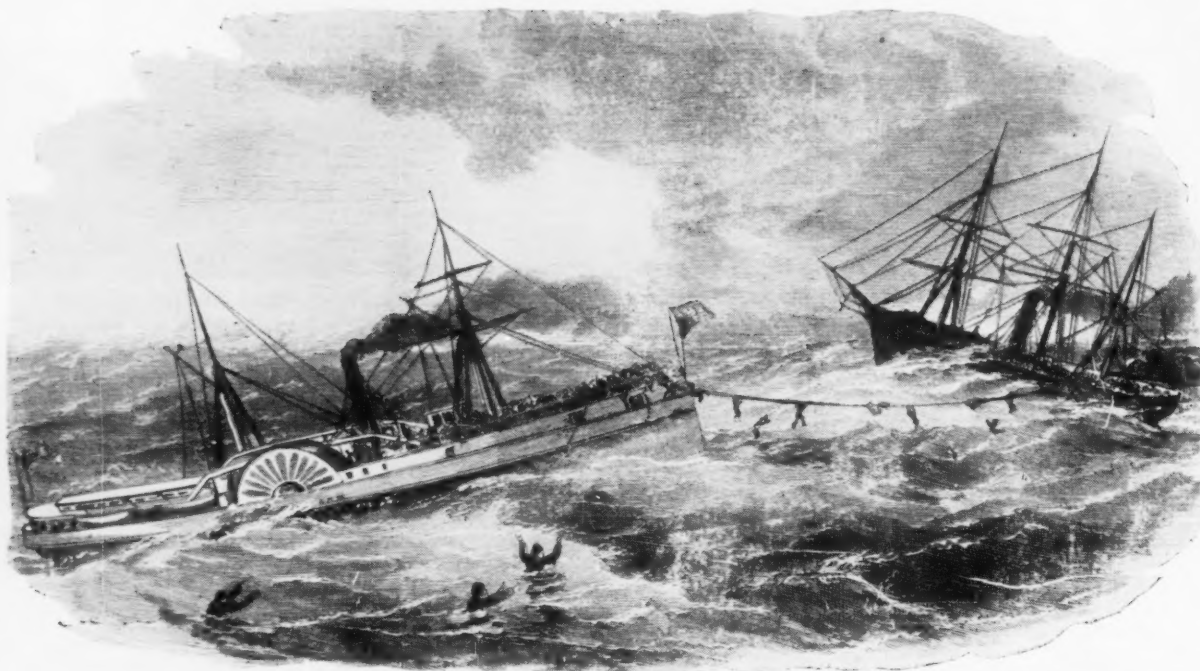
could fight their way out if the CP could have water flown in. A Coast Guard helicopter, standing by in the area, was quickly loaded with two milk cans of water and 24 one-gallon cans, all that it could carry with the exception of one man to unload the cans as it hovered over the Marines.

By the time (continued on page 93)

The Wreck of the

Governor

by John H. Magruder, III



Major John Reynold's battalion of Marines were rescued from the foundering steamship Governor

by the U. S. Frigate Sabine. Storm-swept Cape Hatteras claimed only seven of 365-man battalion

ON TUESDAY, October 29, 1861, there appeared off the Virginia Capes the most formidable array of naval might that had ever been assembled under the United States flag. The entrance to Chesapeake Bay was a forest of masts and spars as men-of-war and transports steamed from Hampton Roads out into the Atlantic. The previous day, 25 slower coal and supply vessels, convoyed by the U. S. Steam Frigate *Vandalia*, had put to sea under sealed orders. There is little doubt that Jeff Davis' agents on the beach were engaged in some profound mental activity

as they tried to anticipate where all this commotion would lead.

Behind the flagship *Wabash*, carrying Flag Officer Samuel F. Du Pont, USN, steamed 10 warships in a double line. Astern of these, 33 transports, mostly chartered merchant vessels, followed in three columns headed by the liners *Vanderbilt*, *Baltic* and *Atlantic*. Nine smaller naval craft formed a rear guard and protective screen.

Aboard the transports were some 15,600 Army troops under the command of Brigadier General Thomas W. Sherman, U. S. Volunteers, and a battalion of 385 Marines, the latter organized for

special service with Du Pont's newly-formed South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

The principal mission of this mighty armada was to seize and occupy Port Royal Sound, S. C., in order to afford the Union blockading vessels an adequate shelter and supply depot from which to conduct their operations along the Confederacy's Atlantic coast. The Rebellion was still in its early stages, and Du Pont was about to apply what General Winfield Scott had hopefully described as "the Anaconda Policy" of strangulation. The Southern States had begun the war without a navy and

minus the heavy industries necessary for waging a protracted war. Just as a mighty snake might squeeze its victim in an ever-tightening grip, so must the Union blockade cut off the South from the resources of Europe and gradually stifle its ability to resist.

In command of Du Pont's Marine Battalion was a distinguished veteran, Major John George Reynolds, USMC, an old campaigner who had seen service against the Seminoles and Creeks during the 1830s and again in Mexico in the late '40s. In fact, he had led the volunteer Pioneer Company organized before Mexico City as part of Major Twigg's Special Storming Battalion and had succeeded to the command of that unfortunate officer when Twigg fell mortally wounded in the attack on the Belin Gate.

On this unsettled autumn day as he stood on the bridge of the steamer *Governor*, watching Cape Henry slip away beneath graying skies and a rising sea, Major Reynolds was a determined man with a personal score to settle.

Only three and a half months had passed since July 16th. In the evening of that day, he had pulled into Headquarters in Washington with the exhausted remnants of the hastily formed Marine battalion which he had led out the Columbia Pike that same morning toward Manassas, Virginia. He chafed at the memory of the ensuing rout of the Union forces at Bull Run. The courageous Reynolds would not consider the Corps avenged until the stigma of Bull Run had been erased from the record.

Du Pont's attack plan called for a heavy naval bombardment of the Confederate fortifications on Hilton Head and Bay Point, the two promontories commanding the entrance to Port Royal Sound. After the shelling, Marines and sailors were to land and secure a beachhead prior to the disembarkation of General Sherman's occupation troops. The mission of Reynolds' Special Battalion was to provide a well-trained core of disciplined Marines for such landing operations.

Originally, the battalion had been scattered among Du Pont's men-of-war, with the bulk aboard the U. S. Gunboat *Pawnee*. However, their exposed quarters on this ship, resulting in considerable discomfort, along with Reynolds' desire to keep his command together, had prompted him to recommend that his Marines be placed aboard a single vessel. Since Du Pont's tactics relied heavily on the battalion, and not wanting to jeopardize either its organization or effectiveness, he readily agreed to the chartering of the steamer *Governor*, recently arrived at the Roads from Boston.

As opposed to the ill-fated day of

First Manassas, Major Reynolds now had every reason to look with confidence upon his command. They were the pick of the Corps, supplied mostly from the barracks at Boston and New York. The instructions from Colonel Commandant John Harris to the commanding officers of the various posts had been specific in regard to the make-up of the drafts which were to go into the battalion: "... see that every man has one overcoat, blanket and knapsack with no more in it than he can carry comfortably. Let them all be of your best drilled men for immediate duty." Full dress coats and caps were left behind as superfluous equipment. Moreover, each Marine had been issued a new .58 caliber rifled musket instead of the old smooth bores still standard issue in many Federal units. It is true there had been some difficulty at first on the *Governor* because supply department red tape had held up such necessary conveniences as mess kits and the men's ever-important tobacco rations, but these problems had been straightened out after a personal appeal by Reynolds to the flag officer and to the Commandant. The morale of his troops was excellent, and the wise Reynolds was taking steps to keep it that way. Lest the monotony and boredom of routine aboard ship dull their proficiency, he had his junior officers constantly drill the men under full equipment. For days, the ship echoed to the grounding of rifle butts on the deck, the pinging of ramrods and the sharp slap of leather slings against wooden stocks.

The weather began to thicken as soon as the fleet cleared the Capes, and by Thursday, October 31st, a severe gale had developed. The *Governor*, a side-wheel steamer drawing only seven feet, labored heavily with her 'tween decks loaded to capacity with Marines and their equipment, but managed to keep station with the other vessels. By Friday noon a southeast wind of hurricane proportions hit the squadron, causing the *Governor* to drop out of line in order to keep her head up into the wind. The other ships apparently stood their course, leaving the Marines' transport alone in the raging seas off the treacherous Hatteras shoals.

As the wind increased, it became more and more evident that neither ship nor crew were in shape to cope with the raging elements. The sponsons leaked badly; the hull was unseaworthy; and the rotting hog braces were improperly secured. Water was already rising in the hold and, so wretched were the pumps, it continued to gain slowly despite the combined efforts of the pumps.

In addition to Reynolds and his small staff, Du Pont had placed Acting Master John Weidman, USN, aboard

as his representative on the chartered vessel. The civilian crew, including the captain and his officers, numbered about 20.

Before long, both Reynolds and Weidman realized that the captain was completely incompetent. His conduct throughout Friday morning was such that Reynolds urged Weidman to relieve him of his duties lest the safety of the ship be further imperiled. The naval officer was loathe to take such a serious step. Although the gale and the seas continued to increase, the engine was working well; Weidman hoped that the storm's possible abatement might ease the situation.

At four o'clock, Friday afternoon, the *Governor* gave a terrible heave, followed by a loud crash forward. The vessel had taken several extremely heavy seas over her port bow which had caused her port hog braces to give way in two places and bulge inward. Another wave struck the starboard bow and broke the hog brace on that side. It was at this juncture that the captain's bearing went to pieces also, making a change in command mandatory. As Weidman took charge on the bridge, backed by Reynolds, the officers and men of the battalion hastened into the bows where, through superhuman effort, they managed to stay and support the hog braces.

Upon assuming charge of the steamer, Acting Master Weidman first set about remedying the condition of the badly leaking sponsons. By changing his course so as to bring the wind on his quarters, alternately, he was able to clear first one sponson, then the other, meanwhile keeping the one previously cleared in relatively good condition. Nearly one-third of the battalion, a hundred Marines, were kept constantly pumping and bailing. Bucket brigades were formed under the direction of the younger Marine officers, and they gradually gained on the leaks. The pumps broke down, but thanks to the mechanical ingenuity of a Marine private, they were put back into service.

The gale was still blowing southeast while the *Governor's* course was close to northwesterly. Darkness fell and still the storm continued without any sign of a let-up. Late Friday night, two vessels were sighted and rockets were discharged in an effort to attract their attention. When the supply of rockets was exhausted, the Marines fired their muskets in a vain hope that the other ships would stand by the stricken transport during the night. Although the Marines' signals were answered, the passing ships could render no assistance because of the high seas and violent winds.

Shortly after midnight, November 2nd, the gale veered to the south and westward, accompanied by heavy rain

WRECK (cont.)

squalls. A series of disasters then overtook the *Governor* in rapid succession. The guys supporting the smokestack parted and it fell overboard; then a steampipe burst in the engine room, reducing the head of steam to but 14 pounds. Finally, about three a.m., the packing around the cylinder head blew out, halting the engine. On top of this, the rudder chain carried away and the ship became completely unmanageable as she labored violently in the turbulent seas. With each wave it was feared that the hog braces would give way, thereby threatening the entire starboard side, the boiler and perhaps the wheelhouse.

Notwithstanding these discouraging events, the Marines worked valiantly. Forgotten now were Reynold's thoughts of Bull Run and Port Royal. This was a supreme battle with the elements but Reynold's men were facing up to the horrors of the seas without flinching. Those who weren't pumping and bailing held fast the ropes which supported the hog braces or struggled in the engine room to set the great side wheels in motion again.

The chief engineer had shown himself to be as worthless as his captain and had fled from his post in fright. With several of the remaining members of the engineer gang working alongside the Marines, the engine was finally returned to running order, although it labored slowly. Steam pressure was reduced to three to five pounds as soon as the paddles started turning, thus it became necessary to stop frequently to rebuild the head of steam. Before daybreak, the rudder-head carried away and the *Governor* wallowed at the mercy of wind and water. Only the untiring efforts of the

Marines kept the vessel afloat.

Toward daybreak the weather cleared somewhat and two vessels were sighted off the *Governor's* starboard bow. Weidman immediately hoisted his ensign to half-mast, Union down, as a signal of distress and both ships stood for the stricken transport. The first proved to be the U. S. Gunboat *Isaac Smith* which, upon exchanging hails, promised that she would rescue all aboard the *Governor* at any cost. Twice hawsers were passed to the tossing side-wheeler, but so severe was the weather that the ropes parted, leaving the Marines with little hope of being saved. Then the propeller bark *Young Rover* came within hailing distance of the *Governor* and passed the word that a large frigate was standing by. As a note of encouragement, her captain announced that he would stand by till the last—a generous offer that was answered by a heartfelt cheer from the Marines.

By three o'clock, Saturday afternoon, the U. S. Frigate *Sabine*, commanded by Captain Cadwalader Ringgold, USN, approached the *Governor*. Ringgold found a helpless wreck rolling heavily, rudder gone, smokestack overboard, her decks crowded with human beings, and two smaller vessels, themselves damaged, standing nobly by. The imminent peril to the battered hulk and her human cargo left little time for deliberation. Fortunately, the captain of the *Sabine* had the instincts of both a courageous man and a superb seaman.

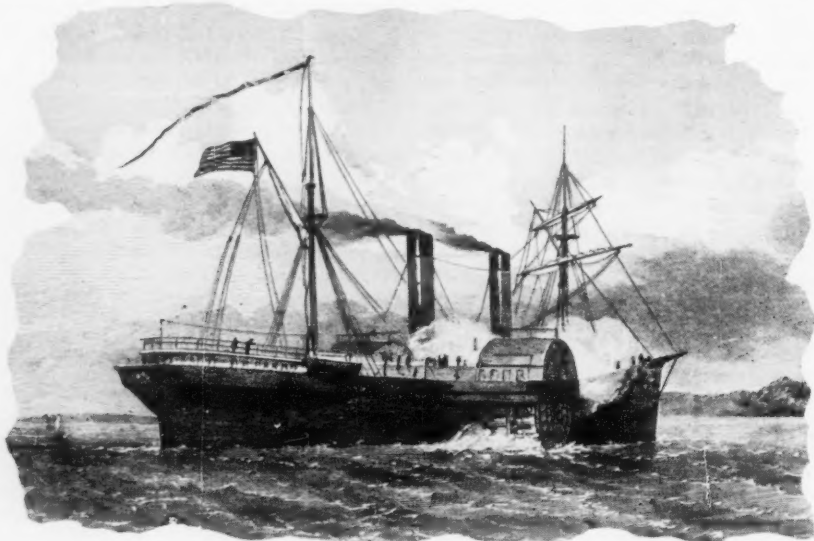
At first, Captain Ringgold could not bring the *Sabine* close enough to the *Governor* for hails to be understood. It was doubtful whether a boat could survive in the raging seas, but Ringgold ordered his executive officer, Lieutenant Balch, into a small boat with instructions to assure the Marines

of his "determination to stand by and succor them to the last extremity." The fearless Balch was unable to board the *Governor*, but passing close by, he shouted to those aboard the wreck to rely upon the power of the *Sabine* to save them.

Soundings indicated 14 fathoms of water and Ringgold let go his anchor, instructing the *Governor* to do the same. The frigate slowly paid out chain until her stern came to within a short distance of the transport's port bow. It was Ringgold's intention to secure the two vessels with hawsers and then hoist the Marines, one by one, across the intervening sea by using a whip purchase and his spanker boom for a derrick. About 10 p.m., after six hours of hazardous maneuvering—most of it in the dark—the tedious job of transferring Reynold's men was ready to begin. The Marines were formed in ranks on the weather deck of the foundering steamer. As his name was called, each was to step forward to be whipped across to the frigate's heaving stern. By one o'clock, only 30 exhausted Marines had reached the *Sabine's* decks. At this time the storm suddenly renewed its fury and caused the wreck to roll treacherously. Pitching first to starboard and then to port, burying her bow deep in the troughs of the sea, each plunge seemed as if it would be her last. First one, then another, hawser parted, but fortunately her anchor held. Two more hawsers and the frigate's heavy stream chain cable were passed to the wreck and secured. The rescue continued briefly, but the storm redoubled its violence. The heavy chain cable gave way and the *Governor* was immediately swept astern. Then someone shouted that the ship was sinking. Miraculously, a single hawser held stubbornly, and prevented the transport from drifting off into the raging storm.

Captain Ringgold ordered the tenuous life line manned and the *Governor* hauled up on his starboard quarter. Shouting from the bridge, he ordered the Marines to jump for the deck of the frigate. At this point, it took the utmost in courage for Reynold's men to keep from breaking ranks, but they held. In small groups they were ordered over the side in a terrifying leap from one ship to the other. Approximately 30 more Marines were saved, but one, in his effort to reach the *Sabine*, fell between the heaving vessels and was crushed to death.

Inevitably, the two ships collided with a grinding of splintered wood. Some 20 feet of the *Governor's* hurricane deck were carried away by the frigate's quarter. Ringgold now saw that the transport was in great danger of breaking in two and reluctantly ordered that she be dropped astern, pain-



fully aware that in so doing, Reynolds and the remainder of his Marines might be passing forever beyond the reach of safety. As she fell astern, six privates leaped overboard in a futile effort to gain the frigate. All were drowned.

The scene at this moment must have struck terror in the stoutest heart. Added to the howling of the storm were the despairing cries of drowning men, the confusion on board the wreck, and the eerie glare of sea and sky caused by the red and blue rockets sent up by the *Sabine* in an effort to summon the *Isaac Smith* and *Young Rover*.

Somehow the anchor and chain of the *Governor* continued to hold but there were still nearly 300 Marines aboard the violently tossing transport. In an effort to weather the gale until morning, all provisions and other stores, with the exception of arms and accouterments, were thrown overboard. At three a.m. on Sunday, November 3rd, the storm commenced to abate. Reynolds seized this chance to hail the *Sabine* and suggest that since his men were utterly exhausted, further work be suspended until dawn. He felt that by bailing and with limited use of the steam pumps there was a chance that the wreck could be kept afloat for a few hours longer, despite the fact that the water was rapidly flooding her.

Although the sky was clear at daybreak, indicating fair weather, the sea and wind were still running so high that the *Sabine's* boats could not safely approach the steamer. Since the *Governor* was no longer secured to the *Sabine*, but riding with a strain on her own anchor, Ringgold decided against continuing to whip the Marines aboard as he had the previous night. Manning a boat with a picked crew, he stationed it abreast of the wreck. A small breast line was then passed from the boat to the *Governor* and the Marines were ordered to jump, one at a time, into the sea. By holding onto the rope, they would be pulled into the *Sabine's* boat.

Again Reynolds formed his men into ranks. At an order, the first Marine stepped up to the rail, gritted his jaw, and plunged overboard. Another jumped . . . and then another. Within five minutes, 15 Marines were transferred from the *Governor* to the *Sabine's* boat. More boats were ordered to stand off the wreck to retrieve the Marines and so successful was the operation that, with the exception of those lost the night before, all the Marines were brought aboard the *Sabine*.

As Reynolds' junior officers jumped into the sea, he and Weidman commenced a heated argument. Each claimed the honor of being the last man to go. Weidman, standing upon his prerogatives as a naval officer,

Reynolds insisting that his years of service and rank as commanding officer of the battalion reserved for him that privilege. In the end, the major won out. It was eight o'clock Sunday morning when he was finally pulled aboard the *Sabine*. Three hours later, the *Governor* went over on her side and sank.

True to their heritage, the Marines saved nearly all of their arms. More than half of their accouterments and some 10,000 rounds of ammunition were also salvaged, but most of the knapsacks, haversacks and canteens were lost, along with the company books and staff returns. With a firmness that defies description, Reynolds' battalion had performed its duty, working without pause for more than 48 hours in an effort to keep the ship afloat.

The rest was anti-climax. Ringgold set his course for Port Royal, hoping to appear with Reynolds' courageous command in time for the assault on the Confederate forts. At first retarded by another gale from the southwest, then becalmed, the *Sabine* was within 25 miles of Port Royal at 9:30 a.m. on November 8th when the first reports of Du Pont's bombardment thundered across the water. Before a favorable breeze came up, the firing ceased at one p.m., indicating that the forts had been abandoned by the enemy.

It was perhaps a fickle quirk of fate that Reynolds could not participate in the initial landing after enduring so much to keep his battalion intact. As it happened, Marines from the various ships' detachments, plus a company of sailors, made an unopposed landing on the flank of Fort Walker to discover that the Southern defenders already had fled in disorder under the onslaught of the Union bombardment.

Du Pont now had a base from which his South Atlantic Squadron could operate effectively, and as his Marines and seamen returned to their ships,

General Sherman's troops disembarked to assume the defense of Port Royal Harbor. While Reynolds and his men were not able to write "Hilton Head" on their battle honors, they could all take pride in the following letter of commendation bearing the signature of Flag Officer Du Pont.

"U. S. Flagship *Wabash*
Port Royal, S. C.,
November 19, 1861

"Major: You will find herewith a communication addressed by me to the honorable Secretary of the Navy, forwarding your report in relation to the disaster at sea which overtook the transport *Governor*, on which you were embarked with the battalion of Marines under your command.

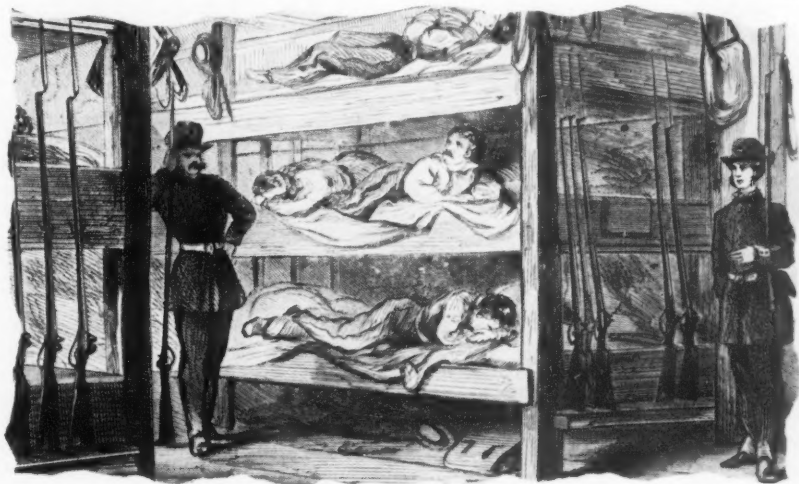
"I take this occasion to express to yourself, to the officers, noncommissioned officers, and privates of the battalion my warm appreciation of the good conduct and moral courage displayed by them on the occasion above alluded to. Deprived of any opportunity to exert themselves, and those whose duty it was to take measures to meet the emergency proving incompetent, your situation was a more trying one than any encounter with our enemy could have been.

"I felt much anxiety in reference to the battalion, and was truly thankful to hear of its safe arrival.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. Du Pont
Flag Officer, etc.
Major JNO. George Reynolds
Commanding Marine Battalion"

END



CHAPLAINS

[continued from page 53]

accepted the ruling and both men made outstanding records. Chaplain Goldberg was instrumental in making a change of identifying insignia for Jewish Chaplains.

Non-denominational services helped to solve part of the problem. Such services continue today in cases where chaplains of the various faiths are not available. This is especially true where chaplains are assigned to Marine combat units but their system of rotation assures the Marines of seeing a chaplain of their faith about every three days.

With the rising educational and professional standards required of new appointees to the Corps, the chaplains won even more respect and confidence from both officers and enlisted men. By 1939, the chaplain's place in the life and organization of the Navy was accepted and secure.

When the United States entered the war in 1917, only one chaplain, E. A. Brodmann, was serving with the Marine Corps. His tour of duty at Marine Barracks, Port Royal, S.C., in 1916, began an unbroken connection of Navy chaplains with the Marines. When the Fifth and Sixth Marines sailed for France, a Catholic and Protestant chaplain were with each unit. More went to France with the 1st Replacement Battalion. Then, as now, the Navy men of God went into combat with the Marines. They were often instrumental in saving lives for they searched among the casualties at the risk of their own lives to bring comfort to the dying and wounded. Chaplain Albert J. Park, Jr., served in every Marine campaign in France. He and three other Navy chaplains received the Navy Cross plus Army and foreign decorations.

A marked change in the attitude of the major denominations to their chaplains and members in uniform was seen in comparison of World War I and World War II. The churches were slow in organizing during the first war. But even before hostilities began in World War II, the churches were alert and beginning to make ready for their part in ministering to the spiritual and moral needs of service personnel.

During World War II the government spent millions of dollars for chapels and religious supplies. The Chaplain Corps expanded to an unprecedented number of more than 2800 chaplains on active duty at one time. Navy chaplains received 93 medals and awards ranging from the Medal of Honor to Letters of Commendation. Forty-six received the Purple Heart and 24 were killed in

action or died as the result of wounds or accidents.

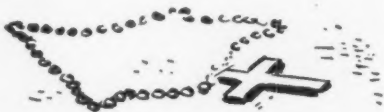
Father J. T. O'Callahan, the only Navy chaplain to receive the Medal of Honor, was the Catholic chaplain aboard the *USS Franklin* when she was nearly sunk off the coast of Japan in 1945. His citation noted that "... serving with courage, fortitude and deep spiritual strength, Lieutenant Commander O'Callahan inspired the officers and men of the *Franklin* to fight heroically and with profound faith in the face of almost certain death and to return their stricken ship to port."

The accounts of every Navy action during World War II carried the story of the bravery and courage of the chaplains. When their ships were sunk, no chaplain went over the side until certain that the wounded had been saved. Many went down with their ships.

Chaplains serving with Marine units were no less brave. They were cited on every beachhead from the Marshalls' raid to Okinawa. Marines will never forget their courage under fire or their unflinching sense of humor.

Chaplain E. T. Michaels, who was wounded on Saipan, wrote this personal account:

"... we assaulted the beach ... three weeks later was accompanying the 3rd Battalion under Colonel Vandegrift in one of the final battles of Saipan. In front of us was the beach where many of the enemy had been pocketed. I had administered the last rites of the church to several Marines who had played their part so well as to merit the classification 'Supreme' ... firing had become intense and I had just stooped over to console a Marine on a stretcher when a bullet penetrated my collarbone and shoulder blade leaving them both broken. I immediately placed my hand over the wound, afraid to look for fear of having lost my entire limb. The Marine, consoled, gave up the stretcher and I lay thereon quietly calling for aid..."



Chaplain Michaels later received the Bronze Star for his heroism during the campaign.

The same spirit of courage, sacrifice and good humor in the face of death and extreme danger was just as apparent in Navy chaplains with the Marines in

Korea. On July 1, 1950, only 436 chaplains were on active duty, 88 of whom were Reservists. Out of the nearly 950 chaplains who were on active duty during the "police action," 166 served with the Marines and 150 more served aboard ships in Korean waters. More than 200 medals and 20 Purple Hearts were awarded these chaplains.

They were such men as Commander John Craven—a former Marine—who served as a chaplain with the Marines on Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima before going with his Marines into battle again in Korea. He has probably served through more campaigns with the Marines than any chaplain in the Navy.

During the Chosin Reservoir campaign, one Marine regimental commander remarked that statistics couldn't express the almost unbelievable value of a chaplain in combat. He pointed out that the very presence of a chaplain gave the troops an uplift of immeasurable value as a means of maintaining morale. Other leaders have been no less enthusiastic in their praise of chaplains. Realizing the value of the chaplains, the Marine Corps requested and received 10 more per division than they had in World War II.

The courage and self sacrifice of these chaplains was often imparted to the Marines. When Chaplain Cornelius Griffin was seriously wounded Sergeant Matthew Caruso assigned himself to watch over him. Later an enemy machine gun suddenly opened up. Caruso flung his body across his wounded chaplain and died taking the bullets meant for his "Padre."

During the lulls between battles the chaplains helped raise money and clothing for destitute Koreans and were instrumental in founding orphanages and schools.

A new aspect of chaplain training was inaugurated in 1954 when Ensign Probationaries—young divinity students who had completed their second year at theological seminary—were admitted to the Navy Chaplain's School. They are given training necessary to cope with the spiritual and moral problems peculiar to the service. The experience of 180 years' service by dedicated men is theirs.

The present Chief of Chaplains is Rear Admiral Edward B. Harp, Jr., who entered the Navy in 1929. He is the ninth man to head the Chaplain Corps.

Bishop William C. Martin, president of the National Council of Churches once said, "The chaplain in the armed forces stands in the place of the father and friend to every man who enters the service."

A World War I Marine expressed it just a little differently but the same sentiment is just as true today:

"It certainly made us feel good to see you up there with us. . ."

END



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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 12]

three months of the expiration of his enlistment, for the purpose of reenlisting, does not apply to Marines. The authority which permits a Marine to be discharged early for the purpose of reenlisting is contained in Marine Corps Memorandum No. 68-53.—Ed.

SHIPBOARD DRILL

Dear Sir:

Not sounding off, just inquiring. I wonder if any *Leatherneck* readers have any information on a shipboard drill known as "Rally Around the Flag." The only dope I have at present is that it took place in the 1890's; that it consisted of a group of sailors and Marines making some sort of last-ditch stand around the National Ensign.

And how did "Jimmy Legs" come into being as the term for a ship's master-at-arms?

William J. Miller,
Chief Journalist, USN,
Bupers, Navy Dept.,
Washington 25, D. C.

● Historical Branch, HQMC, says this: "After checking scores of books, periodicals, and other sources, we have been unable to find any information on a shipboard drill known as 'Rally Around the Flag.' Although the connection is questionable, it may be of interest to note that the phrase 'Rally around the flag, boys,' appears in George Frederick Root's 'The Battle Cry of Freedom,' a song very popular during the Civil War, and the phrase 'Rally 'Round the Flag' was a very well known Marine Corps recruiting slogan during World War I.

"The first mention of the master-at-arms was in the British Navy about the middle of the 18th century. As the name implies, he was originally an instructor in small arms, but was later assigned to 'police' duty. It is probable that the original nickname for the master-at-arms in the British Navy was 'Jemmy,' English slang (now obsolete) for a finical, or fussy, individual. Later, when British seamen applied the sobriquets 'Jemmy Ducks' and 'Jemmy Bungles' to the ship's poulterer and ship's cooper, respectively, the master-at-arms became 'Jemmy Legs.' The 'Legs' part of the name could have originated from the old expression 'show a leg,' used generally

by boatswains' mates and masters-at-arms to rouse and turn out sleeping men. The call 'show a leg' is derived from the days (until after the beginning of the 19th century) when the wives of seamen were carried on many British men-of-war. The women on board ship who put out a purser's stockinged leg for identification were not required to turn out at first call.



"It is not known when the term was first used in the U. S. Navy. Hamersly's 'A Naval Encyclopedia,' published in 1881, lists 'Jemmy' and 'Jemmy Ducks' but does not list 'Jemmy Legs.' A number of Marine Corps periodicals of the World War I period refer to the master-at-arms as 'Jemmy Legs,' indicating that the term was familiar to Marines of the pre-World War I period."—Ed.

MILITARY OBLIGATION

Dear Sir:

I was informed by my first sergeant that upon expiration of my enlistment in April, 1956, I would be obligated to serve a total period of five years in the Marine Corps Reserve (Inactive) in accordance with the provisions of the Universal Military Training and Service Act, as amended.

When I enlisted in the Marine Corps on April 7, 1953, I had inquired as to my term of military service and was assured by the recruiting sergeant that I would only be obligated to serve the three-year period that I had requested and that I would be discharged from the Marine Corps, not released and transferred to the Marine Corps Reserve as required by enlistment, appointment, and induction into the Armed Forces of the United States, subsequent to June 19, 1951, because I was not a citizen of the United States.

I would like to know . . . having Canadian citizenship . . . if I am obligated to serve a total of eight years military service as required by the Universal Military Training and Service Act as amended.

Corp. Victor A. Boivin
Marine Barracks, NAD,
Hingham, Mass.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)



Leatherneck Magazine

many a slip

by Thomas Earle Dwyer



THE WIMBLEDON CUP, foremost trophy of riflemen the world over, is a massive sterling silver tankard 18 inches high and 10 in diameter. It weighs about 25 pounds and its intrinsic value is inestimable.

This precious mug was presented to the National Rifle Association of Great Britain by Queen Victoria in 1874. The following year it was presented by Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, upon behalf of the British Rifle Association to the American Rifle Team. Since that time it frequently has been won in competition by riflemen of the United States Marine Corps.

It is, of course, customary for valuable trophies to be kept under careful guard. The protection given the Wimbledon Cup while in Marine Corps custody was no exception. The great tankard stood amid numerous other trophies in the Headquarters of the Corps and was zealously guarded. Nevertheless, it managed to see "service" during the war year of 1917.

In December of that year, in keeping with the militant spirit of America an "F" Street jeweler, in collaboration with the Corps, exhibited a window display of marksmanship trophies. Safe transport of these symbols of achievement from Marine Corps Headquarters became imperative, especially in the case of the Wimbledon Cup. Chosen to carry it on foot was the Commandant's orderly, Sergeant "Mickey" Mulligan, a grizzled veteran of nearly 30 years' service and one of the famous characters of the Corps.

Mickey, a short and wiry man of rigid military carriage, wore an array of service ribbons won in campaigns as far back as the Chinese Boxer Rebellion. He was very highly regarded as a Marine by rank and file from the Commandant on down, and well known to all top Naval officers of that era.

Otherwise, his caper with the famous cup might have led to most unhappy results.

In former days Mickey had flirted freely with John Barleycorn, but marriage and advancing years had transformed him into a total abstainer. But it so happened that a relative who owned a saloon in the city had imported for the holidays some Irish whiskey. Now, Irish whiskey had been Mickey's nemesis in the old days and an invitation to sample the shipment was more than Mickey could resist, a fact that was overlooked at the time he was sent forth to deliver the Wimbledon Cup. Thereafter for several hours he and the cup disappeared from official ken.

At the time, I was attached to the Commandant's office as NCO instructor in drill and military etiquette, a thankless task which involved drilling reservists, male or female, nightly on the Mall, south of the White House, and generally making a nuisance of myself in compelling adherence to regulation procedure by the Headquarters enlisted staff. Shortly after midday I encountered Sgt. Mulligan and his gleaming burden on the street and received such greeting as left no doubt of the Irishman's condition. I gave no further thought to the matter, however, until, some hours later, I was summoned by an aide to the general and asked about Mulligan's possible whereabouts. The cup had not arrived at its destination and the jeweler was worried. So was the aide and everyone else.

Shortly thereafter the Commandant summoned me and demanded to know where Mulligan was and summarily ordered that he be found and brought before him at 8:30 upon the following morning. Since no Marine could plead impossibility as excuse for disobeying an order, especially one which came directly from the lips of a hard-bitten

general such as George Barnett, no choice remained but to say, "Aye, aye, sir," smartly do an about face and set forth on the seemingly hopeless mission.

Fortunately, it was possible to locate Mickey by phone at his home and to transmit the general's order. Despite Mulligan's wild Irish declarations of rebellion, his fine wife assured me that the order would be obeyed and she did have the culprit on deck next morning to receive the bawling out the Old Man had ready.

Only later did we learn of the service to which the Wimbledon Cup had been put while Mickey was having his fling. He had, so we learned, decided to put the glittering mug to practical use by having it filled with eggnog and carrying it through the Navy Building to offer everyone, including the Chief of Naval Operations, a Yuletide drink. Good-naturedly the admirals and lesser fry had eased Mickey out with the excuse of being unable to drink while on duty, and he had gone his merry way only heaven knows where until, weary of carrying so heavy a burden, he had abandoned the froth-bedaubed gift of Queen Victoria in a saloon, the proprietor of which, providentially, knew where it was intended to be delivered and sent it to the jeweler.

This probably has been and will remain the sole instance in the history of this fabulous trophy when it has or will serve the basic purpose for which cups are intended. I like to believe that, somewhere in the great Out Yonder, Sgt. Mickey Mulligan, late of the Marines, grins his broad Irish grin whenever he recalls his little escapade and the task the jeweler must have had in scouring traces of eggnog from the priceless Wimbledon Cup before being able to deposit it as the centerpiece of his military window display.

END

Staff MCO Transfers

Compiled by
Corp. Kathleen Simmons



Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top three pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations. This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps. This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

MASTER SERGEANTS

ALFIERI, Anthony J. (0369) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCSC Albany Ga
ALLEN, Art H. (2771) MCB LeJ to MCB Campen
ALLARD, Frank W. (3049) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv Campen
ALLEN, Stanley G. (3371) MarPac to MCB Campen
ANDERSON, Arthur M. (6727) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
BALJO, Wallace L. (6413) 12thMCRD SFRan to AirFMFPac El Toro
BALLANCE, Henry C. (1419) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Campen
BANKER, Jacques (6251) MCS Quant to H&SB FMFPac El Toro
BARB, Ralph C. (0141) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB Campen
BAUER, Adolf N. (1841) MarPac to 1stMarDiv Campen
BELLSMITH, Jerry (6412) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
BEYER, Huston H. (6641) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
BODNAR, John P. (7141) 4thMCRD Phila to AirFMFPac El Toro
BOOKHARDT, Henry A. (1841) ForTrsFMFPac LeJ to MCSC Albany Ga
BOREN, Leon R. (3516) MarPac to MCB Campen
BOYDEN, William H. Jr. (3049) MARTD MARTC Grosse Ile Mich to MCRD PI
BROWN, John D. Jr. (3049) HQMC to MCSC Barstow Calif
BROWN, Robert L. (6413) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
BRUNER, David J. (2181) MCB LeJ to MCSC Albany Ga
BRYAN, John F. (3371) MarPac to MCB Campen
BULLARD, Arlice G. (3371) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv Campen
BUSH, William S. (6731) MB NB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
BYRNE, Lawrence M. (6413) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
CAMPBELL, Robert L. (0111) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
CASEBEER, Clyde B. (7041) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
COFFEY, Bernard W. (3371) MB NB Charleston SC to MCSC Albany Ga
COLLINS, David J. (1833) 3dMarDiv to ForTrsFMFPac LeJ
CONARD, Charles E. (0141) 1stMarDiv Campen to MCB Campen
CONNOLLY, Martin B. (0369) MarCorComp NavAdvGrp Korea to 1stMarDiv Campen
COOK, Rhel D. (3049) 9thEngrCo USMC Phoenix Ariz to MCB Campen
COWART, J. T. (6413) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
CRAWFORD, Lee (3049) MarPac to MB TI SFRan FFT
CUNNINGHAM, Lawrence E. (3537) 1stMAW to 2dMAW CherPt

DANOWSKI, Paul S. (2336) ForTrsFMFPac LeJ to MCAS Navy 990 c/o FPO SFRan
DAVIS, Thomas D. (3619) MARTC NAS Glenview Ill to FMFLant Norfolk Va
DE SIMONE, Vincent J. (0141) HQMC (State Dept Brussels Belgium) to 2dMAW CherPt
DUMSHA, Anthony W. (2111) MB NB Annapolis Md to MCS Quant
DYER, James K. (0141) 1stMarDiv Campen to MCB Campen
BAKER, Forrest D. (0369) MCRD PI to MB Navy 103 c/o FPO NY
FECCIA, William P. (0141) 1stMarDiv Campen to MCB Campen
FEMIA, Francis J. (9911) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro
FISHER, Dewitt C. (0141) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
FITZGERALD, Edward J. Jr. (2529) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv LeJ
FITZGERALD, Jack H. (0141) MCS Quant to MCB Campen
FLINN, Roy H. (0141) MCS Quant to MCB Campen
FOLLIS, Norman J. Sr. (3071) 2dMAW CherPt to MARTD MARTC NAS Grosse Ile Mich
FORSTER, George E. (0369) HQMC (State Dept Bonn Germany) to 2dMarDiv LeJ
FRED, William W. (0141) 9thSplInfCo USMC Greenville SC to MCRD PI
GEORGE, Robert P. (3349) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
GIFFORD, Shannon H. (1811) MarPac to MCB Campen
GODOWITZ, Burton L. (2771) MCB LeJ to MCB Campen
GOODWIN, Dible G. (0141) 1stMAW to 9thSplInfCo USMC Greenville SC
GORDON, Lyle L. (2771) MarPac to MCB Campen
GRAHAM, Arthur R. (6731) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
GREGORY, Joseph M. (1841) MarPac to MCB Campen
GRZESKOWIAK, John (0811) ForTrsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCB Campen
HAMILTON, Charles H. (6441) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB LeJ
HANER, David W. (6481) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro
HARANKA, John (0141) 1stMAW to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
HARMEYER, William J. (3411) MCS Albany Ga to HQMC
HARVEY, Vincent S. (2771) MCCoDep Phila to MCB Campen
HAYES, Glen M. (1169) 1stMAW to MCB LeJ
HAWKINS, John E. (0141) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
HAYES, Jess E. (6413) MCS Quant to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
HENDERSON, Charles C. (3349) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro

HENRY, Ralph T. (3371) MCS Quant to HQ FMFPac Navy 128 c/o FPO SFRan
HICKMAN, Edward L. (0141) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCSC Albany Ga
HIGGINS, Harold V. (0141) ForTrsFMFPac Campen to MCB Campen
HOFFMANN, Leo O. (1841) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCB LeJ
HOLLIS, Bettye R. (0141) MarPac to MCAS Navy 990 c/o FPO SFRan
JANKE, Gilbert W. (6511) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
JADZYK, Stanley J. (0141) 1stMarDiv Campen to MCB Campen
JOHNSON, Curtiss C. (3361) MarPac to MB TI SFRan FFT
JOHNSON, James J. (3519) HQMC to MCS Quant
JOHNSON, Marvin G. (0141) FMFLant MB Norfolk Va to AirFMFPac El Toro
JONES, Denver R. (6431) MAD NATTC Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
JORDAN, James L. (0811) FMFLant LeJ to MCRD PI
KNOX, Charles Jr. (6481) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro
KRUDWIG, Royce R. (6761) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
LANDRUM, James O. (0369) 2dMarDiv LeJ to 53dSplInfCo USMC Charleston SC
LANDRY, Joseph S. (1347) 3dMarDiv to MCB LeJ
LANGLEY, "J" "M" (0141) 67thSplInfCo USMC Port Hueneue Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro
LEPCZYK, Marlin J. (3537) 1stMarDiv Campen to MCB Campen
LEWIS, Willie "C" (0141) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
LIBBEY, Frank B. (6231) FlagAlw CincAcft to 2dMAW CherPt
LIGHTS, Vernon (3619) HQ FMFLant Norfolk Va to MCRD PI
LLOYD, Lewis J. (0141) 5thMCRD Arlington Va to AirFMFPac El Toro
LONG, Peter F. (3049) 5thMCRD Arlington Va to MB NB Brooklyn NY FFT
LOTT, Roy J. (3371) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCB Campen
MANNING, Harold E. (0369) FMFPac to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
MARESKI, Edward J. (3049) MCSupFwdAnnex Portsmouth Va to HQMC
MARION, Samuel N. (3049) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCB LeJ
MARKEY, Nathaniel (0141) ForTrsFMFPac Campen to MCB Campen
MATTHEWS, Eugene R. (4131) 1stMAW to MCAB CherPt
MATZ, Emil G. (0141) HQMC to MCRD PI
MAYER, Robert Jr. (6727) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
MC AULIFFE, James J. (1129) MB WashDC to MB TI SFRan FFT
MC CARTHY, Eugene S. (0231) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv Campen
MC CONNELL, Stanley H. (0141) 1stMarDiv Campen to MCB Campen

MC DEED, Donald (6431) MAD NATTC Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
MC INTIRE, Robert E. (1811) MarPac to MCB Campen
MC LELLAN, John W. (0141) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
MC MAIN, Sidney J. (0111) 1stMAW to MCRD PI
MERIWETHER, Gregg E. (1379) 1stMAW to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
MILLER, Wilbur (4111) 3dMarDiv to HQMC
MISIEWICZ, Clemence M. (2771) MCS Quant to MCRD SDiego
MITCHELL, Brevas G. (0141) 1stMAW to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
MITCHELL, James F. Jr. (3771) ForTrsFMFPac Campen to MB TI SFRan FFT
MORRIS, James L. (6413) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro
MUNN, Carmel (1871) FortpsFMFPac Campen to MCRD PI
NEAL, Leo C. Jr. (0369) 6th MCRD Atlanta Ga to 2dMarDiv LeJ
NORFLEET, Eugene A. (3516) 2dMAW to MCSC Albany Ga
NOVAK, Raymond L. (1169) 1stMAW to MCB LeJ
O'BUCH, Milton R. (7041) AirFMFPac Norfolk Va to AirFMFPac El Toro
PAGE, Kermit (3311) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro
PAYNE, Sam D. (0369) MCS Quant to 30thSplInfCo USMC Rottumwa Iowa
PEDERSON, Lester H. (3071) 1stMAW to MCAB CherPt
PETERSON, James A. (6413) MARTD MARTC NAS Minneapolis Minn to 2dMAW CherPt
POODRY, Francis E. (0811) HQMC (State Dept Lisbon Portugal) to ForTrsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
PRATCHOIS, Theodore S. (6413) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Memphis
RAWLINGS, Robert B. Jr. (0141) MB NAS Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
REISING, William R. (1411) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB Campen
ROBERTS, William F. (4691) PhibTraPac Coronado SDiego to MCB Campen
ROBINSON, Augusta L. (1841) MarPac to MCB Campen
ROFF, Norman W. (3049) 3dCargoCo USMC Charlotte NC to MB NAS Pensacola
ROGERS, John L. Jr. (3049) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
SEWELL, Frank W. (0141) MAG-31 Miami to MCSC Albany Ga
SHAW, Arthur S. Jr. (2639) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCRD SDiego
SHAW, Buford K. (2639) 1stMAW to MCRD SDiego
SHEA, Francis S. Jr. (3071) MARTD MARTC NAS Jax to MCAB CherPt
SHEFFY, Richard L. (2181) MCS Quant to MCSC Albany Ga
SHELTON, James E. (0141) MTG-20 CherPt to MCB Campen
SHERMAN, Jack W. (6413) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
SHUDA, Edmund F. Jr. (0369) 5thMCRD Chicago to 2dMarDiv LeJ
SHULTZ, James S. (6511) HQMC Sandia Base to MAG-31 Miami
SIMPSON, James A. (6413) MAD NATTC Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
SIMPSON, Joseph W. (6441) MAG-31 Miami to MARTD MARTC NAS Anacostia WashDC
SKJELLET, Edgar W. (1381) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCB Campen
STANLEY, Delbert L. (6413) MARTD MARTC Memphis to MAD NATTC Memphis
STECROW, Robert H. (0141) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
STOVALL, "E" "C" Jr. (3081) MCSupFwdAnnex Portsmouth Va to HQMC
STRUNK, Jack N. (3537) MB Clarksville Tenn to MB NB Annapolis Md
SWENSON, Earl K. (4631) MARTC NAS Glenview Ill to MCS Quant
TAFT, Donald M. J. (6413) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
TAGMYER, Howard B. (3349) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv Campen
TANKUNS, John E. (0141) 1stMAW to MCB LeJ
TAYLOR, Clinton T. (3516) MCS Quant to MCSC Albany Ga
TEICHMANN, Edward (1369) FortpsFMFPac Campen to MB NB TI SFRan FFT
THOMPSON, John J. Jr. (0141) 5thMCRD Arlington Va to AirFMFPac El Toro
THORNTON, John A. (3049) MarPac to MCB Campen
VANDIVER, Christopher Jr. (3071) MARTD MARTC NAS Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
VERSAW, Donald L. (4631) HQMC (MarCorInfoOff) to 1stMarDiv Campen
VIAR, John V. (6413) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
VOLPE, George A. (3371) 3dMAW Miami to MCB Campen
WADDICK, John E. (1169) MCS Quant to MCB Campen
WALACH, Stanley J. (1841) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MB TI SFRan FFT
WALDROP, William L. (0141) MCRD PI to MCB Campen
WALETKUS, Edward A. (7041) MARTD MARTC NAS Swaymouth Mass to AirFMFLant Norfolk Va

WATKINS, Garland M. (0141) 2d MarDiv LeJ to AirFMFPac El Toro
WEST, Roy M. (3537) 1stMAW to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
WHISEMAND, John H. (6413) MCAS CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
WILKES, Adolphus J. (3049) MCAB CherPt to MCB LeJ
WILLE, Elmer O. (3081) HQMC to MCSupFwdAnnex Portsmouth Va
WILLIAMS, Clayton O. (0141) MCAS El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
WILSON, James C. (4621) 1stMAW to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
WOLSCHLAGER, Edward P. (1379) MarPac to MCB CampPen
YOUNG, Carlton E. (3049) ForTrps-FMFPac CampPen to MCB CampPen
YOUNG, William J. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
ZELLER, John P. (5900) MCS Quant to MCSC Albany Ga

TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

ALBERTS, Charles E. Jr. (0141) MarPac to 9thMCRD Chicago
ALCARO, Saveto J. (6413) MAD NATTC Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
ALIFF, James E. (2639) MCSC Albany Ga to AirFMFPac El Toro
ALLEN, Sam Jr. (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCB LeJ
ARNOLD, Delmar F. (2771) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCB CampPen
BABYACK, John Jr. (4631) MCCloDep Phila to HQMC
BACKUS, William E. Jr. (2639) 1stMAW to MCSC Albany Ga
BAILEY, Jack (3371) 2dMarDiv LeJ to AirFMFPac El Toro
BAKER, Earl O. (0141) 9thMCRD Chicago to MCB CampPen
BALLANGER, John E. (3049) MCSC Albany Ga to 2dMarDiv LeJ
BARKAUSKAS, Albert C. (0369) MarPac to MB TI Sfran FFT
BARRETT, John E. (3049) 4thEngrCo USMCR Charleston WVa to MCSC Albany Ga
BARRON, Sanford O. (0141) 1stMAW to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
BARTEK, Leslie F. (3371) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv LeJ
BARTHOLOMEW, George (1379) MarCorComp NavAdvGru Korea to such MC acty within DP as CG may dir
BARTON, Paul (0369) MB Navy #103 c/o FPO NY to 2dMarDiv LeJ
BASS, Spencer R. (0369) MarPac to MB Navy #128 c/o FPO Sfran
BASTIEN, Joseph M. (1369) 3dMarDiv to MCB LeJ
BEAGLE, Kenneth R. (3049) MB NAS Pensacola to 2dMarDiv LeJ
BEANE, James O. Jr. (2336) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
BEARD, Donald (6413) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
BECK, Jimmie C. (0141) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCRD Bost
BEINSER, Billy J. (3049) MarCorComp NavAdvGru Korea to 1stMarDiv CampPen
BELLOIS, Charles (2771) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCB CampPen
BITTEN, John G. (6413) MCAS El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
BLOOD, William W. (3061) MCB LeJ to MCB CampPen
BOUCHARD, Ronald W. (2131) FMFPac to ForTrpsFMFPac El Toro
BOYDSTUN, Walter J. (0369) MarPac to MB Navy #128 c/o FPO Sfran
BRACKEN, George E. (6413) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
BROTHWELL, Roy E. (3049) MarPac to MB TI Sfran FFT
BROWN, Carl C. (6431) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
BURKE, George R. (3049) FMFPac to MCSC Albany Ga
CARR, Norbert P. (0141) MCAS El Toro to 9thMCRD Chicago
CHANEY, Charles F. (1316) 3dMarDiv to MCSC Albany Ga
CHENEY, Paul R. (6431) MCAS El Toro to MAD NATTC Jax
CLARK, Owen C. (0141) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB CampPen
CLINE, Warren A. (4131) MarPac to MCAS El Toro
CLINGAN, Robert L. (6441) MAG-31 Miami to MAD NATTC Memphis
CLOER, Thomas L. (3049) 2dMarDiv LeJ to HQMC
COLES, Earl W. Jr. (3049) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
COMBS, Edgar G. (3049) 3dAutoFid-MaintCo USMCR Atlanta Ga to MCB CampPen
COOGAN, John P. (0211) MCS Quant to HQMC
CRAWFORD, Jack B. (3537) MCAS Miami to MCB CampPen
CUPPLES, Edward M. (3371) MCSC Albany Ga to MB NB Phila
DARLEY, Mike L. (3371) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCB CampPen
DE CELIS, George (0111) MarPac to MB TI Sfran FFT
DE MARR, Joseph E. (0141) 8thMCRD Norfolk to MCB CampPen
DENNEY, Elmer J. (1381) HQMC (State Dept Istanbul Turkey) to 2d MarDiv LeJ
DIXON, Harry L. Jr. (4131) MCB LeJ to 2dMAW CherPt
DOETSCH, Matthew A. Jr. (1831) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac El Toro
DOXTATOR, Henry R. (0369) 1stMarDiv CampPen to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir

EASON, Robert H. (6413) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
ECKSTROM, Leonard C. (3561) MB WashDC to MCB CampPen
EDGAR, Francis J. (0141) 1stMAW to MCB LeJ
ELLIOTT, Gene T. (6481) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
ELLIS, William F. Jr. (0141) MCAS El Toro to 9thMCRD Chicago
ELLZEY, Frank S. (0369) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv CampPen
ENRIGHT, John D. Jr. (3049) MarPac to 1stMarDiv CampPen
FALVEY, Philip N. (2111) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCB CampPen
FAUBEL, Edward J. (0141) MarPac to 12thMCRD Sfran
FERRELL, Virgil (5711) MCRD PI to MCB CampPen
FERRIS, Thomas J. (3371) MCRD PI to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
FEY, George R. (0369) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MB NB West Fla
FLASHNER, Manuel J. (6411) MCRD SDiego to AirFMFPac El Toro
FOOTE, Eugene P. (1811) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCRD PI
FORD, Henry G. (6511) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
FRENCH, Gene T. (3049) MCSupFwdAnnex Portsmouth Va to MCB CampPen
GAGNON, Lewis T. (6413) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
GAMBLIN, Jack L. (2511) MarPac to MCB CampPen
GEIGER, Harold W. (2311) 2dMarDiv LeJ to MCRD PI
GEISKE, John Jr. (1169) 1stMAW to MCB LeJ
GENEST, Joseph P. (3071) MAD NATTC Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
GEORGE, Howard R. (3537) MarCorComp NavAdvGru Korea to MCS Quant
GOLABOSKI, Edmund W. (3371) 2dMarDiv LeJ to AirFMFPac El Toro
GOODRICH, Cyrus J. (3049) MB NAS Jax to MCB LeJ
GOODWIN, Harry M. (3371) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCB CampPen
GOSCHKE, Harry H. (5581) MCS Quant to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
GRAUSTEIN, Charles F. (3049) 2dMarDiv LeJ to 4thEngrCo USMCR Charleston WVa
GRETH, LeRoy R. (3411) MB NAS Lakehurst NJ to HQMC
GRIMES, Thomas E. (3537) MCS Quant to dir of 1stMCRD Boston
GUIDRY, Zenar P. (3436) ForTrps-FMFPac CampPen to NavPhipBase Coronado SDiego
GUTHIER, Jack N. (6641) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
HAFNER, John T. (4131) MarPac to MB Navy #926 c/o FPO Sfran
HANNA, Harry H. (3619) HQ FMF-Lant Norfolk Va to MCAS Miami
HARRIS, Richard T. (0141) MCRD PI to MCB CampPen
HARRIS, William E. (3371) 2dMarDiv LeJ to AirFMFPac El Toro
HART, Don C. (4621) MCS Quant to MCSC Albany Ga
HARTLEY, Robert L. (3049) MarPac to MCB CampPen
HARTON, Clyde A. (6413) MARTD MARTC NAS Atlanta Ga to MAD NATTC Memphis
HEADRICK, John R. (0231) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCB CampPen
HENNINGER, Archibald V. (6413) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
HIESTER, Wellington A. Jr. (6431) MAD NATTC Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
HIGGINS, Richard D. (1169) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv LeJ
HISER, Earl J. (9911) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv CampPen
HOLT, Arthur T. (0231) 1stMAW to ForTrpsFMFPac El Toro
HUDSON, William G. (6413) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
HULL, Denford J. (3061) ForTrps-FMFPac LeJ to MCB CampPen
HUTCHINS, Max D. (2543) 1stMAW to MCB LeJ
IMMROTH, Donald M. (3561) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
INGRAM, William S. Jr. (0141) WD USS COLUMBUS to 1stMCRD Boston
ISENBERG, George W. Jr. (2771) MarPac to MCB CampPen
JACKSON, Gerald W. (2561) MCAS Navy #990 c/o FPO Sfran to MCRD PI
JETMORE, Edward L. (3516) MCAB CherPt to MCSC Albany Ga
JEWETT, Harry R. (1841) MCS Quant to MCSC Albany Ga
JOHNSON, Clemson (1379) 3dMarDiv to MCB LeJ
JOHNSON, Richard F. (1169) 1stMAW to ForTrpsFMFPac El Toro
JONES, Richard W. (3071) 1stMAW to MCAB CherPt
JONES, Robert J. (0141) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB CampPen
KARLOVICH, Robert J. (6431) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
KEARNS, Dorothy (0141) MCAS Navy #990 c/o FPO Sfran to MCRD PI
KENNISON, Orren A. (5711) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCB CampPen

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



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TRANSFERS (cont.)

KING, Claude E. (2511) 1stMAW to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
KLUSTNER, Michael A. (0369) HQMC (State Dept Bombay India) to 1st-MarDiv CampPen
KNOK, Jerry M. (1811) HQMC (State Dept Santiago Chile) to MCB CampPen
KOLP, Walter R. (3049) HQMC (Amman Jordan) to MCB CampPen
LAGESSE, Gerald V. (1871) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
LAMCZYK, Everett E. (3411) 3dMAW Miami to HQMC
LANDRY, John E. (0811) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
LAWLER, Randall (6441) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB CampPen
LEITCH, Walter L. (1169) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen
LEWIS, Donald F. (3049) MarPac to MCB CampPen
LLOYD, Lowell R. (4611) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB CampPen
LOUGHIN, Winfield W. Jr. (1381) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
LOY, Chester C. (0811) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
MAC GEAR, Fred E. (6431) MAD NATTC Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
MALLARD, Ira T. (3049) 63dSplInfCo USMCR Pottsville Pa to MCS Quant
MATZ, Alvan L. (0141) 1stMCRD Boston to MD USS COLUMBUS
MC CULLOUGH, Clarence A. (1379) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCRD PI
MC DONALD, Robert A. (2311) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NS TI SFRan FT
MC DOWELL, Leo (3619) HQMC to MCAS Navy #590 c/o FPO SFRan
MC ELHATTON, Francis J. (2645) MCRD PI to MCRD SDiego
MC GOVERN, John M. (0811) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
MC GAFFIN, George C. (0211) MCAS El Toro to HQ FMFPac c/o FPO SFRan
MC INTYRE, George N. (3049) 3dMarDiv to MAD NATTC Memphis
MC KNIGHT, Jacob I. (1169) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen
MC MURRAY, Neal S. (3071) 6th-Sup Co USMCR Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
MEDLIN, John W. (1169) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
MEECE, Donald G. (0731) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
MILLER, Daniel M. L. (2639) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
MILLER, Norman F. (3071) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
MILLER, Thomas C. (6511) MCS Quant to MAD NATTC Jax
MITCHELL, James P. (0369) 5th-MCRD Arlington Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
MIZE, Clifton E. (0369) MB NGF WashDC to MCB CampPen
MOORE, David H. (0369) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
MOOREHEAD, Lyman D. (6413) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro
MOSER, Myrl A. (3049) MB MAD Hingham Mass to MCB CampPen
MUSGROVE, Richard P. (6412) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
MYERS, Paul A. Jr. (2539) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
MYERS, Paul H. (1841) MarCorComp NavAdvGru Korea to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
NEWTON, James T. (0141) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB CampPen
NIX, Homer (1369) MCB Lej to 2dMarDiv Lej
OLIVER, Russell D. (0141) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCB CampPen
OSTERHUS, Glenn A. (6441) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB CampPen
PARK, Augustine H. (6431) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
PAULSON, Thomas J. (3371) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCB CampPen
PAYTON, Donald G. (3371) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
PEACOCK, Virgil A. (0141) MCS Quant to MCB CampPen
PHIPPS, Olin M. (1131) MCAB CherPt to MCB CampPen
PORTER, Lewis A. Sr. (1841) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
PROKOPIC, Andrew E. (3049) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen
PROUTY, Cecil M. (0141) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
RAMIREZ, Paul M. (1131) 3dMarDiv to MAD NATTC Memphis
RAVENSCROFT, Marshall (3231) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
RAY, Blis (3311) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCRD PI
READ, Joe H. (1379) MCAS Miami to MCB CampPen
READE, Harold L. (2771) FMFPac to MCRD SDiego
REDLINGER, Robert G. (0431) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCRD PI
RIDGWAY, Carl E. (3049) 1stAutoFid-Maint Co USMCR Wyoming Pa to MCB CampPen
RIPLEY, Alfred W. (6431) MAD NATTC Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
RIZER, Clarence C. (2181) MCB Lej to MCB CampPen

ROBERTSON, James L. (0369) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
ROE, John D. (6419) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
ROGERS, Clinton E. Jr. (6431) MCAS Miami to MCAS El Toro
ROUDABUSH, Edward K. (5711) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCB CampPen
ROYER, William R. (5911) MCRD PI to MCB CampPen
RUSSELL, Ray P. (0121) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen
RUSSELL, Richard H. (3371) 3dMarDiv to MB Patuxent River Md
RUSSELL, Willis L. (3371) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCB CampPen
SCHAPER, Fred L. (3371) MarPac to MCB CampPen
SCOTT, Eugene T. (0231) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCB CampPen
SCHULTZ, Benny F. (0811) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
SEKERAK, Michael J. Jr. (3061) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
SHAPIRO, Milton (0231) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen

TANSEY, Lawrence J. (6611) MARTD NAS Niagara Falls NY to MCRD NATTC Memphis
TERRELL, Walter L. (1841) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
THACKSTON, George F. (2539) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCB CampPen
THIBODEAUX, Henry C. (0431) FMFPac Norfolk Va to MCB CampPen
THOMAS, Paul (6511) MAD NATTC Jax to 2dMAW CherPt
TUCK, Thomas E. (6413) MARTD NAS Glenview Ill to MAD NATTC Memphis
TUCKER, David F. (1831) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
TYLER, James E. (4691) 1stMAW to MCS Quant
URBAN, John A. (0141) MCS Quant to HQMC
WADDELL, Leonard C. (6412) CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
WALKER, Ted H. (0231) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
WALLACE, Frank H. Jr. (1833) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCRD PI

ANDERSON, Edward G. (1811) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
ANDERSON, Martha M. (0141) 9th-MCRD Chicago to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
ANGUS, Thomas P. (4131) 1stMAW to MB NB Boston
ARNOLD, Arthur E. (1369) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCB CampPen
AYERS, Thomas P. Jr. (0369) MarPac to 2dMarDiv Lej
BAILEY, Robert E. (6431) MCS Quant to MAD NATTC Jax
BAKER, Ernest A. (2561) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv Lej
BARGER, Paul B. (1369) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
BARNUM, Robert E. (4131) MCAS Miami to MCB CampPen
BARTER, William E. (6413) MARTD NAS Grosses Ile Mich to MAD NATTC Memphis
BEAM, Thomas P. (1881) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
BOLTON, Richard W. (0231) MCAS El Toro to MCB CampPen
BOWMAN, Alvin (1833) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
BOYD, William H. (3011) HQMC to MCB CampPen
BOYER, Richard W. (6431) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro
BOYLE, James K. (6413) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
BRECHBIEL, Richard C. (0141) MCRD PI to MCB CampPen
BRIGHT, John S. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
BRYANT, William J. (2638) MB NAD Earle NJ to MCB CampPen
BUCH, Claude T. (1379) MCS Quant to MCB CampPen
BUGHER, Leroy E. (3041) MARTD NAS Minneapolis Minn to MCB CampPen
BUSH, Marvin (6511) 3dMAW Miami to MB NPF Indian Head Md
BUXTON, James P. (6441) MTG-20 CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
CALDWELL, Mason W. (0231) MarPac to 1stMarDiv CampPen
CAMPBELL, Archie W. (0161) MarPac to MCAS El Toro
CAMPBELL, William E. A. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
CAPRON, Ralph O. (0369) MarPac to MCB CampPen
CARDENAS, Ramiro (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
CARPENTER, Fredland (3619) FMFPac to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
CARPER, Robert W. (6412) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
CASEY, John P. (2511) 2dMAW CherPt to MCRD SDiego
CHILDRESS, James A. (4312) 5th-MCRD Arlington Va to MCB CampPen
CHITTY, "J" "M" Jr. (1319) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro
CLARK, Walter W. (3049) MCSC Albany Ga to 6thSplInfCo USMCR Cumberland Md
CREEK, Carol F. (0369) MarPac to MB Navy #591 c/o FPO SFRan
CREWS, Erskine B. (4631) FMFPac Norfolk Va to AirFMFPac El Toro
COFFEY, Robert F. (1166) MCS Quant to MCB CampPen
COLES, Silas (0141) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro
COONEY, Daniel C. (0241) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
CORE, Medway N. (3041) MarPac to MCB CampPen
COWIN, Earl J. (2336) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv Lej
CUMMINS, Robert J. (0211) 11th-RifleCo USMCR Freeport NY to FMFPac Norfolk Va
DABNEY, "J" "W" (4131) MarPac to MCAS El Toro
DACS, Leo R. (6412) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
DA PRATO, Richard A. (3051) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
DAVIS, Albert L. (3051) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
DEL COLLO, Joseph E. (2531) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MB TI SFRan
DE LEON, Jimmy A. (0369) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv CampPen
DEL GALLO, Alfonso W. (0141) 2dSplInfCo USMCR Hingham Mass to MCB CampPen
DI BENERETTO, Anthony (0141) 2dSplInfCo USMCR Brooklyn NY to AirFMFPac NB Norfolk Va
DICKY, Luther H. Jr. (1381) 2dMarDiv Lej to MTG-20 CherPt
DILLON, James G. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
DRANGE, Lawrence W. (3041) 23d-SplInfCo Tacoma Wash to MCB CampPen
DUNGAN, Richard A. (1369) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro
DUNN, William A. (0141) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen
ECKHARDT, Ralph W. (0811) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
EVANS, James (1211) MCAB CherPt to MCB CampPen
EWING, Carville B. (1369) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
FISHER, Louis V. (1111) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
FISHER, William R. (3049) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to HQMC
FLOYD, Billy J. (6431) MCAS El Toro to MAD NATTC Jax
FORSYTH, James E. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
FRYE, Paul C. Jr. (3041) MCRD PI to MCB CampPen
GALUSZKA, John K. (3537) 3dMarDiv to MCB CampPen



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SHARKEY, Hugh A. (0141) MarPac to MB NS TI SFRan
SHARPE, Raymond A. (0241) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCRD PI
SHIMULUNAS, Arthur (0141) 1stMAW to 4thMCRD Phila
SILVA, William J. (1831) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
SITTON, Max G. (6727) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
SOSKO, Edward J. (0141) 1stMAW to MCSC Albany Ga
SPAETH, Raymond H. (0141) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCRD PI
SPEAS, Claire R. (3049) MarPac to MCB CampPen
STAMANT, Gerald A. (3371) MD Norfries to MCRD PI
STANSBURY, Arthur G. (1871) MarPac to MCB CampPen
STARK, A. J. (3516) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCRD PI
STEFFO, Jimmy (3071) MARTD NAS Glenview Ill to AirFMFPac El Toro
STEPHENSON, Jack P. (0211) FMFPac to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
STEVENS, Jack F. (1379) 3dMAW Miami to MCB CampPen
ST PETER, Arnold A. (3071) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
STROUD, Charles (0141) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to 12th MCRD SFRan
SULLIVAN, Robert P. (0911) MCAS Miami to MCSC Albany Ga
SWAIN, Gaylor W. (3516) MCS Quant to MCSC Albany Ga
TABER, James M. (3349) 1stMAW to MCAS El Toro

WALLS, Robert E. (0131) 1stMAW to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
WARD, Lyndolph (0369) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB Annapolis Md
WHITMAN, Parker B. (3071) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro
WILKINS, Albert L. (3049) 1stEngr-FldMaintCo USMCR Baltimore Md to MCB CampPen
WILLIAMS, John P. Jr. (0431) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac Norfolk Va
WILLIAMSON, Jarrell S. (3516) MCB Lej to MCSC Albany Ga
WOJCIKOWSKI, Edward P. (4631) 1stMAW to 6thMCRD Norfries
WOODS, Eugene P. (6431) MAD NATTC Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro
WOODWORTH, Lea E. (0141) MCAS Navy #590 c/o FPO SFRan to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
WRIGHT, Delbert A. (0111) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv CampPen
YORK, Frederick A. (3049) 3dMarDiv to MCB CampPen
YOUNG, James A. (0141) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
ZIHAR, Andrew (0369) MarCorComp NavAdvGru Korea to 2dMarDiv Lej
ZIMMERMAN, Norbert A. (0369) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv CampPen

STAFF SERGEANTS

ADAMS, Adelbert Jr. (3537) MCRD PI to MCB CampPen
ALEXANDER, Herbert G. (1381) MB NAS Jax to MCB CampPen
ALLEN, John D. M. (6761) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
ALLEN, Lloyd O. (9911) MCS Quant to HQMC

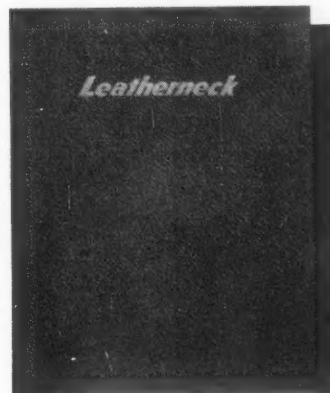
GARNER, George L. (0369) MarPac to MB NFF Indian Head Md
 GERRY, Chauncey C. (3371) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
 GOODMAN, Monroe A. (1379) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
 GRABENBAUER, Wayne E. (3361) 20thRifle Co USMCR Des Moines Iowa to MCS Quant
 GRIER, Norman L. (2741) MarPac to 1stMarDiv CampPen
 GRIGGS, Richard L. (0141) FlgAlw COMSIXTHFLT to FMFLant Norfolk Va
 GUETERMAN, Frank J. (0369) 4th-MCRRD Phila to MCB CampPen
 GUILLORY, Claude M. (3516) MCB Lej to MCSC Albany Ga
 GUNNING, Robert H. (0369) MCS Quant to MCRD PI
 GUZMAN, Richard (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
 HAMILTON, Norman E. (0241) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB CampPen
 HAMILTON, William W. (2533) 1stMAW to MCB Lej
 HANBECK, Raymond A. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
 HARRIS, Kenneth L. (3031) MCSC Albany Ga to MCB CampPen
 HAWKINS, Melvan E. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
 HEATH, Marion D. (3531) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
 HEISLER, John E. (0811) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to MCRD PI
 HICKMAN, Brent (0369) MarPac to 1stMarDiv CampPen
 HOLMES, Rex D. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
 HOPKINS, Harry L. (0369) MCB Lej to MCB CampPen
 HUTCHINS, Elizabeth (4631) MCAS El Toro to MCRD PI
 INGHAM, L. W. (3516) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
 IRVIN, Bobby F. (3531) HQMC (State Dept Ankara Turkey) to 3dMarDiv
 JEFFERY, Harry D. (0141) 1stMAW to 4thMCRRD Phila
 JOEHNN, George D. (0231) 2dMAW CherPt to MCB CampPen
 JONES, Robert C. Sr. (0369) MCRD PI to MCB Lej
 JORS, Elmer (3531) MCAS El Toro to MCB CampPen
 JUUL, Roy S. (3531) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCRD PI
 KING, Floyd (0761) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCRD PI
 KIRKES, Louis C. (3516) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCB CampPen
 KOCHMANN, Earl H. (0141) 2dMAW CherPt to 8th MCRRD Chicago
 KOHTALA, John R. (1341) 2dMarDiv Lej to 3dShoParty GruCo USMCR Kalamazoo Mich
 KRAPP, Frederick E. (1841) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lej
 LA COURSE, Robert E. (0811) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
 LE BLANC, Lawrence J. (0141) 4th-MCRRD Phila to MCRD PI
 LEISTER, Edgar E. (2636) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
 LEPP, George W. (3041) 46thSoltInfCo USMCR Albany NY to MCB CampPen
 LEWIS, Billy C. (3311) MB NAD Hawthorne Nev to FMFPacForTrps CampPen
 LOGAN, Bernard W. (2531) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCB Lej
 LUMPKINS, Sellards L. (3211) MC-CloDep Phila to MB TI Sfran FFT
 LUTZ, Joseph D. (3055) 5thMCRRD Arlington Va to MCB CampPen
 MABEN, Robert M. (6511) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
 MACK, Leroy A. (3041) MarPac to MCB CampPen
 MAHER, Joseph M. (0141) MD Portsmouth NH to 1st MCRRD Boston
 MANCARI, William R. (0141) 8th-MCRRD Norfries to MCB Lej
 MARKS, John B. (0141) 1stMCRRD Boston to AirFMFPac El Toro
 MARTINEZ, Samuel A. (3061) MCS Quant to MCB CampPen
 MASSIE, Hubert D. Jr. (3041) MB Navy #188 c/o FPO NY to 3dMarDiv Lej
 MASSIE, Melvin J. (1369) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lej
 MATTHEWS, Robert (0369) MCB Lej to MCB CampPen
 MC CROREY, Evelyn (3041) MCAS Navy #590 c/o FPO Sfran to MCAS El Toro
 MC LAUGHLIN, John (0121) MB Boston to MCB Lej
 MC LAIN, William F. (2539) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCB CampPen
 MC QUEEN, Albert M. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
 MENCHEN, Lon A. (1141) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCSC Albany Ga
 MEYERS, James D. (6441) MTG-20 CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
 MIECZKOWSKI, Kashmier (1369) MarCorComp NavAdvGru Korea to MCS Quant
 MILLER, Richard W. (0141) HQMC to MB WashDC
 MINNICK, Charles A. (3361) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
 MINOR, Cleaudus H. (1833) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
 MISOOM, John F. Jr. (0111) MCB Lej to MCRD PI
 MOON, James F. (3371) ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen to AirFMFPac El Toro
 MOORE, James W. Jr. (0369) 3dMarDiv to MB Navy #3923 c/o FPO Sfran
 MOREAU, Perry P. (0911) MarPac to MCB CampPen
 NASH, Gail L. (4131) 1stMAW to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir

NICHOLS, Elisha L. (0369) 3dMarDiv to such MC acty as CG of DP may dir
 NORRIS, Curtis J. (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
 O'DELL, Ray K. (2531) 5thInfBn USMCR Detroit Mich to MCB CampPen
 O'DONNELL, William J. (4111) HQMC to MCAS Miami
 OLSEN, George E. (2645) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCB Lej
 PARKER, John G. (2639) 1stMAW to MCSC Albany Ga
 PASHKOWSKY, Paul (3311) 1stMAW to MCS Quant
 PEARSON, Louis D. (4131) 1stMAW to MB NLondon Conn
 PERRINE, Harlan E. (1161) 1stMAW to MCS Albany Ga
 PERRY, Joseph (3261) MCS Quant to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
 PETERSEN, Carl J. (1871) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
 PHILBRICK, Peryland F. (0241) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCB CampPen
 POTTS, Marshall (6413) MARTD MARTC Grosse Ile Mich to AirFMFPac El Toro
 PYBURN, Charles V. (1131) 1stMAW to MB WashDC
 QUINN, Harold E. (3516) MCB Lej to MCSC Albany Ga
 RABER, William E. (1831) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
 REINKE, Eberhard P. (2773) FMFPac to MB TI Sfran
 REYNOLDS, Billy C. (3516) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
 RICHARDSON, Primus W. (1169) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
 RICHBOURG, Oia T. (3041) FMFPac to MCAS El Toro
 ROBERTSON, Walter (1129) 1stMAW to 2dMarDiv Lej
 ROBINSON, Carey W. (1534) MCCloDep Phila to MCB CampPen
 ROMP, John R. (2331) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lej
 SAUNDERS, George R. (1814) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCRD PI
 SAWYER, Raymond B. (1347) MB NB Phila to MCB Lej
 SELF, Marvin W. (0141) 1stMAW to 8th MCRRD Norfries
 SERETTE, Robert L. (6413) MARTD MARTC Grosse Ile Mich to AirFMFPac El Toro
 SHORT, Burl (3049) 1stMAW to 2dMAW CherPt
 SIMKINS, Joseph R. (0141) 1stMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro
 SIMON, Neal C. (6431) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Jax
 SISLER, John W. (1811) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCRD PI
 SMITH, James W. (0111) MCAS Navy #990 c/o FPO Sfran to 1stMarDiv CampPen
 SMITH, Milo D. (3371) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
 SMITH, Roy J. (6413) MAD NATTC Memphis to Air FMFPac El Toro
 SOMMERVILLE, Gary J. (2531) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MCB Lej
 SPRADLIN, Howard E. (0811) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
 STREETMAN, Garland (0141) 1stMarDiv CampPen to MCB CampPen
 SWYSZ, Milan J. (0359) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv CampPen
 SZAKALY, James E. (3516) MCS Quant to MCB CampPen
 TAYLOR, James C. (0848) FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lej
 TAYLOR, William H. (3041) 1stMAW to MCB Lej
 THAIRE, Grover E. (0369) MCRD PI to MCB CampPen
 THOMPSON, Gerald L. (2531) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lej
 THURMAN, James G. (1831) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFPac CampPen
 TINDELL, Edward E. (2543) 3dMAW Miami to MCRD PI
 TOBIN, Charles W. Jr. (1347) MCB Lej to MCB CampPen
 TOERNE, William G. (6481) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
 TOTH, Albert A. (3041) MCB Lej to MB WashDC
 TUSIA, Santo R. (3041) 3dMarDiv to MCB Lej
 UTTERBACK, John W. (0369) MB NAS Patuxent River Md to 2dMarDiv Lej
 VAN DRUFF, Roscoe W. (0369) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
 VEIGEL, Robert E. (6413) MARTD MARTC NAS Norfolk Va to AirFMFPac El Toro
 WILLIAMS, John O. (1831) 3dMarDiv to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
 WILLIAMS, Ronald B. (2533) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB CampPen
 WILSON, Thomas E. Jr. (0741) MarPac to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
 WINDHAM, Harold E. (0369) MCB Lej to MCSC Albany Ga
 WORKMAN, Clifton E. (3613) 1stMAW to MCB Lej
 WRIGHT, Jerry G. (0369) 3dMarDiv to MD NavRetraCom Norfolk Va
 WYNNIS, Joseph B. (6413) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
 YORK, James M. (0811) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
 YOUNG, Paul D. (3049) MB Norfolk Va to AirFMFLant Norfolk Va
 ZIOLKOWSKI, Stanley (0141) 1stMAW to 10thAWBtry USMCR Kansas City
 ZUPON, John R. (3537) 3dMarDiv to MCAS El Toro

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 80]

● *Your first sergeant is correct. The Universal Military Training and Service Act applies equally to citizens and non-citizens; all are subject to the eight-year military obligation.*

Upon the expiration of your current enlistment in the Marine Corps you will be transferred to the Marine Corps Reserve for the remainder of the eight-year period which began on April 7, 1953.—Ed.

HOBBY

Dear Sir:

I am 11 years old, and I have a hobby of collecting shoulder patches of the United States Armed Forces. I wonder if some of your readers might have an extra patch and send it to me?

Michael M. Payne
2550 Camellia St.,

Pueblo, Colorado

● *We believe you'll find that our readers are very cooperative, Michael.—Ed.*

MARINE WIVES

Dear Sir:

I am writing on behalf of the Marford Staff NCO Marine Wives' Club, U. S. Marine Corps Supply Forwarding Annex, Portsmouth, Va. Our club was organized locally in January, 1955, and we are now desirous of obtaining information regarding the United States Marine Wives of America.

I would appreciate it if you can furnish me this information or tell me where I can write to obtain same.

Mrs. Lurena T. Booner
Secretary, Staff NCO Marine
Wives' Club
11 Blue Street,

Portsmouth, Va.

● *We are publishing your letter in the hope that some of our readers may be of help.—Ed.*

BACK BLAST

Dear Sir:

I have received the *Leatherneck* for the past four years. One of the most interesting articles I find to read is "The Old Gunny Says . . ." I feel it is most educational for every Marine to receive this information whether he is in the field or not. However, I would like to call your attention to the picture that was drawn for the September, 1955, article. I am sure that the Old

Gunny will agree with me that the Marine behind the 75 Recoilless Rifle had better be hiding his head instead of his ears. I am sure that the artist did not want to mislead anybody about the back blast of the 75 Recoilless, but I would have put the Marine about the same place that the gunner is sighting in.

I hope that this letter is of interest to you so that Marines who are not familiar with the "75" as Recoilless Marines are, do realize the danger of the back blast and may be of help to the infantrymen who may fight beside one in combat.

George S. Bock, Jr.,
Baltimore, Md.

● *Thanks for the reminder Mr. Bock. The Old Gunny advises everyone to "stand clear."—Ed.*

TINY TRAVELERS

Dear Sir:

I would like to find out at just what age a child has to be to travel by ship to Hawaii. The Army Transportation Officer said it was six months. The Marine Corps Recruiting Office said that it was anywhere from six weeks to six months. The Navy Recruiting



Officer didn't know, and my husband writes and says it is any time after the doctor will release you. So you see, no one seems to agree.

If you can give me an official answer, I will be deeply grateful.

Mrs. D. M. Tallman,
5045 W. 10th Ave.,
Denver 4, Colorado

● *Normally, a child should be six months of age before traveling overseas.—Ed.*

VARIOUS INTERPRETATIONS

Dear Sir:

Again the question has arisen as to the length of time a Reserve on active duty must serve.

Various interpretations have been given to me by both enlisted men and

officers. Perhaps if you would clarify for me the date of my release from active duty, it would give a more accurate understanding of the policy.

I joined the Active Reserve on September 15, 1953, (for a three-year Reserve enlistment), served one year exactly as a Reserve in my hometown of Washington, D. C., attending the meetings regularly. I applied for and went on extended active duty for a period (quoting my original orders) of 24 months. I reported to Parris Island, S. C., for my recruit training on the 16th of September, 1954. I was informed by my Reserve unit that I would be required to serve only 24 months but since there has been so much debate the past months, I would like for you to clear up my case. All of my personal plans are based on your answer.

Corp. George R. Murray, Jr.,
Training and Test Regt.,
H&S Co., Sub Unit #2,
Marine Corps Schools,
Quantico, Virginia

● *Your original orders reveal that you were ordered to extended active duty for a period of 24 months. You should be eligible for release from active duty on completion of that 24-month period.—Ed.*

NEW RESERVE BILL

Dear Sir:

With the President signing the new Reserve Bill into law, one question comes into my mind. The Bill clearly states that personnel now in the Armed Forces, upon completion of one year active duty, may return to a Reserve status where they are obligated to serve three years in the Ready Reserve and then transfer to the Standby Reserve for the remainder of their obligation. I realize that there is a clause which states: "if an individual may be spared." It is that I am in question about. Has the Commandant of the Marine Corps set forth a policy concerning releases under this Bill, or is one expected in the near future?

Corp. John G. Kilburn
VMR-353 Navigator,
Marine Corps Air Station,
Miami, Florida

● *The early release program (referred to in your letter) is one of five "special enlistment programs" authorized by the Reserve Forces Act of 1955, each of which is to be utilized within the discretion of the Armed Forces concerned.*

At this time, none of the Armed Forces, including the Marine Corps, contemplates authorizing early releases from active military service under the provisions of the Reserve Forces Act of 1955.—Ed.

END

BULLETIN BOARD

BULLETIN BOARD is Leatherneck's interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

MUSTERING OUT PAY EXTENSION . . . A recent amendment to the Veterans' Readjustment Assistance Act of 1952 has extended (until July 16, 1956) the period during which applications for mustering out payment may be submitted by members of the Armed Forces who served on active duty on or after June 27, 1950, and who were discharged or relieved from active service under honorable conditions prior to July 16, 1952.

STATE BONUS LAWS FOR KOREA SERVICE . . . The following information concerns State Bonus laws which authorize bonus benefits to personnel who have had military or naval service since the beginning of the Korean conflict (June 27, 1950).

CONNECTICUT

AMOUNT: \$10.00 per month for service during the period 27 June, 1950, and October 27, 1953. Maximum payment \$300.

SERVICE: Minimum of 90 days' service and honorable discharge.

RESIDENCE: Minimum of one year preceding active duty.

DEADLINE: Unknown.

NEXT OF KIN: Survivors of servicemen who died on active duty or as a direct result of service . . . are eligible for the maximum \$300.

ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO: Bonus Division, State Treasurer's Office,
State Capitol,
Hartford 4, Connecticut

INDIANA

AMOUNT: \$15.00 per month for each month served in the Korean area. \$600.00 for veterans who had 10% or more service-connected disability.

SERVICE: Active duty at any time between the period beginning June 27, 1950, and ending January 1, 1955.

RESIDENCE: Unknown time limit.

DEADLINE: June 30, 1956

NEXT OF KIN: Receive \$600 for servicemen who died in service or as a result of service-connected disability.

ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO: Bonus Division,
Indiana Department of Veterans' Affairs
431 North Meridian St.,
Indianapolis 4, Indiana

LOUISIANA

AMOUNT: \$250.00 for service in the Korea combat area. \$150.00 for overseas service outside the Korea combat area.

SERVICE: Active duty for at least 90 days between June 27, 1950, and July 26, 1953.

RESIDENCE: Citizen of Louisiana at time of entry in service.

DEADLINE: December 31, 1956

NEXT OF KIN: Eligible survivors (unremarried widows, children, parents) of servicemen who die before December 1, 1955, as the result of service injuries or disease contracted within the prescribed 1950-53 dates, may qualify for \$1000.

ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO: Department of Veterans' Affairs,
Old State Capitol Building,
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

MASSACHUSETTS

AMOUNT: \$300 for foreign service. \$200 for more than six months active service in the United States. \$100 for 90 days stateside service.

ACTIVE DUTY PERSONNEL: Personnel who have been discharged and reenlisted subsequent to June 25, 1950, and are serving regular enlistment contracts, may apply. Three years on active duty subsequent to June 21, 1950, are required for

TURN PAGE

BULLETIN BOARD (cont.)

indefinite enlistees and commissioned officers.

SERVICE: Minimum of 90 days service between June 25, 1950, and January 31, 1955, inclusive.

RESIDENCE: Six months immediately prior to entry in military or naval service.

DEADLINE: None

NEXT OF KIN: If veteran died in service, \$300 to eligible survivor, otherwise, only the amount he would have received if he were alive.

ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO: Veterans' Bonus Commission,
15 Ashburton Place,
Boston 8, Massachusetts

MICHIGAN

AMOUNT: \$10 per month of domestic service. \$15 per month for foreign service. \$500 maximum.

SERVICE: Minimum of 61 days during period 27 June, 1950, to 31 December, 1953.

RESIDENCE: Six months immediately prior to entering service.

DEADLINE: None

NEXT OF KIN: Certain survivors may be eligible for \$500 if the veteran died while in service or from service-connected causes.

ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO: Adjutant General of Michigan
Military Pay (Bonus) Section,
Box 1401,
Lansing 4, Michigan

SOUTH DAKOTA

AMOUNT: 50 cents a day for stateside service (\$500 maximum)
75 cents a day for foreign service or sea duty (\$650.00 maximum)

SERVICE: Active duty between 25 June, 1950, and 27 July, 1953.

RESIDENCE: Six months or more immediately prior to entering service.

DEADLINE: July 1, 1956

NEXT OF KIN: If veteran died in service between above dates, maximum \$650 payments will be made to eligible survivors.

ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO: South Dakota Veterans' Bonus Board,
Pierre, South Dakota

VERMONT

AMOUNT: \$10 per month not exceeding a total of 12 months.
\$120 maximum.

SERVICE: Honorable discharge from an enlisted status served between June 27, 1950, and January 31, 1955.

RESIDENCE: One year immediately prior to entering service.

DEADLINE: None

NEXT OF KIN: If veteran died of service connected causes, maximum is payable to eligible survivor, otherwise, only the amount the veteran would have received if he were alive.

ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO: Adjutant General, State Office Building,
Montpelier, Vermont

WASHINGTON STATE

AMOUNT: \$200 for at least a year's service with some portion thereof being outside continental U. S. \$150 for at least 90 days' service but less than a year, where any part of such service was outside the continental limits between the prescribed dates. \$100 for at least 90 days' service in continental limits of the United States.

SERVICE: At least 90 days' active duty between June 27, 1950, and July 26, 1953 (Servicemen who have been continuously in the U. S. Armed Forces for a period of years or more prior to June 27, 1950, do not qualify).

RESIDENCE: One year immediately prior to entering service.

DEADLINE: December 31, 1957

NEXT OF KIN: If veteran dies before June 10, 1955, survivors, in the following order may collect the amount payable: unremarried widow, children, parents.

ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO: Division of Veterans' Compensation
114 North Columbia,
Olympia, Washington

END

We-the Marines

Edited by TSgt. Allen G. Mainard

"But, Sir . . ."

No one will admit to actually hearing it, and nary a soul can be found who will venture more than a smile when asked for the details. Yet it is generally believed, on "fairly reliable authority," that it happened.

It appears that current regulations governing the authority to grant additional leave time—for bringing in an applicant for enlistment—were slightly misconstrued by a young Kentucky Marine.

With an air of hesitancy, the beardless Marine approached the desk of the recruiting station sergeant major in Louisville. Clutching another youth's arm with a steel grip, he maneuvered to a position directly in front of the six-striper.

He inquired if it was true that an extra five days' leave time would be given for a live recruit. Answered in the affirmative, he pushed his slightly reluctant companion forward and said plaintively:

"Sergeant Major, I'm 23 days over leave, but I need a couple more days. It took a heap of lookin'—but I found one for y'all. Now . . . kin I please have that extry five days?"

TSgt. H. W. Timrud, USMC
Procurement Aids Branch
5th MCRRD

Army Instructs Marines

The United States Army is teaching the Marines how to be teachers at the Fort Monmouth, N. J., Signal Corps installation.

All NCOs serving as instructors at Marine Barracks, Earle Naval Ammunition Depot, attend the 80-hour Instructor Training Course conducted by the Army Signal School.

The School's Instructor Training Section, headed by Doctor Joseph Frank, a graduate of Columbia University Teacher's College, has received nationwide recognition in military circles for its efficiency and effectiveness in training.

TURN PAGE



Photo by Louis Lowery

Dorothy Johnson, runner-up in the 1955 Miss America Pageant, was voted "Miss Leatherneck" by Washington's Marine Corps Reservists

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

ing instructors within a short period of time.

Two Marines a week are sent to the school and they receive the same instruction given to Signal Corps officers, Army enlisted men and civilians. Needless to say, in the best tradition of the Marine Corps, the Marines have compiled an outstanding record as pupils and, more important—as instructors.

It was the commanding officer of Marine Barracks who suggested that Marines be sent to the Signal School for instructor training. He is among the first to agree that the instructor is the pivotal point for effective instruction.

The 80-hour course, as given by the Signal School, is designed essentially to increase the effectiveness of Signal Corps instructors while teaching technical subjects to military personnel. Nearly 7000 students have attended the course.

Office of Public and Technical Information
Headquarters, Signal Corps Center
Fort Monmouth, New Jersey

Canadian Visitors

A day with the special landing team of Her Majesty's Canadian Ship *New*



Official USMC Photo

Corp. D. D. Skinner showed Chief R. Turcotte of the HMCS *New Glasgow*'s landing party one of the Corps' favorite assault weapons



Official U. S. Navy photo

The Honorable Cavendish Cannon, former Marine, now the U. S. Ambassador to Greece, inspected

the Marine Honor Guard aboard the USS *Intrepid* when the carrier anchored at the Port of Piraeus

PERRY

[continued from page 57]

member Col. Walsh, fired a 1155 to win the NRA .45 caliber team championship, eight points ahead of the second place Army Blue team.

Other members of the Marine Grey team were: Technical Sergeant Frederick W. Filkins, of San Diego, First

Lieutenant William W. McMillan, Jr., of Parris Island; and First Lieutenant Robert E. Martin of 29 Palms.

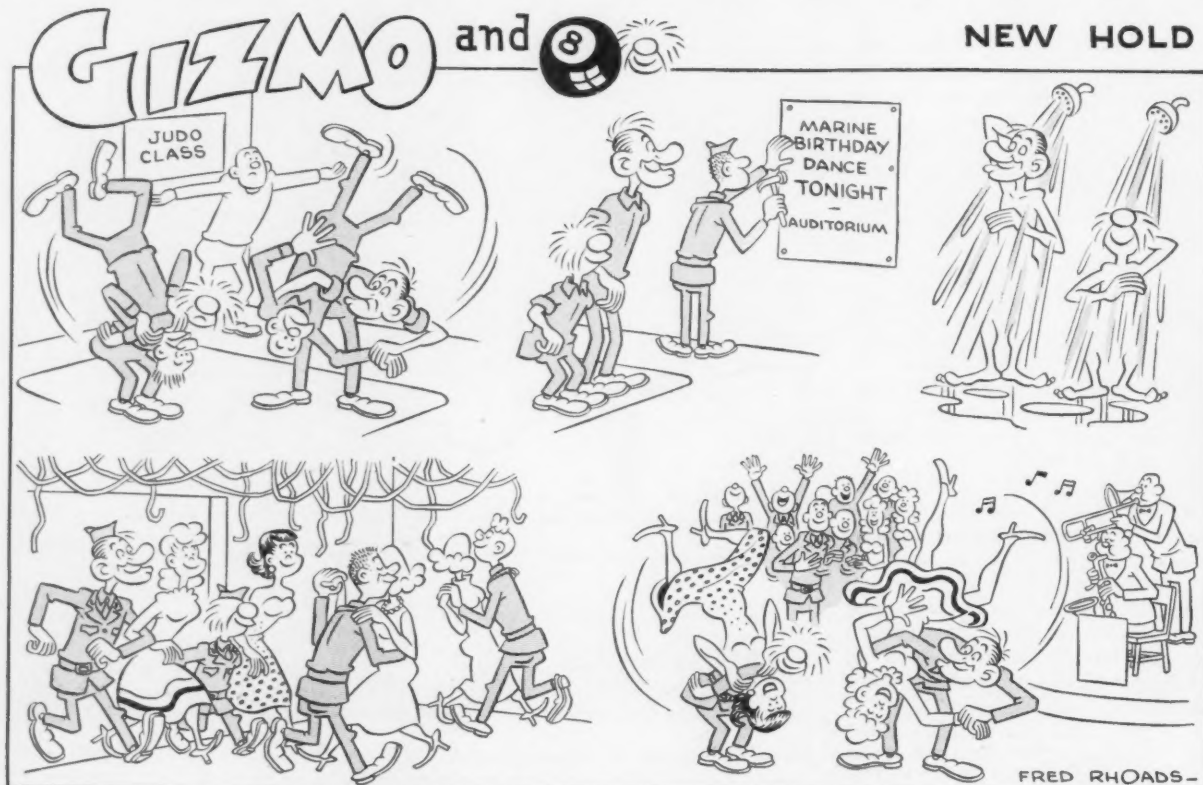
In another pistol victory for the Marines, Sergeant Edmund S. Sarver, of NAS, Stockton, Calif., won the Army Center Fire Rapid Fire Match.

Marine Reservists won the Rattlesnake Trophy for being the top Reserve team in the National Trophy Team Rifle match, and captured the top Reserve spots in the National Rifle Association Service Rifle Championship and Match Rifle Championship.

Lieutenant Colonel Emmet O. Swanson, a Minneapolis dentist and captain of the Reserve contingent, was the top Reservist in the Match Rifle championship and Pfc Donald R. Oliver, of San Diego, was the No. One Reservist with a service rifle.

A recapitulation showed that the Reservists, coached by Lieutenant Colonel James H. Christopher, of Spartansburg, S. C., walked off with 75 medals and other individual awards, more than double the high for previous Marine Reserve squads.

END





Strain showed on tired faces as the fire fighters paused for food and a moment of much-needed rest



Even after fighting fire for 12 hours, the Marines could still march in cadence and sing their hymn

OPERATION FIRE

[continued from page 73]

the helicopter reached the edge of the fire the flames were shooting 150 feet in the air and huge columns of smoke hung over the entire area. Three times the Coast Guard pilot attempted to send the chopper over the flames but the strong wind coming over the mountains forced the small ship dangerously close to the boulder-strewn mountain side and the attempt had to be abandoned.

When the helicopter returned and the pilot reported his unsuccessful attempts, Lieut. Fields, Master Sergeant A. C. Davidson, the unit's first sergeant, and Technical Sergeant Frank Rilea threw the containers of water into a jeep and fought their way into the area, and succeeded in reaching the thirsty Marines. Later a relief column of two trucks and several jeeps went in to bring the Marines out. Back at camp the marooned group related how they laid in a clear area and, holding clothes over their faces, sweated out the fire that raged over and around them for several hours. Many of the trapped fire fighters had the soles of their boot-soles burned when they walked over the hot ground to a safer position after the flames had passed over.

Lieut. Todd's unit wasn't the only group of Marines to find themselves suddenly in the center of a raging furnace. Other platoons had the same experience and the lack of casualties was credited to the coolness on the part of the young officers and NCOs who guided the trainees. The panic button was not a part of the Marines' gear.

Tuesday was a repeat performance of the past several days. The advancing line of flames continued to lick across

fire breaks dug during the night and the Marines were on constant call. By evening several major threats had been eliminated but the trench digging continued. Marines worked side by side with Seabees, Indians and veteran fire fighters of Idaho, Washington and Oregon and, as the light of the morning rolled into the Santa Ynez Valley, all fighters were adopting an optimistic attitude. The Santa Barbara radio announced the fire would be completely contained by 1800 Wednesday evening. A final conference with top officials of

the Forestry Service and Col. McCabe resulted in the announcement that the Marines would be secured at 2400 and would leave the following morning.

Throughout the entire participation of the Second ITR in fighting the fire, Camp Pendleton had additional relief forces standing by. A battalion of FMF troops and the CamPen Test Unit were prepared to move out if they were needed. Fortunately, the fire was brought under control—but only after 80,000 acres had been destroyed. The loss amounted to eight million dollars.

END



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GLORY

[continued from page 43]

dervishes. The impetus of their initial rush carried the Americans right up to the base of the fort and so saved them serious casualties. The Koreans could not depress their pieces enough to cover the dead space under the wall and their powder burned too slowly to let them get off more than one volley before the Americans were on them.

Though their eventual defeat was as inevitable as anything possibly could be, the Koreans settled down to their work with fanatical tenacity. The tiger hunters, singing their spine-chilling war dirge, led the fighting. They manned the parapets and with spear and sword contested every inch. They threw rocks with astonishing force and accuracy. When their hands were empty of weapons, they picked up dirt and threw it in the invaders' eyes to blind them. Expecting no quarter and no relief, the Koreans fought on until they were all killed or wounded—and the wounded destroyed themselves to avoid capture.

All this bravery was no match for the Americans and their quick-firing weapons. The Koreans were defeated. But their defeat was not due to any lack of courage on their part. Their defeat was due to the fact that they were meeting good fighting men armed with superior weapons. There is a

moral to be drawn from this, though here is probably not the place to do it. Be that as it may, the record shows that the Koreans lost some 350 men on this day, while the American casualties were three men killed, including Lieutenant Hugh W. McKee of the Navy, and 10 wounded.

With the fall of the Citadel, the garrisons of the other forts along the Kangwha side of the river withdrew. The Americans went undisturbed about the business of neutralizing the fortifications. The landing force was then re-embarked and the American squadron stood out to sea on July 3rd, after 35 days in Korean waters. The Marines brought with them the big Korean

flag they had captured in the fighting.

In the United States the whole affair attracted little attention. The *New York Herald* dismissed it as "our little war with the heathen." A tablet was erected to McKee's memory in the chapel at the Naval Academy, and there the matter rested.

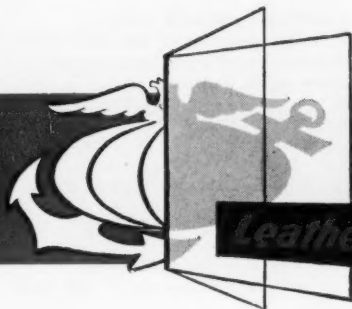
But it is nice to know that when General Pate made his reconnaissance of Kangwha not quite 83 years after these events and met with the elder statesmen of the city, the Myon Chief caused the famous Kangwha bell to be sounded. The bell was rung on this occasion not to warn of the approach of an enemy, but to signal the arrival of a friend.

END



"He couldn't make up his mind!"

Leatherneck Magazine



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Gyrene Gyngles

The Harder Way

Cross the ocean in a tug boat,
Land the troops in surf and spray,
Belay that word, let's think a moment,
There must be a harder way!

Stand guard duty when it's raining,
Buck a line to get your pay,
What the heck, it's all on twenty
And there must be a harder way.

No need to profane or sweat it,
Sure as there's another day,
And one darned sergeant left living,
He'll find that harder way!

Corp. Eston Roberts

Birthday Of A Marine

Happy Birthday, Marine!
Wear your uniform with pride.
And be ever loyal to the guys
Who serve there by your side.

Be strong and brave and proud and good,
And rough and tough and true.
Here's a clearer explanation:
Just continue being you!

Barbara Celli

Mess Duty

A messman's lot is really tough,
The day does not have hours enough.
For when you're sleeping like a rock,
They get you up, "It's three o'clock!"

Though it seems you just got through
The Mess Hall gets swabbed anew.
By dawn it's finally squared away,
You're ready then to start the day.

The sugar bowls must all be filled.
(Sweep the deck of all you've spilled)
The salt and pepper shakers, too.
A hundred different jobs to do.

There's carrots, onions, and spuds to peel;
Enough for the Army, too, you feel.
When this job's done it simply means,
You start on celery, squash and beans.

Three times a day you serve the line,
"You call this FOOD?" the usual whine.
Stagger away with mind in a daze,
Off to the scullery to wash the trays.

Feet are dragging and eyes see spots;
The day is finished by walloping pots,
Gently encouraged by the mess sergeant's
roar,
"The laziest messman I've seen in the
Corps!"

So take away liberty, if you like,
Substitute payday with a thirty-mile hike,
A 12-to-4 watch, or whatever you choose,
But spare me, please, those mess duty blues.

Elmer J. Dapron

To the Silent Ones

Lift up your eyes and look away,
Across the sea to distant lands,
To Belleau Wood and St. Mihiel,
To Iwo and her blood-drenched sands.

Lift up your eyes and look away,
To all the lands where they have fought,
To all the graves and wooden crosses,
The price at which the peace was bought.

Lift up your eyes and look away,
To places they are now at rest,
To where they lie in silent slumber
And know they were one of the best.

Lift up your eyes and look away,
To where they marched to meet the strife,
To where they came about and gathered,
From every phase and walk of life.

Lift up your eyes and look away,
To days and nights so full of dreams,
Of all the Mothers and the Sweethearts,
Of those who died that were MARINES.

Look to the place where war clouds
gathered,
Look to the places they now sleep,
Look to the place where death did meet
them,
Far out across the briny deep.

Now all is peaceful and so quiet,
The sun lights up a bright new day,
But there are those who are not with us,
Lift up your eyes and look their way.

Corp. D. E. Walter

What Is It?

What takes the sweat and blood of life?
What aches the arms with strain and strife?
What takes an artist's tender care?
What makes a lady turn and stare?

What takes the hours into the night?
What sparkles in the morning light?
What nestles softly after use?
What quickly shows a slight abuse?

What lingers close to each man's soul?
What plays the first supporting role?
What fears the sound of trampling crews?
The answer? Why it's spit-shined shoes!

Lieut. John L. Fox





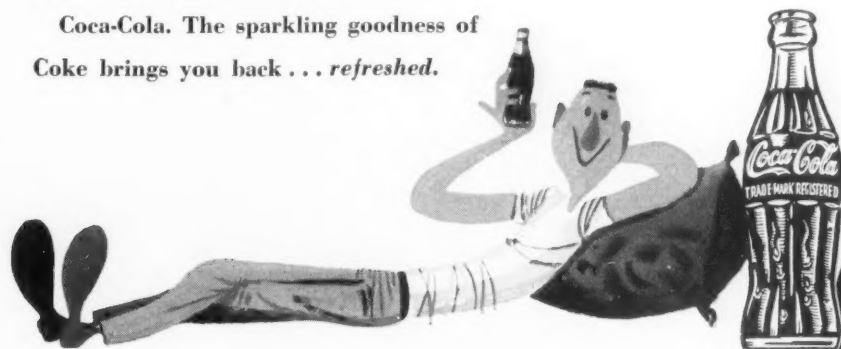
when you pause...

make it count...

have a Coke

When you pause after maneuvers,
enjoy the matchless flavor of ice-cold

Coca-Cola. The sparkling goodness of
Coke brings you back... *refreshed.*



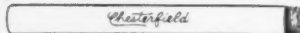
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